

## The Tale of Severus Prince

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## The Tale of Severus Prince

by [Komodo\\_Butterfly](#)

### Summary

Tobias took things too far and killed his wife when Severus was five. This single event created a ripple effect, resulting in a world where Severus never attended Hogwarts, was never bullied by the Marauders, and above all where Severus was happy and loved. Happily married and expecting once again, Severus reflects on the events that allowed him to live his dream life.

### Notes

Disclaimer: I don't own Harry Potter or any of these characters.

This has been an idea I've had for a while. I've really only seen a handful of fics where Severus attends a different school, and they're usually either with Lily or the marauders joining him or they're filled with oc's until he ends up being pretty much the only canon character. I wanted to try a fic where Severus never attended Hogwarts and how that impacted him in later life. Above all I wanted to try a fic where Severus would be happy, married and with a family of his own.

# Chapter 1

The past is funny when you think about it. Change just the tiniest thing and you could create a ripple effect, where the smallest thing affects more and more until the very fate of the world becomes at stake. Take for instance the butterfly. You know what they say, go back in time and destroy a butterfly and you could change the future, not necessarily for the better. A bit of an odd example I'll admit, but take this into consideration.

An eleven year old boy grows up hearing of nothing but Hogwarts, his ticket to freedom. His chance to escape a home of abuse and hateful relatives. A chance for him to become the greatest thing imaginable, a wizard! And it all starts at Hogwarts. But what if he doesn't go to Hogwarts? What if instead this raven haired little boy is taken to another school, where he is free to learn and even create the most powerful of magic. What then? What will happen to the wizarding world if this one thing changes?

Now I know what you're thinking. That this is another example of the infamous Boy Who Lived being whisked away from the clutches of the great Albus Dumbledore, to become the most powerful (and most desired) magical being there is. Well it's not. Not everything is about Harry Potter, no matter what some fangirls and even some fanboys may think. No, this is about a man before Harry's time to shine. A man whose greatest mistake was to enter the halls of Hogwarts as a student, setting himself up for a lifetime of ridicule and torment. This is about the greatest spy even known, one Severus Tobias Snape.

What would happen if he never became who everyone expected him to be? What if he became something no one expected? Someone who was loved, desired and above all happy. Who would have thought that the greasy snake, the boy everyone despised, could become the boy everyone loved? And all it took was one little oversight to change the course of this boy's life for the better.

Submitted for the approval of the History of Magic, I call this story; The Tale of Severus Prince.

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The problem with running a school, a magical school at that, is that there's a tremendous amount of work that needed to be done before the start of term. Schedules needed to be made, teachers hired or fired, and above all students needed to be assured their place in Hogwarts' hallowed halls. One particular student waiting for confirmation was that of Severus Snape-Prince. A halfblood born to an abusive muggle, Tobias Snape, and his weak-willed wife Eileen Prince. Not the most stable of households to grow up in I assure you. As such, it was living in such a household that would later change young Severus' life for the better, not that he'd become aware of this.

Now as many parents may tell you, it can be a long and frustrating process in getting your child into a good school. Magical schools I'd like to remind you are no different. Despite popular opinion Hogwarts is not the only magical school in Britain, although it is undoubtedly the best the British government has to offer. As such the competition to get into a place such as Hogwarts is immense. Students are typically from longstanding pureblood families of great wealth and power. Although there are those halfbloods and muggleborns, that have the funds to afford such a school like Hogwarts.

In Severus' case however, things are somewhat different. After all no matter what you may be told, a school is still a business. Particularly a school like Hogwarts. It has staff to pay for, supplies to order and a building to maintain. This doesn't come cheap, as many parents will attest to after seeing the cost of tuition at Hogwarts. In Severus' case his mother was a Prince, a member of a

proud and noble family who were above all pureblood until he was born. Naturally this caused quite the scandal, although neither Severus nor his mother were there to witness it, as she had chosen to stay with her muggle husband who knew nothing of her true heritage. To him, all he'd seen was a fit girl he'd wanted to shag, only to end up getting her knocked up.

Out of fear for her family and what everyone around them would say, Eileen pleaded with Tobias to marry her in a desperate attempt to protect her reputation. Now Tobias was a decent bloke, sure he was a bit loud and even a little violent after one too many drinks, but he wasn't a monster. After all he was the one who'd gotten her drunk enough to forget her own name. He was also smart enough to realise that people might consider it rape, and that was one thing he'd never wanted to be associated with. So he took responsibility for his actions, married the girl who would later birth his son, and as with every fairytale, things suddenly went horribly wrong. Well it wasn't that big a surprise considering the circumstances of Severus' birth.

The first few years of Severus' life were reasonably happy, sure he was poor and clearly malnourished due to their financial circumstances, but he was reasonably loved. I mean sure his mother was disowned and thrown out of her home, and his father was stuck marrying a one night stand to avoid being accused of rape, but they never held it against him. Or at the very least they never told him so directly. They weren't monsters after all.

Anyway Severus spent the first few years of his life fairly happy, his parents fed him when they had the funds to do so, and they played with him when they had the time and energy to spare. All in all there were worse ways to grow up, after all Severus was loved even if the circumstances of his birth were not. Even the cruellest of gossiping mothers could not fault Eileen and Tobias' affections towards their son. Of course they had plenty of things to gossip about, even without bringing up Severus; the Snape's financial situation for instance, or the parents' looks, or even the state of their home; anything was used to badmouth the Snape's. Or worse pity them in order to seem more charitable. But still it was an unwritten rule amongst those cackling hens that Severus was not to be mentioned. Small mercies and all that.

I'm getting off topic again; the point is Severus was loved. As much as his parents could manage considering his birth was an accident. But as he got older Severus began to display something his mother had long feared since marrying a muggle man. Severus began to display bursts of magic.

Truthfully Severus had been displaying since he was just two, from levitating cups to making his toys move unaided across the floor. Of course at this time there had been a major construction project going on near their home. Bulldozers would work at all times of day, sending vibrations throughout the house. This served as a convenient excuse as to why Severus' toys may have moved, or why a cup may have smashed onto the floor. Truth be told, Severus was lucky that the circumstances were as they were. For if his father had discovered the truth at that age, well let's just say his childhood wouldn't have been nearly as happy as it was.

But as they say all good things must come to an end, and when he was five Severus made the mistake of summoning a football in front of his father. Of course he hadn't meant to, he just wanted his dad to keep playing with him. How was he to know his father would respond the way he did? I mean sure he'd learned that when he wished hard for something he would get it; books would appear from thin air, sweets and biscuits would drop into his lap. Just little things that many children wished they could have, for Severus they would just appear when he wished for them. Over the years it had become natural for him to make objects appear at will. As such he was ignorant to the potential consequences, but how could he be? After all he was simply a child. He couldn't be expected to understand how people feared what they considered unnatural, and unfortunately for Severus, nothing was more unnatural than the possession of magic, at least according to his father.

It happened soon after his fifth birthday; Severus was in their small garden chasing after a football with his father at his heels. How was he to know that by kicking the ball a little too hard it would go over the fence? How was he to know that his father knew nothing of his magic, having been warned by his mother to keep his abilities secret. How was he to know that by summoning the ball into his arms, his father would become consumed by fear and rage? How was he to know he'd be dragged inside, his father's grip tight and unrelenting, before experiencing something he'd never experienced before? Finally, how was he to know that his father, the man who should protect him and love him unconditionally, regardless of the circumstances of his birth, how was he to know that this would be the straw that broke the camel's back? All Severus knew was that once inside that house, his father's hand crushing his wrist in a bruising grip, the very minute he was inside and the door was shut, he would never forget the moment his father turned on him.

Hours later Severus was locked in his room, a sobbing mess as he cradled his arm that had been broken by his father's rage. His nose had clearly been broken, making breathing difficult as blood and snot clogged his airways. His skin littered with bruises and scratches, some of which had yet to stop bleeding. At that moment there was one thing Severus knew for sure. For the first time in his life Severus truly feared his father, and what was worse he feared what his mother would do when she returned from the shops. After all Severus had done the one thing his mother had forbade him to do, he had revealed his magic to one not of their world. And by doing so, he would pay the ultimate price.

In that very moment Severus feared for his very life, crying as every gasp for breath in his panicked state jolted his broken arm and made his nose throb with every snuffle. For a child of just five years old, it was heart-breaking. For Severus, it was devastating. As now he knew the cruelty of the world, what fear made people do, and that was a lesson he would never soon forget.

As he sat there sobbing quietly Severus failed to hear his mother's voice as she announced her return, nor did he notice his father's confrontation as he confronted his wife. What he did hear however was his mother's scream as a harsh slap echoed through the house's walls. Then another, and another and then a large crash before everything was silent. Severus didn't know how long he sat there, crying and terrified as he listened frantically for his mother's voice. All he knew was he couldn't escape, the door was locked and this time no matter how hard he wished, his wishes weren't coming true.

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Minerva McGonagall had been the transfiguration professor at Hogwarts for many years now. She had been the deputy headmistress for a good number of those years; having attended Hogwarts herself as a child, she was familiar with the school and its secrets. As such, one of her duties was to ensure magical children were given the opportunity to study at Hogwarts once they turned eleven. This meant much of her time over the summer was dedicated to checking the records of magical births, whether pureblood or halfblood or even muggleborn. As such she was usually one of the first to recognise when something was wrong, as a system had long been set in place to alert the reader if a child was in danger. A necessity that had come about with the threat of war, where every magical birth was deemed precious, as all too many wizards and witches were destined to die at the hand of evil. After all it wasn't like the ministry was good for much, expect for blaming anyone else for their mistakes

It was on one such night when Minerva was sipping her tea, warming by the fire, that an alarm sounded through her home and a name rose from the parchment. It was when the name shuddered and turned a blood red that Minerva rose in a panic, throwing floo powder into the flames as she called for a healer. Child abuse in the wizarding world was not a common occurrence; it was rather quite the rarity. Although it was notable that most cases occurred within the upper class families,

where pureblood traditions and obsession over outwardly appearances meant punishments were harsh and at times fatal. As such staff at St Mungo's were trained to respond immediately, well aware that every second could and often did count in saving a child's life. Mere seconds later and a haggard Poppy Pomfrey stumbled from the fire before regaining her footing, tailed by two aurors as regulations required. Not only for the safety of the healer, but the safety and security for the victim, as children were rarely left alone for long.

With a hurried explanation and a frantic search through parchment to locate the child's address, the professor, healer and two aurors apparated to Spinner's end without delay. They arrived at sunset, unlocking the front door with a whispered *alohamora* as they were careful not to make a sound lest they be heard by whoever had hurt the child. It didn't take long for them to arrive at a particularly gruesome sight, the body of a woman with long black hair, her skull smashed in by a glass beer bottle that lay beside her body. A sudden movement caught their attention as a roar of what could only be described as pure rage was emitted. Whirling around Minerva gasped as she narrowly avoided being tackled to the ground by a black haired man. Immediately the aurors sprung to action, stunning the man whose bloody hands revealed him as the culprit behind his wife's death.

"Where is the child?" One ordered, wand in his face as he sneered down at the muggle bound before him.

Tobias Snape remained silent, sneering best as he could as he gazed blankly at the body of his wife, secure in the knowledge that he had beaten the freakishness out of her. In the back of his mind he briefly considered regretting his actions, at least towards his son. After all it was Eileen who had charmed him with her freakishness, he had no doubt that she had forced her magic on him to trick him into sleeping with her and later agreeing to marry her. Severus was just a child after all, he didn't know any better. In fact Tobias started to convince himself that over time Severus would have learned to forget about his magic, like children forgot about imaginary friends. It was just a phase that would pass.

Of course he knew he'd handled it badly, beating the boy then locking him in his room, but who could blame him? He'd made the ball float in the air as though it were nothing. Who knows what else he could have done? And what if he'd done it in public where the neighbours could see? No. The boy had to be taught a lesson, Tobias was sure of that. However in the back of his mind he knew that perhaps he'd taken it a little too far. But it was too late now, what was one was done and there was no changing it.

"You get one more chance, where is he?" The auror ordered, his partner kicking the man in an effort to get him to speak. Once again his question was met by stubborn silence, the man closing his eyes in defiance. The only movement the spell would really allow him to do.

Sneering in disgust at the muggle, the auror nodded to his partner before flicking his wand and levitating the man off the floor, intent on remanding him in custody. He'd be back later with help to remove the body. His partner nodded in acquiescence before exiting the living room, intent on finding the missing child. Minerva and Poppy hurried after him joining the search as they quickly zoomed in on a locked door at the end of the upstairs hallway. Soft sobbing could be heard spurring the three adults into action. A quick *alohamora* and the door was unlocked, Minerva pushing it open to a sight she would not soon forget.

A small pale skinned boy, with black hair and matching eyes gazed at her fearfully, frightened by the strange woman who had just entered his room. His sobbing momentarily paused only to resume as in his attempts to escape her hand his arm jolted, reminding him of just how much pain he was in. With a hiccupping sob he held his arm close to his body, eyeing the adults with blatant fear.

Minerva gasped in shock upon seeing the boy, Severus, in such a state. His nose swollen and bleeding, his skin covered in bruises and scratches, and above all his arm clearly broken as she watched him clutch it to his chest, clearly in agony. Poppy shared similar shock, although she was more concerned about the boy's rapid and uneven breathing. She feared it was likely his ribs were broken, or at the least bruised. At the worst she feared he may have punctured a lung. The final adult, auror Kingsley Shacklebolt, watched the boy with pity and alarm. The fear in his eyes reminded the auror of prisoners of war. Of those that had been tortured relentlessly in the pursuit of evil. But in his eyes this was worse. The boy looked around three, small and fragile, and the idea that the boy's own father had done this to him made him sick to his stomach.

"Severus? My name is Minerva McGonagall. I'm a teacher and this is Poppy Pomfrey, she's a mediwitch, it's like a doctor. We're here to help you, okay sweetheart? Will you let us help you?" Minerva asked, careful to stay calm yet keeping her distance out of fear of how he might react.

"What about him?" Severus asked, his voice wavering slightly as he fought not to tremble.

"My name is Kingsley Shacklebolt, I'm an auror, it's like a policeman. I stop bad guys from hurting children like you." Kingsley explained with a soft smile as the boy's eyes widened in awe. "Will you let us help you?"

Severus appeared to think it over carefully, his fear slowly being overridden by the pain pulsating from all over his body, specifically his arm, nose and chest. Finally he nodded, whimpering as the pain grew worse as he was carefully examined by Poppy. A series of diagnostic spells, throughout which Severus watched with a combination of awe and fear, made Poppy's smile fade into nothing. As she feared his ribs were broken, although thankfully he hadn't punctured a lung. His nose and arm had been broken as well, although she had expected that. She was still worried about his breathing though. The combination of pain, fear and injuries meant his breathing was too erratic and that worried her.

"Severus, I'm going to give you some medicine to make you feel better. It won't taste very good but it'll stop you hurting all right?" At his hesitant nod Poppy offered a warm smile, removing a small vial as she encouraged him to drink a pain reliever. The effect was noticeable as Severus grew relaxed, his body losing the rigidity it had held since they'd found him. Severus made a face at the taste before turning to the adults.

"I want mum, where is she? Does she not want me anymore? I didn't mean to make the ball fly, really I didn't!" He insisted as he waited for their response.

Now you may be wondering why Severus hadn't mentioned his mother until now. Truthfully he feared what had happened. After he heard her scream, heard the crash he'd heard nothing else. He was afraid his mother had left him because he hadn't kept his promise. He was afraid his father had done the same. His mum had told him so many times not to make things fly in front of his dad, but he'd forgotten. He'd just been so glad to play with his dad who was always working, he'd forgotten the rules. And now everything was ruined, he had been very bad and now his mum might not even want him anymore. At that thought Severus' resolve crumpled as he started crying once more, unable to stop.

"Oh Severus, I'm so sorry. Your mother, I'm afraid she's not coming back." At those words Severus knew he had ruined everything, wrapping his arms around Poppy's neck as she carefully lifted him from the bed.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean it! Please! Tell mum I'm sorry, I'll be good! I won't ever be bad again, just tell her to come back, please!" He sobbed unaware of the uncomfortable look shared between the adults.

“She’s not coming back sweetheart, I’m afraid your mother...I’m afraid she’s dead. She can’t come back even though I’m sure she wanted to.” Minerva spoke softly, flinching as Severus froze before the word’s registered in his mind.

“No! You’re wrong! You’re wrong! I want mum! I want my mum!” He cried, beating his fists against Poppy as she carefully carried him out the room. Minerva struggled to hold a sob of her own as she shared a look with Kingsley before following them out into the hall. Severus’ wails followed by a crack of apparition was all that was heard before everything at Spinners’ end was silent once again.

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Notes

Have to say I was nervous about posting on here but I'm amazed at how much support I've gotten. Thanks to everyone for the comments and kudos. I hope you enjoy this next chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

If there was one thing Poppy Pomfrey was familiar with, it was that the fates were almost never fair. Looking at the child sleeping in the hospital bed, Poppy knew with certainty that this was the truth. After all, what could be fair about robbing a child of his mother? At his father's hands no less. How could a father beat his only child before murdering his wife, just because they had something he didn't? How could the fates do something so cruel to such an innocent child? To this Poppy had no answer. All she knew for sure was that for this little boy life would never be the same again.

Of course you could hardly expect the woman to understand. After all, all she had seen was a boy losing his mother in the cruellest of ways. To her such a thing was unbearable, something that should have never happened. But little did she know had such a thing not occurred, had the boy's mother lived, Severus would have been doomed to a life of misery and hate. It was this one act, brutal as it was, that set forth in motion a series of events that promised Severus his own happy ending.

Of course the fates could hardly explain this to the woman. It just didn't work that way. But it gave them comfort to know, that despite what those people thought of them, they had done the right thing.

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It was a solemn day as the sun rose over Spinner's end. Neighbours had awoken to sirens blaring as police surrounded the Snape's home. Rumours had spread as to what had happened, from a break in gone wrong to a jilted lover seeking revenge. Of course it didn't take long for the muggle authorities to piece together what had happened and for the information to leak onto the major news channels.

The story broke within mere hours of the sunrise. News reporters swarmed the front gate as they said their parts to the camera, pulling nosy neighbours aside for their fifteen minutes of fame. There was a pattern to their stories, how a loving and kind woman raised a sweet and shy little boy, while her brute of a husband drank away their savings. They turned it into a contest for who could make the tale seem that more tragic, conveniently forgetting the times they scorned the Snape family for merely existing.

After all it wasn't like it existed anymore. In their eyes Eileen Snape had been murdered in a jealous rage, her son meeting the same fate soon after. This was assumed after evidence of blood was found in Severus' room, the boy nowhere to be seen. Of course Tobias Snape had yet to be found as well, but in their minds his absence only solidified his guilt. After all what where they supposed to think? The man was gone, his wife murdered and his child missing and almost certainly dead. It didn't take much for the public to judge, especially once people started talking of



his violent outbursts after he'd had a few. Not to mention how he'd been heard bemoaning his lot in life; stuck with the woman he'd knocked up on a night out with the lads.

However this speculation led to serious problem. It was all well and good gossiping about the man who'd supposedly murdered his family; the problem was no one had seen anything of him since before the body was found. This understandably led to panic. People chose to hide in their homes out of fear that they'd be the next target, mothers refused to let their children out of sight, well aware that their gossiping could spell their doom.

In short this became a problem. For the wizarding authorities were reluctant to release the man into muggle custody for fears that he'd reveal their world. On the other hand, refusing to do so would only incite further terror for the murderer still at large. This was the conundrum that Alastor Moody found himself in, as he stared down at the bound muggle tossed at his feet. Sighing in agitation, Moody turned to the auror that had brought the man to him.

"We have a contact with the muggle authorities. For our safety and protection he'll have to be obliviated. Our contact will know what to do with him then. He was the one to kill his wife after all, shouldn't be too hard to prove. Have him confined until we're ready to perform the spell. Tell anyone, especially the press, and you will be out of a job. I'm sure I don't need to remind you." Moody warned, receiving a sharp nod in response before both auror and muggle left the room, one willing and the other bound against his will.

"Bloody vultures, they'll be all over this in the morning." Moody sighed. It was common knowledge within the Ministry that stories of this calibre would usually be leaked out to the press within the hour. No matter how many were fired in disgrace, there were only more fools seeking instant fortune, to take their place. Undoubtedly by morning, the wizarding world would be made aware that a muggle had killed the heir to the esteemed Prince family. Moody was getting a headache just thinking about it.

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Severus had never been much of a morning person, as it was with many young children. He'd always preferred the comfort and warmth of his bed, especially during the winter months when heat was a rarity in his home. This day however was something special, for it was the day that marked the start of his new life. Yet regardless of how special this day was, it was impossible to ignore the circumstances that provided Severus with his new life. It was therefore quite understandable that upon waking, once the remnants of sleep had cleared from his mind, Severus became quite distressed at waking in a stranger's bed.

Well quite distressed would be putting it rather lightly. Indeed borderline catatonic might be a more suitable description. It was in such a state, trembling and crying quietly as the memories of the night before returned, that Poppy found young Severus. A state which I assure you, she would not soon forget.

Now as you may not be aware, healers were expected to follow a strict code of conduct. As with any line of work politics was always the top priority. Public image was prioritised over everything else, even saving lives, at least according to the ministry. This understandably led to much controversy between the staff who fought to save lives, and the ministry officials who fought to save face. As such, healers were expected to appear calm and collected at all times. They were not to rush or panic, and were never to offer patients' more affection than deemed appropriate.

Needless to say as a rule, the healers rarely responded well to the ministry's higher ups. They also ignored these demands as they saw fit. After all they were the ones who helped these people, who healed them and gave them new life. If they had to rush or panic to save a life they would. If they

wanted to offer words of comfort or hugs to those without family or friends, then they would. And if Poppy Pomfrey wanted to wrap her arms around a sobbing orphan boy and never let go, then you can bet your arse she bloody well would. Regardless of what those ministry blowhards had to say about it.

Idiots like them could barely keep a goldfish alive, let alone have the knowledge to give their opinion on how healers should do their job. Just look at the mess they'd made of running the country. It was a wonder they had remained in office as long as they had, in Poppy's opinion. But I digress. The point was, Poppy was not about to let some self-absorbed dunderhead tell her how to do her job. More importantly, she could not in good conscience allow a five year old boy to lie sobbing in a hospital bed without anyone to comfort him. She simply could not allow it. As such Poppy wasted no time in rushing to the boy's side, wrapping him in her arms as she soothed him as best as she could.

Eventually the trembles became less and less, the sobbing gradually decreasing until all that could be heard was the little boy gasping for breath. Poppy grabbed a tissue from the side, wiping his nose and cleaning his face of tears before throwing it into a nearby bin.

"Shh sweetheart, it's alright. No one's going to hurt you. You're safe here". Poppy soothed. She looked down to see tearful black eyes looking up at her, before the boy leant forward to bury his head underneath her chin.

"Mum's not coming, is she?" Severus asked, the stiffening of Poppy's shoulders being all the answer he needed. "He killed her didn't he? I heard it". He asked once more.

"Yes, I'm afraid so". Poppy admitted. Under normal circumstances she'd feel the urge to lie, to protect the child in her arms. But here and now she couldn't bring herself to do so. Partly because she knew lying would do no good, not when the child had admitted to overhearing his mother's murder. But also because she just knew that the boy was far more intelligent than most at his age. She knew he would not be satisfied by half-hearted attempts at sparing his feelings, at attempts to shield him from the cruelty of his situation. No. After all they say the eyes are the window to the soul, and when Poppy had looked into his for that brief moment, she knew he was no ordinary child. So it was pointless to try and treat him as such.

Surprisingly Severus did not cry once again. He had already cried his fill. Hearing her confirmation did not upset him further, for he'd already known the truth. He just wanted to be sure he could trust her to tell him so. Severus knew that his life was forever changed, that the people he'd trusted weren't around to trust anymore. That in this new life of his, he needed people he could trust, and in that moment he knew he could trust this woman.

"Thank you". Severus said quietly. Thank you for not lying, for not treating me like a baby. The words were there he just couldn't bring himself to say them.

"I'm sorry pet, we'll get this sorted out". It was all Poppy could offer him. Feeling a nod against her chest she looked down at the little boy in her arms. She watched the steady rise and fall of his chest as he slowly drifted off, the day's events catching up to him. Mindful of the bandages that were wrapped around his arm and chest, she carefully tucked the boy into bed, leaving the room only when she was sure he was fast asleep.

"How is he?" Poppy turned to an anxious looking Minerva hovering in the doorway.

"He's stable. His bones were healed upon arrival and his lungs are fine, thank Merlin. We cleaned him up, the poor dear. He had bruises and scratches all over him. He's been given a pain reliever and I just gave him a nutrition potion an hour ago. He's malnourished, the poor thing, but I think

that was more due to a lack of money than long-term abuse. At least from what I gathered about his home. But he'll need to take a nutrition potion twice a day for some time, at least until we get his weight up to a normal range. I'm more concerned about his mind though. He told me he heard his mother die, and then he thanked me for not lying to him. I think the poor boy is in shock, I know I would be in that situation. The poor thing, he'll need a lot of love and care to help him past this". Poppy sighed.

"We've contacted his grandfather on his mother's side, Augustus Prince. He's agreed to take the boy in, claims it's his family duty. However he's living in France now, so it'll be a day or so before he can come to collect Severus. It's not like we can send the child through the floo, or apparate with him in the state he's in. It just wouldn't be right". Minerva told her, unable to take her eyes off the sleeping child.

"I suppose it's a start. But didn't the man abandon his daughter for marrying that man? I can't help but worry for how he'd treat Severus. If he could be so cruel to his daughter, how would he treat his grandson?" Poppy asked, not really expecting an answer.

The two turned away from the door, making their way down the corridor as they shared their thoughts. Meanwhile Severus slept, unaware of what the future would hold.

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Sat in his favourite chair, directly opposite the fireplace, Augustus Prince brooded. Clutched between his fingers was an old family photo. In it he stood proudly, his wife at his side as was expected and their children stood in front as tradition dictated. His eldest Sebastian shared his black eyes and sharp features. Even at eight it was clear who the boy belonged to. In later life he'd grown and married, producing a boy and girl as expected and earning his own fortune in the heart of France. Next his daughter Evelyn, sharing her mother's brown eyes and timid demeanour at just six years old. He'd always known she'd grow to become a fine wife and mother. She had done so at eighteen, marrying a young French pureblood as arranged, and birthing three beautiful children. The perfect example of a pureblood wife. Finally his youngest, Eileen, at just three years old. She'd shared his black eyes with her mother's face. More outgoing than her sister she'd been lively as a child, though life had soon beat it out of her. From her father's stern authority as a child, to her days at Hogwarts until finally at nineteen she'd fallen pregnant by a muggle man. The ultimate scandal.

At that thought Augustus scowled, it had only been right to disown the stupid girl. She'd thrown aside her family, her status, to marry that muggle. That's what he couldn't stand. The truth was she hadn't waited until she'd been disowned to flee, choosing what she felt was the lesser of two evils to align herself with. Rather than face her father she ran to the man that had knocked her up, afraid of her father's actions. After all Augustus Prince was well known for his stern disposition, even to those he loved the most. It was that decision that ultimately led to her demise, her cowardice cementing her fate.

But still, he'd never wished his youngest dead. He'd hoped against hoped that one day she'd come to her senses. Then he thought of her child, her halfblood child. His youngest grandson, the only thing left he had of his Eileen. He had lost his daughter to that muggle monster. He refused to lose his grandson in the same way.

With a deep sigh Augustus snapped his fingers, a house elf appearing almost instantly as it waited for his command. "Have a room prepared; my grandson will be living with us indefinitely".

The house elf, Drippy, nodded before disappearing with a loud pop. While her expression remained neutral, as soon as she was out of sight she let out a wide smile. The thought of children living in the house once more filled her with happiness, for she'd always loved playing with the little ones.

Without a second thought, Drippy summoned another two elves, ordering them both to help with the clean up as they all prepared the room for their new arrival.

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The next day Severus woke to the sound of birds tweeting at the window. You know that really annoying sound when you're trying to sleep, but all you can hear is their incessant chirping at an ungodly hour in the morning. Well okay seven a.m may not be an ungodly hour to some, but to a five year old boy who has just lost everything, you can bet it wasn't the way he'd have preferred to wake up. Now waking up to the smell of breakfast cooking, of crisp bacon frying away, now that's a nice way to wake up. The point is after what was quite frankly a horrific night, Severus woke at a time he'd really rather be sleeping.

"Good morning dear. Did you have a nice rest?" Poppy strode in, looking more cheerful than she had the night before. It's amazing what a good night's rest could do for you.

Severus merely nodded, slowly pushing the blankets aside as he waited for his memories to catch up, mind still half asleep. The sudden jolt he made indicated his memories had returned, as he swung his legs over the edge of the bed, looking down into his lap.

Watching the boy with barely disguised pity, Poppy took it upon herself to spell open the blinds, bustling around as she set down his breakfast and nutrition potion on a nearby trolley. "Here you are Severus, now you take this potion first, it won't taste too good I'm afraid but it'll make you better. If I were you I'd drink your juice right after, that way you won't have that icky taste in your mouth. Once you've drank all your potion you can eat your breakfast, okay pet?" Poppy guided him to a nearby chair, pulling the trolley up to him so he could eat.

Severus simply followed her orders, well aware that he had nothing else he could really do. After all it wasn't like he had anywhere else to go, and besides he could smell the bacon already. Severus downed the potion in several gulps, scrunching his face in distaste at the foul aftertaste. Taking the healer's advice to heart, he quickly gulped down half his juice to wash away the taste. That done, he turned to the proper English breakfast laid out for him; bacon, a sausage, fried egg, a hash brown and baked beans. Seeing as how he hadn't eaten since yesterday afternoon, it didn't take him long to chew his way through a good three quarters of the plate. But being unused to such large amounts of food made him unable to finish it all. Setting his knife and fork aside, Severus turned to Poppy.

"What happens now?" He asked, it was a valid question after all. He had no home and his injuries were pretty much healed. The physical ones anyway.

"Now we get you washed up, your teeth brushed and then we'll do one last check-up. Now I'm not sure if your mother told you, but her father, your grandfather, is still alive and has agreed to let you live with him. I know this might be a bit of a shock for you, but I'm sure you'll be very happy there". Poppy smiled, conveniently leaving out her own doubts about the man who'd abandoned his youngest daughter out of pureblood tradition. At least that's what the public had been led to believe. They always did love a good scandal.

"My grandfather? But mum said he was dead". Severus said, clearly confused as he tried to process this new revelation.

"Well your mum and grandfather had a nasty falling out before you were born. So I suppose she said he was dead because she was still very angry. But I promise you, your grandfather loves you, he's very excited about meeting you, you know". Poppy replied. Sure she was laying it on a bit thick, but she couldn't help herself. After all it wasn't like she was going to tell the boy the truth

surrounding the circumstances of his birth, now was she.

“Really?” Severus asked. It was at that moment Poppy saw just how young Severus was, far too young to be dealing with such a situation at any rate.

“Yes. You know I bet your grandfather even has old photos of your mum when she was your age. I bet you and him can look at them together, and he can even tell you stories about her when she was a little girl. Would you like that?” She asked, receiving an enthusiastic nod in return.

“I’m glad. Now I’ve run a bath for you, so let’s get you cleaned up before you go, okay?”

“Okay”.

Poppy smiled as she led Severus to the adjoining bathroom, the tub filled with bubbles. She turned so he could strip, the bandages around his chest and arm having been removed by magic as he’d slept. The potions and spells having already done their work. Grabbing the shampoo she asked Severus to lean back, wetting his hair before shampooing the inky locks. Satisfied they were clean; she washed out the suds before letting him wash his body. Once he was done he held out a warm, thick towel, wrapping it around his skinny frame, smiling as he buried himself into it. It had been a long time since he’d felt so cosy, too long.

Poppy quickly got Severus dressed in a plain long sleeved shirt and black trousers and shoes. A children’s sized cloak wrapped around his shoulders. Just in time for a knock at the door to startle her out of her thoughts. Opening the door, Poppy came face to face with Minerva and to her surprise, Kingsley.

“Good morning Poppy. We thought we’d check up on little Severus. Is he awake?” Minerva asked. Of course Poppy had expected her visit, after all the woman was something of a mother hen.

“Good morning Minerva, Kingsley. Yes he’s awake, he’s had his breakfast and his bath. Thought we’d get an early start before he leaves for his grandfather’s.

Minerva winced slightly at the mention of Augustus Prince, before covering it with a smile as she saw a mop of black hair peeking out of the bathroom. Offering the boy a smile she greeted him good morning. Severus responded as such, although rather quietly for her liking, before he seemed to gather his courage and walk right up to Kingsley.

“Thank you for saving me sir”. Severus spoke clearly, although clearly rather nervous as he was unable to hold the man’s gaze for long.

“Just doing my job son. But you’re very welcome”. Kingsley couldn’t help but feel bemusement. After all the boy he’d rescued from his murderer of a father, the same boy who just hours before had been inconsolable, had walked right up to him and thanked him for saving his life. He was stunned.

“How old are you boy?” Kingsley asked. He’d believed the boy to be three, given his stunted height and tiny frame. But three year olds surely weren’t so mature. Not that he’d know, it wasn’t like he made it a habit of being around infants.

“Five sir, I’m gonna be six in two weeks. At least that’s what mum said before...” Severus trailed off; unable to continue out of fear they’d think he was a baby. Crying was for the weak his dad had always told him. Unless you break a bone or something, then it’s okay. Of course Severus hadn’t expected his dad to do just that.

Kingsley found himself somewhat alarmed. The boy was clearly too thin for his tastes, and too

small as well. Turning to Poppy he asked her about it in hushed tones; while Minerva knelt down to occupy the boy. Poppy explained the potions regime Severus was to follow, alleviating Kingsley's concerns that Severus would be permanently damaged. Although, she admitted, it was likely that Severus would always be a bit on the small side. But then that was to be expected, given everything he'd gone through. About to ask another question, Kingsley found himself cut off by the arrival of another healer.

"I have an Augustus Prince waiting outside Madame Pomfrey, he says he's here to collect his grandson". The healer informed her before leaving.

In sync, the three remaining adults turned to the young boy standing before them. It was at this moment, his life would be forever changed. They just prayed it was for the better.

## Chapter End Notes

I got this done way faster than I'd hoped. It helps when I'm writing something I've wanted to read for such a long time. Anyway I hope you've all enjoyed this chapter. I'm gonna try getting the next one up in the next two weeks. Let me know what you think. I really value feedback.  
KB

## Chapter 3

### Chapter Notes

Thanks so much for all the kudos and positive comments. I'm so glad you're enjoying this so far. Here's the next chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Augustus Prince was a man used to getting what he wanted. He had money, power and most importantly respect from his pureblood peers. Of course he had his family, well what was left of it. His wife had passed many years ago, a raid gone wrong so the ministry had claimed. Although quite frankly Augustus had been reluctant to believe it, after all the ministry certainly wasn't above killing those who wouldn't bow at their feet. His wife had been such a stubborn thing after all, he never could order her to do everything he asked, she'd always had that fire in her. At least on the inside.

His children of course, the two remaining that is, were both well on their way to living their own lives. Married with children of their own, his son in a high paying job and his daughter acting the part of the perfect pureblood wife. Of course this inevitably turned his thoughts to his lost Eileen, and of course the son she left behind. Severus, that was the boy's name, wasn't it? Such a harsh name for such a young child, but still it was such a noble name. A name fit for a Roman emperor.

Augustus found himself snapped from his thoughts at the sound of approaching footsteps.

"Lord Prince? This is your grandson, Severus. Say hello dear". A healer approached him, a small black haired boy trotting along beside her, hand in hand.

"H-hello sir". Severus greeted, careful to maintain eye contact. His mother had once mentioned how her father had hated it when people looked down at the floor while speaking. He considered it an appalling habit and unworthy of a pureblood status. Of course given his father, Severus was only a halfblood, but still he didn't want to risk making his grandfather angry. He'd only seen the man for less than a minute after all.

"My boy". Augustus greeted in response. Loathe as he was to admit it, he was impressed with the manners the boy held. Clearly he'd learned them from his mother. After all it wasn't like her good for nothing husband had anything to do with the boy being raised properly. No that was clearly the mother's job in the household.

The two stood observing each other for several moments, unaware of the silence that had begun to spread. "Um, we still have some forms we need you to sign Lord Prince. Before we can release Severus that is, it's standard procedure". The healer interjected, rather nervous as the man's cool gaze turned to her.

"I see". Those were the only words Augustus cared to speak, he wasn't one to waste words after all. Especially on what was essentially an errand girl standing before him.

With a nervous smile, the healer ushered both man and boy over to the nearby counter to sign the aforementioned forms. While waiting, Severus took the time to observe his grandfather. The man was tall, that was unmistakeable. He was rather thin as well, with silver hair tied into a low

ponytail, the traditional style of pureblood males. He used a long ivory cane, though Severus hadn't seen any visible sign of an injury. Like the limp his old neighbour had whenever it rained. Before he was carted off to the old folk's home that is.

His grandfather also wore long emerald robes, trimmed with black. While at first they reminded Severus of his mother's dresses, the few she could afford to keep and not sell, he'd come to realise that what made a man a wizard was that they could wear a robe without looking silly. That was a very important distinction in Severus' mind. After all a muggle who wore robes would be considered quite strange. Why it's likely they'd be carted off to the loony bin.

Severus snapped out of his daze as he felt a hand wrap around his own. Looking up he saw his grandfather speaking briefly with the healer, before gently guiding him out of the door. "Come Severus, it's time we went home". Augustus said, aware that he ought to say something to calm the boy's nerves.

"Yes sir". Severus said obediently. He let his grandfather lead him away, looking back in time to see Poppy, Minerva and Kingsley waving at him from the lobby. With a shy smile he waved back. After all they were ones who saved him; they were the first people he knew he would always be able to trust.

As Severus turned once more he missed Minerva struggling to hold back a sob. The little boy she'd held in her arms leaving her possibly for good. It was more than the woman felt she could bear. Poppy was in a similar state. For while she had seen her share of abused children, having worked as a healer for a number of years, she'd grown rather attached to the little black haired boy now walking out the door.

Kingsley felt similarly affected, although he refused to let it show. In all honesty he worried about the lad; he was so tiny for his age, obviously due to his upbringing. Not to mention the rumours about how the lad's grandfather treated his daughter, it worried him that the boy would be living with such a man. Right now however he had more pressing duties to attend to. Like trying to calm down the two distraught women next to him. Joy.

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Drippy couldn't help but feel excited. For the first time in years there would be a little one in the house again. Just the thought of chasing after an adorable little tyke filled her with glee, it was what she lived for. What could she say, she just adored children. But of course Drippy knew she had to be careful. Not out of fear for what her master might say or even do. No. She feared for how the littlest Prince would react to her. After all the child had been living among muggles, had likely never seen a house elf before. Oh how she hoped he would like her.

She flitted around dusting ornaments as she went. Her and her little helpers had already aired out the littlest Prince's bedroom, changing the sheets and filling it with toys and such from when there had last been children running throughout the house. Of course Lord Prince had placed an order for a whole new wardrobe. It wouldn't be proper for the boy to be running around in those muggle rags they all seemed to wear. Those had been delivered promptly, everything sized to fit a typical five year old boy. Of course everything had been charmed to fit the boy, should he be larger or, as Lord Prince suspected, far smaller than he ought to be. Drippy had personally laid out each garment, carefully ironed and folded to meet her master's high personal standards.

Drippy gave one last look around the room, checking that absolutely everything was in place. It had to be perfect. With a satisfied nod she closed the door, and with a loud pop she apparated to the foyer for her masters' arrival.



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Augustus held his grandson close as he made his way out of the hospital to the awaiting carriage. It was truly a thing of beauty with its gilded edges and ebony panelling, the Prince family logo printed in gold above the carriage doors. Attached were four creatures Severus had never seen before, except perhaps in an old storybook his mother had once owned. They resembled winged horses, with golden fur and cream coloured wings. They reminded Severus of Pegasus, from the story his mother had shared with him. A noble creature of legend, fit only for royalty or those of equal standing. Standing nearby was a man in his late thirties, dressed in uniform with the Prince family logo clearly visible. As the two approached he opened the door for them, assisting his employer into the carriage.

“Get inside boy, I can hardly apparate us both to France, and the healers insisted you were not fit to travel by floo. Not that I would have wanted to anyway. Blasted things are nothing but a nuisance. Well hurry up, get in. We don’t have all day now do we”. Severus found himself carefully lifted into the carriage by the servant.

“Thank you”. Severus said shyly, sitting next to his grandfather who wrapped an arm around him securely.

“Yes thank you Harrison. Take us home if you would”. Augustus nodded to the man.

“You’re welcome sirs. It looks to be clear skies tonight so we should be there within an hour or so”. Harrison commented before leaving to sit at the carriage’s front in order to steer the creatures.

Within minutes the two Princes felt the carriage jolt into action, picking up speed. With a slight lurch it soon found itself being lifted into the air, the creatures pulling it through the skies as Harrison clutched their reigns, protected by a multitude of protection charms. It wouldn’t do to have the servants freeze after all, then they wouldn’t be fit for service.

Severus gaped as he stared out of the window, looking down on the houses below them, illuminated by the lamps that lit the streets. In mere minutes Severus found himself unable to see the houses anymore as the carriage finally broke through the clouds. Augustus allowed a smile to slip through at the pure delight on his grandson’s face. Even after what had happened, the boy could still act like the child he was, and so he should. He was only five after all, although you couldn’t tell by looking at him.

‘No’, Augustus mused.

‘You really couldn’t tell, the boy clearly needed to up his weight. He was far too skinny, not to mention quite a bit shorter than he ought to be’. Augustus frowned, ‘with any luck the boy wouldn’t be permanently damaged by this. Not physically anyway. Mentally however, well, there was no telling what damage had been caused’. Augustus allowed a sigh to escape, yes I meant allowed. After all purebloods were taught from an early age that any emotions were to be hidden, unless they were displayed in a manner befitting of the person’s high station.

“Grandfather?” Severus’ voice shyly piped up, having turned from the window to meet his grandfather’s gaze.

“Yes?”

“What’s your house like?”

How to explain it to a child, Augustus mused. “Well it’s not a house like you’re thinking, I live in a

manor. It's a very, very big house with lots of rooms, a garden that stretches all around, it has stables and a swimming pool and it even has an orchard. When we get there I'm sure you'll enjoy exploring". There that should be simple enough for him to understand, Augustus thought.

"What's an orchard?" Well perhaps not.

"You don't know what an orchard is?" What were they teaching children these days.

"No sir" Severus let his gaze drop to his clasped hands, afraid of what his grandfather would say. Knowledge had always been something he'd tried to obtain, he'd loved reading when they had the money for books. But sitting here in front of his grandfather, Severus felt every bit the five year old he was. A naïve child sat before his social better. He'd never felt quite so stupid as he did now, and he really didn't like feeling like that. Not one bit.

Augustus frowned as the boy seemed to droop right before his eyes. Had he been too harsh? While he certainly held no love for the boy's heritage, it didn't mean he didn't think of the boy as his own flesh and blood. The lad was family no doubt about that, and he certainly hadn't wanted to hurt his feelings. Not after everything he'd been through.

"An orchard is kind of like a forest, with lots of trees everywhere. Except in an orchard the trees are all fruit trees, like apple or pear trees. Understand?" It was the simplest way he could think to explain it to the boy.

Severus tilted his head slightly, thinking, before finally nodding. "Yes sir".

"Good. Never be afraid to ask questions. Knowledge is always important". Augustus advised, startled as the boy dared to lean into his side. Out of a need for comfort or tired from the day's events, Augustus wasn't quite sure of the reason. But honestly, and he couldn't believe he was thinking this, it was kind of nice.

'It was nice to feel needed again' Augustus thought to himself, wrapping his arm around the little boy leaning against him. After all his wife had long passed, his children had grown and he only saw them during their monthly meetings and of course during the holidays. Indeed it had gotten quite lonely living alone in that large empty manor, except for the elves and the staff of course. Secretly Augustus found himself hoping the boy would bring life into his life again, as selfish as that sounded. After all the boy had been through hell just a few short days ago. He needed to feel safe and loved, not used in order to entertain his grandfather. No. Severus deserved better. That, Augustus mused, was the one thing he was certain of.

Augustus was soon jolted from his thoughts as the carriage once again touched down on land. Harrison informed him of their arrival, not that he really needed to, as Augustus coaxed Severus into awareness.

"It's time lad, we're home". Harrison opened the carriage doors, assisting his employer out of the vehicle before carefully lifting Severus down onto the ground.

Blinking sleepily Severus looked around in ill-disguised awe. "It's so big" he breathed. Obviously work needed to be done on helping him disguise his emotions better. It was a lesson every other pureblood grew up learning after all. It didn't mean they were heartless, they were simply more dignified.

"Indeed, shall we go inside? I suspect you'd be happy to see your room and get some well-deserved rest. You can explore the manor tomorrow".

“Okay” Severus replied, too tired to say much else.

The two made their way up the steps and into the foyer. Once inside they were greeted most enthusiastically by Drippy and an assortment of the manor’s house elves. Without being asked they immediately sprang into action, divesting the two of their coats and scarves, while Augustus was informed of their success in preparing Severus’ room.

Severus watched the elves in curiosity, moving when prompted as they tugged his coat and scarf off. He remembered his mother’s stories about growing up with house elves, so he knew he needn’t be afraid of them. But his mother hadn’t told him just how funny those elves looked. Their ears and noses were long and pointy, so unlike his own. They looked funny, but Severus knew better than to laugh. After all it wasn’t very nice to laugh at others for how they looked. He knew he’d feel bad if anyone ever did that to him. Of course, not that he was aware, Severus would not have to experience such a thing in the future.

“Are you hungry Severus?” Augustus asked after dismissing the elves, noticing how his grandson appeared to be lagging behind.

“No sir. I had dinner just before we left the hospital.” Severus answered tiredly.

“Then I think it’s time we got you into bed. I’m sure you’re very tired. Come along now”. Augustus waited for the boy to slip his hand into his own outstretched hand, before guiding them both up the stairs.

Thankfully Severus’ room was near his own, just down the hall in fact. Augustus opened the door, ushering Severus inside, smiling at the expression of disbelief on the boy’s face.

“This is really mine sir?” Severus whispered, too stunned to do anything but gape.

“It is. This is your room from now on. Make sure you keep it tidy now”.

“I will sir. Thank you. For everything”. Severus turned and wrapped his arms tightly around his grandfather’s waist. Giving him a squeeze he then stepped back with a wide smile. His old room was tiny compared to this. This room was like what a king would live in. It was amazing.

Indeed the room was impressive, a crystal chandelier hung from the ceiling, as was the same in almost every other room in the manor. Severus’ new clothes had filled a dresser and matching wardrobe, both a chocolate brown with gold edging. An antique rug was placed at the foot of the bed, where off to the side a large antique chest, filled with toys, stood just waiting for the boy to open it. A four poster bed, complete with crimson drapes stood at the far side of the room, end tables on either side. At the opposite end, a large bookcase filled most of the wall, an expensive looking desk stood beside it. But of course what Severus noticed straight away was the roaring fire covered by a metal grating, surrounded by a large marble fireplace. Upon further inspection Severus could see carvings, each depicting both magical and muggle legends. The stories they offered were guaranteed to keep Severus amused for days on end.

Suddenly overcome with emotion, Severus scrubbed his eyes trying to hold back the tears as the day’s events caught up with him. Smiling softly at the boy Augustus pulled him close letting the boy gather himself together before leading him to yet another door. “You’ll have your own bathroom; we don’t want you getting lost in the night now do we? The fireplace has also been charmed for your protection; we don’t want you burning yourself. Now I expect you to clean your teeth and wash your face. Then it’s off to bed”. Augustus informed him, Severus meekly nodding in response.

The bathroom, like the bedroom, was large. A giant tub currently filled with warm water and soapy bubbles filled a corner of the room. At the other end the toilet and sink stood. A cabinet attached to the wall held various shampoos, conditioners and soaps, as well as the mentioned toothbrush and toothpaste.

Drippy knocked on the door, announcing her presence; as Augustus gave the boy one last hug. “I’ll see you in the morning Severus. Drippy will be there to wake you up and bring you down to breakfast, alright?”

“Yes sir, good night sir”.

“Good, then I shall bid you good night little one”. With that Augustus finally left the room, intent on resigning to his own room for the night.

Severus turned to the elf with a nervous smile; he wanted to make a good impression after all. “You best get those clothes off little master, then it’s time for your bath”. Drippy chirped, struggling to contain her glee at once again having a child to look after.

Severus nodded before tugging the clothing over his head. After a brief moment when his shirt got stuck, he was finally naked and soon found himself being levitated into the warm bath full of bubbles. Severus grinned as he saw the bath toys held in a little basket along the bath’s edge. With an encouraging smile from Drippy, he grabbed a nearby toy ducking it in and out of the water as though it were alive. While he was distracted, Drippy gathered the needed shampoo, conditioner and soap. Giving Severus the soap to use, she tilted his head back wetting his hair before carefully massaging the creams into his scalp. She’d noticed how the boy’s hair seemed greasy and dull, although she was sure that with a good diet and the right shampoo that little problem would soon be fixed. It was after all a necessity for purebloods to have long, shiny hair that made other’s envious. Or at least that’s what Drippy had been led to believe.

Soon enough it was time to get out. Drippy wrapped a large fluffy towel around the squirming boy as the bathwater drained away. Handing him his toothbrush she waited for him to clean his teeth while she fetched his pyjamas. Choosing a set of emerald silk pyjamas, Drippy returned to the bathroom. Severus quickly dressed, although he needed help with all the buttons, and then finally it was time for bed. Normally Severus struggled to sleep. With everything that had gone on it was no wonder. This time however, he felt safe. With that in mind, it took only seconds for Severus to fall asleep once his head hit the fluffy pillow.

Assured the boy was asleep; Drippy finished tucking him in before leaving the room for her own bed. Of course should the little master need her, she’d appear in an instant. Still it wouldn’t hurt to sleep until that time.

## Chapter End Notes

End of chapter 3. I’m hoping to have Severus’ early childhood finished in the next chapter or maybe two. I want to get to him attending school but I don’t want to rush into things.

Anyway let me know what you all think.

KB

## Chapter 4

### Chapter Notes

Here it is chapter 4. I've had a really good week, well week and a half since I last updated. Anyway I found out I passed my masters and got firsts in two modules which I was ecstatic about. So I decided to spread my joy and give you all a little extra.

Hope you like it.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Augustus woke with a start, confused as to why he'd awoken before sunrise. It took mere seconds for him to register the wailing of a frightened child, echoing throughout the hallway. It only took another few for a harried house elf to pop in unannounced. "Master, it's the little master. He won't stop screaming, he just won't stop!" The house elf cried in alarm.

"Very well, I'll be there momentarily. Now leave me". Augustus replied, grabbing his nightgown from the foot of the bed and slipping into a pair of awaiting slippers. These old manors did get rather cold at night after all.

He didn't blame the boy, he couldn't really. He was in a strange house, with strange people and even stranger elves. He'd just lost his mother, to his father no less, the very man who'd beat him senseless. He'd been injured, appallingly so for a child so young, and had only just recovered. That was saying something considering how the boy was magical and had been treated with magic as well. In most circumstances his injuries would have taken mere minutes to heal, but years of malnourishment had depleted his magic most severely. In truth it had been a miracle that he'd performed the very trick that started all this mess, simply because he wanted that ball. Instead of growing and learning control, his magic had been forced to help his lungs breathe, his heart pump and his brain to continue to function. Indeed without his magic, it would have been quite likely that Severus may not have survived to even reach the age he was now. Such was the severity of his poverty, where proper nutritional meals were dismissed as luxury.

Augustus entered his grandson's room, the volume and intensity of his wailing never slowing down. He heaved a sigh; of aggravation, tiredness or even fondness for the boy, he didn't know what he felt. It was just too damn early to think. But looking at the sobbing boy, who Drippy was frantically trying to hush and soothe, Augustus finally began to think.

"Come here boy". Augustus reached out to the boy after taking a seat on the bed, only to frown as Severus shied away from him with a whimper.

"Severus?" Another whimper was heard, the wailing finally stopping in favour of terrified sobbing and sniffing.

"Severus? Do you know where you are? Do you remember who I am?" Augustus frowned at the reaction the boy gave, concerned that his mental state had deteriorated throughout the night. Not that the boy could be blamed after all. It was something of a miracle that he'd remained so in control for as long as he had.

"G-g-grandfather. You're my grandfather. M-m-mum, s-s-she told me stories about you. From

when she was little". Severus finally responded, stuttering as he struggled to control his breathing, letting the occasional hiccup escape.

"That's right. Good boy. Now come here and tell me what's going through your mind. Tell me what's gotten you so upset. Was it a bad dream, a nightmare?" Augustus once again reached for the boy, who this time allowed himself to be pulled into strong arms, head pressed against his grandfather's chest. Augustus handed the boy a handkerchief, observing to make sure the boy knew how to use it properly. He wouldn't have put it past the boy's father to not even teach him the basics or maintaining good hygiene. Not after seeing the state the boy arrived in; greasy hair, sickly pale, not the look of a pureblood at all.

"Not a dream, it was real. It was dark and really scary. I was scared". It was those few sentences that really struck Augustus, it alerted him to just how young Severus really was. And truthfully, he'd never felt quite so old.

"A memory then?" Augustus asked, for confirmation more than anything. A nod against his chest, accompanied by a faint sniffle and rustling of the handkerchief, was his only answer.

"I'm sorry Severus, I'm very sorry". Augustus sighed, he just didn't know how to handle this situation. After all he was still grieving the loss of his youngest daughter, and now here he was holding her only child. Trying to chase away his fears, but no amount of chasing would ever rid the child of his father. For he, above any other monster or creature, was the one thing this child would now always fear.

"You didn't do anything bad. Don't be sorry. I was the bad one, I did magic when mummy said not to. It's my fault. I didn't mean to. But it's too late...it's my fault. It's all my fault". Severus became quiet. Quite frankly it worried Augustus, positively terrified him in fact. Crying he could handle, even throwing a tantrum. But it was as though the boy had shut down, his eyes turning blank as he closed off from his surroundings.

"It's not your fault. Listen to me Severus, it's not your fault. You're a child, a little boy. You're allowed to make mistakes. Your father is the one who was bad, not you. I never want you to say any of this was your fault. Understand?" Augustus kept his gaze locked with his grandson's. Severus blinked in shock, slowly returning to his senses as his grandfather gave him a hard shake. While his methods could have been considered cruel, it did its job, snapping the boy from his near catatonic state.

"Y-y-yes sir". Severus stuttered once more. His mother had always told him not to tell a lie. But in this case Severus didn't have the strength to tell his grandfather the truth. It was all his fault, he knew it. But now he knew he could never admit it out loud. Otherwise who knows what would happen to him?

Augustus was no fool; he knew a lie when he saw one. He was a master of lying after all; it was practically the pureblood rite of passage. No decent pureblood could survive without manipulating the truth to suit their own needs. "I know a lie when I hear one Severus. It hurts I know, I know you're afraid to tell me the truth. But I have a truth for you too. You cannot be blamed for any of this. Your father made a choice, he could have chosen to accept you but he didn't. He could have chosen to not kill your mother, but he didn't. Your mother made a similar choice. She chose to marry him, to stay with him. She knew he was violent and didn't like magic. She knew and she chose to stay. She was afraid of what I'd do, and she was right to be afraid. I also made a choice. I chose to abandon your mother when she needed her father most. I chose to let her leave and marry a man who didn't love her. I chose to let you grow without meeting you until now. I chose wrong, and so did they. It was our bad choices that hurt you. All you chose was to act like a child should.

To try and make yourself happier and play with your father. That wasn't a bad choice". Augustus spoke gently, soothing the boy.

Severus sniffled, wiping his nose once more. He was confused, very confused, and he was also very tired. He was sure it had been his fault, but his grandfather said different. That nice man and those nice ladies said different. They said it wasn't his fault. They all said that. Maybe, just maybe, it wasn't his fault. Severus was too emotional to make sense of it all. He just wanted to sleep once more. But not alone. No. He didn't want to be alone again.

"Come on now, try and get some sleep. We'll talk more in the morning, alright?" Augustus moved to tuck the boy in, only for the boy to reach out desperately.

"Don't leave. Please?" Severus pleaded, tears once again starting to form. He couldn't stand waking up alone once more. He just couldn't.

Augustus heaved a sigh, casting a look at Drippy who stood helplessly at the side, before turning to Severus once more. "Alright lad, I'll sleep with you tonight. But only tonight, I have my own bed to sleep in I'll have you know". Augustus tried his best to appear stern, but the combination of exhaustion and emotional draining meant his efforts were more comical than fearful.

Severus smiled, a true smile this time. "Thank you sir".

"Sleep now lad, and you're welcome".

"I will, and sir? I'm really sorry for waking you. I didn't mean to".

With a flick of the wrist the lights extinguished, a gentle snoring filled the air as Augustus lay next to his grandson. The boy curled into his side. "I know you didn't lad, I know".

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Have you ever woken up to birds chirping, light streaming through your windows and the noise of a household stirring from their beds? I'm sure you have, just as I'm sure you'll agree with just how hideously horrific this can be when you have not had an adequate amount of sleep. Those who agree will be able to sympathise with the eldest and youngest Princes.

After Severus' little episode both Augustus and Severus fell fast asleep, huddled together. One needing warmth, he wasn't getting any younger after all, and the other raving comfort, something that had been all too lacking in his short life. Unfortunately that sleep did not nearly last long enough, thanks to an annoyingly chirpy house elf who felt the need to coax the two from their slumber. Of course Drippy would never have been quite so stupid, she knew better after all, but the same couldn't be said for one of the newer elves. Long story short he was gone almost as soon as he'd arrived, a fair bit more singed than he ought to have been. But that's what happened when you woke your master in such a manner. The sheer nerve, he was lucky that was all that had been done to him. It was after all far too early to think of a more creative punishment.

Augustus let out a tired groan, freezing as he felt a small figure squirm next to him, only relaxing once his mind cleared enough to recall the previous nights' events. With a sigh he turned to observe his grandson. The boy's hair was splayed over his pillow, inky locks contrasting brilliantly against the white silk pillows. In the back of his mind Augustus thanked Merlin for small mercies that the boy hadn't had any little accidents. That was the one thing he just wouldn't have been able to handle. Not when it was daft o'clock in the morning anyhow. He watched the rise and fall of his grandson's chest with a keen eye, although free of bandages he wanted to be sure the boy had no lasting injuries from the beating he'd endured. To his satisfaction the breaths were steady, the rise

and fall maintaining a steady pace, no hitches of his breath to suggest any problems. Augustus' thoughts soon turned dark. The boy showed no problems with his breathing, that was true, but the damage had already been done, even before the beating. The boy was already too small, too fragile and what most worried Augustus was whether the boy's fertility would be affected.

As a descendant of the noble Prince line, the boy came from a long line of male bearers. It had begun as a curse, or what was supposed to be a curse anyhow. A common kitchen maid had gotten it into her head that the Prince's eldest son would marry her. She'd pictured it all, right down to the finest detail, from the time they met at a royal ball, with the help of the girl's godmother, to when she would purposely leave behind a treasured object which he would return to her. It was all planned out in the girl's mind. However the girl hadn't planned for the Prince to share no interest in her, nor in anyone of the female race for that matter. In fact he'd chosen another man, of noble status of course. After all he had several siblings all capable of producing blood heirs. In a jealous fit the girl broke into his home, intent on casting a love spell that would get her the happy ending she thought she deserved. After all who on earth wanted to spend their life washing dishes and scrubbing floors? It was beneath her and her obvious beauty. Of course she hadn't expected to find the two men, for lack of a better word, fucking each other's brains out. If there was one thing she'd learned, aside from never walking into a bedroom without knocking, was that trying to cast a love spell when your love was balls deep inside their future husband, was most difficult. Particularly when she was so overcome with rage and jealousy she found herself mangling the words beyond comprehension. Now clearly the girl was arrested, tried and ultimately locked away for her own protection. She was after all highly unstable. The curse however, while nothing had shrivelled and dropped off, something both men had feared, it left them on edge wondering what, if any, effect it would have on them. Of course, upon marrying in a private ceremony the two soon forgot their concerns. They had better things to think about after all, like how many orgasms the two could draw from each other.

Nine months later however, the Prince heir found himself crying out for another reason entirely. Within hours his first child was born, a son, sharing his black hair and his sire's brilliant green eyes. Initially upon learning of the pregnancy the two men had been shocked, mildly disgusted and resentful to the wench who'd dared intrude on their lives. However after learning of several new erogenous zones the Prince heir suddenly found himself with, the two were no longer complaining. One child became two, then three and then four, until a total of eight children, six boys and two girls, were produced. After all contraceptives were banned by royal decree, children were a thing to be celebrated and fertility was seen as a symbol of power. The more fertile a man, the more stamina they held and stamina was always valued highly. Besides, the Prince had always wanted a large family, and his husband had always wanted to get laid, so everyone was happy. This did however bring about a new problem, as for every son that had been birthed from the Prince heir, they all shared the ability to birth new life. First discovered by the third son, who ended up pregnant at seventeen by his long-time lover, the youngest prince of the royal family, it soon became a popular topic for discussion. Of course both boys had been made to wed before the birth, it wouldn't do for them to produce bastards after all. And like his father, the boy continued the tradition, birthing child after child much to the delight and arousal of his new husband. It turned out his new husband had a rather intense pregnancy kink, and had resigned himself to spying on his father's concubines to quell his lust. Now however he had free reign to impregnate his husband as much as he wanted, and as long as his husband continued to spread his legs for him, the children would keep on coming and the belly would forever stay swollen.

This pattern repeated itself through the generations, with those of the Prince line being warned from an early age that they'd be capable of birthing a child if needed. Of course with the combination of teenage hormones, new holes to explore and new heights of pleasure to reach, it took a long time for the lesson to truly hit home, with the Prince line producing one of the highest



teenage pregnancy rates of any family. Not that many of them complained, and certainly those of other families had no complaints. After all with so many wars destroying the lives of young and old alike, it was important to start a family as soon as possible. And the Prince family was renowned for producing very attractive, very intelligent and above all highly fertile children. However as the wizarding world began to modernise, the Prince family began to insist on a regime of contraceptive spells and potions until the child was seventeen. The age they legally became adults. That way they had a chance to enjoy childhood, a chance to enjoy sex without consequences, before the realities of adult life were forced upon them. It was after all important for children to be allowed to be children, particularly during times when wars raged and death was as much a comfort as it was a tragedy. It was after all a struggle to perform highly with swollen ankles, a large swollen belly and constant mood swings making it difficult to concentrate for any length of time. It had also become rather disruptive whenever a boy went into labour during an exam.

Augustus recalled hearing one such tale, where the son of a Malfoy and a Prince had purposely gotten pregnant to get his friends out of their fifth year OWLs. There'd been a betting pool and everything, on what time and in which exam his waters would break. Needless to say his parents, nor his teachers, were too impressed. Of course like all those before him, he'd followed the tradition of spending much of his married life swollen with child. He'd just happened to enter this tradition earlier than most, something he'd later come to regret once he missed out on the parties that came following their exams. Most notably he missed out on getting wasted with his mates, being pregnant meant no one would permit him to even sit near those with alcohol in their hands, lest he get any ideas. It had not been a fun time that was for sure.

Augustus shook his head of the thoughts that plagued him. Of course he'd married a woman as was his preference, he'd never felt the urge to lie with a man. His grandfather however had been one such bearer, birthing his first child shortly after finishing his schooling, and producing a respectable four more, two girls and three boys in total. While his grandson was only five, still by all counts an innocent child, he couldn't shake the feeling that Severus would be the one to continue the tradition. He wasn't sure why and he couldn't even begin to imagine who with, but still the thought plagued him. Of course unless changes were made, unless the boy gained weight and improved his nutrition drastically, it would be very likely that he'd never be fit to bear. And that would make it very difficult when it came time to showing him off to prospective pureblood matches. Nothing but the best for the noble line of Prince after all.

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When Severus awoke his thoughts weren't nearly as complicated as his grandfather's. While Augustus planned his future, from his husband or wife to the many children they'd bear, Severus' thoughts were decidedly more childish. Most notably he was hungry, still sleepy, and he wanted to know where the toilet was rather badly.

Squirming from under the covers Severus turned to his grandfather who was now watching him with a strange expression on his face.

"Grandfather? I have to go to the toilet". At those words Augustus moved faster than he suspected he ever had in his life. Before Severus even had time to start the universal dance all children followed when they had to go, he found himself whisked into the adjoining bathroom, hoisted onto the seat and handed a roll of paper to use once he'd finished. Blinking, Severus only just remembered his manners "thank you grandfather, sir".

Augustus didn't have the energy to correct him. Though he'd certainly worked up an appetite for breakfast. There was a reason they called it the most important meal of the day, something Augustus took to heart. A minute later he heard the toilet flush and the sink run, before Severus

once again reappeared.

“Drippy!” Augustus called, seconds later the elf appeared with her usual morning cheer. “Return Severus to his room and help him get dressed for breakfast. Make sure he’s presentable. That will be all”. Drippy nodded in response, ushering Severus from the room with a smile and allowing her master to wash and dress.

Severus followed Drippy, although he’d failed to keep up with her constant chattering. It was like she never stopped, always going on about the fresh air, how lucky he was to live here, how much she loved children...it was never ending. Thankfully though she allowed him to dress in relative silence; a green silk shirt and smart black trousers. A fine cashmere sweater was pulled on over top, much to Severus’ disgruntlement. It may have only been breakfast, but as Drippy reminded him constantly, he was expected to look like a proper pureblood heir. It was something he was really starting to dislike. Of course such feelings didn’t last long; it made him think about what happened for him to end up here. How lucky he was that he hadn’t been sent to an orphanage like Oliver Twist, how lucky he was for having such a grand room, his own bathroom and even a house elf to look after him. It made Severus sad and angry at himself, yes his sweater felt uncomfortable, having grown up wearing ratty jeans and threadbare shirts, but he had a new life now. A richer one. He had his grandfather, and he would finally be able to become a wizard like he’d always hoped. Even if the sweater did itch, Severus would be good and behave. He didn’t want to give his grandfather any reason to send him back after all. He had to keep reminding himself how lucky he was.

“There now. You look like a proper little Prince, little master”. Severus couldn’t stop the flush that appeared, bringing colour to his cheeks. Never before had he worn such fine clothes, nor slept in such a fine bed. No for that matter had he ever seen such a fine house, except in storybooks that is, when he could find them at least.

“Now hurry, we mustn’t be late for breakfast. Don’t want to upset the master. Quickly now, follow me”. Drippy led Severus downstairs into the private dining area. As oppose to the main dining room, reserved primarily for parties, banquets and soirees, the private dining area was used just by the family. It was smaller, although no less lavish, to give it a cosier feel. The Prince family did after all place high importance on maintaining good family values. Or at the very least maintaining that illusion.

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Breakfast in the Prince household was always a lavish affair. Ordinarily the table was filled with fresh crusty rolls and an assortment of jams and butters, a small basket filled with both hard and soft boiled eggs, platters of fried and scrambled eggs, sausage, and crisp bacon and bowls filled with grilled mushrooms, tomatoes and homemade baked beans. Jugs of both cold and warm milk, a pot of strong English tea and jugs of fresh orange, pear and apple juices decorated the centre of the table. Of course this was the standard fare for every morning, except Sunday of course, the day devoted to being lazy. Now Sundays were special, with smoked salmon, eggs benedict and an assortment of sweet and savoury pastries. That was in addition to the usual breakfast feast mind you.

Of course Augustus refused to indulge as such more than once a week, he took pride in his appearance and refused to allow himself to grow fat and lazy. Not like so many of his business partners. The state they’d let themselves become was downright shameful at times. With bulging stomachs hanging over their trousers, or in some particularly bad cases bulging through their tightly laced girdles. Double and even triple chins were an all too common sight as well, with a thick layer of fat surrounding the necks of the old, yet incredibly rich, codgers. Of course those

men were always ones to overindulge, drinking from sunup to sundown, eating hearty meals and extravagant puddings with every meal, it was little wonder they all ended up looking like overstuffed pigs dressed in suits and ties.

No, Augustus was adamant that he would not become one of them, no matter how much respect he may have for them as friends and business partners, he couldn't forgive their obvious disregard for their health and most importantly their appearance. Augustus was particularly adamant that his grandson would share his values. He wouldn't be allowing the boy to stuff himself with sweets and treats. No he'd be eating good nutritious meals, no junk. Of course Augustus was willing to be lenient on the more special days; the boy's upcoming birthday and on Christmas, those were special enough to allow the boy the odd treat.

Augustus was pulled from his thoughts with the arrival of his grandson, finally dressed as he should be much to Augustus' relief. Having seen the clothes the boy had arrived in, he had yet to dissuade himself from burning the clothes at wand point. Just to be sure they'd never be there to offend his sensibilities again.

"Good morning Severus, take your seat now".

Severus returned the greeting shyly, scrambling to take his seat, feeling the chair levitate slightly in order to bring him closer to the table. With wide eyes he looked down following the chair's movements with his hands. Augustus frowned at the reaction before his own eyes widened in comprehension. The boy likely had never been exposed to such magic in his previous life. Not with that brute of a muggle living there anyhow. Levitating a ball was one thing, but levitating a heavy chair with a five year old boy sitting on it was another thing entirely.

"You'll be seeing plenty of magic from now on Severus. I guarantee you'll soon become used to it". Augustus commented, earning a wide eyed stare from the boy seated opposite him.

"Really? You mean it?" Severus asked, leaning over in anticipation.

"Of course, and when you turn eleven you'll be able to cast your own with your own wand. You'll be attending one of the finest wizarding schools with some of the finest pureblood children around. I can assure you you'll be very happy there." Augustus replied, smiling at the boy's childish wonder and enthusiasm.

"Grandfather? What school is it?" Severus asked, unable to contain his curiosity. He was still a child after all.

"It's called Beauxbatons, it's a wizarding academy where only the finest of society attend. You'll meet students from not only France, but Spain, Belgium and even the Netherlands. I'm sure you'll make many good friends my boy, you are after all a Prince, and we Princes are always well regarded by our peers".

Severus frowned in confusion before shaking his head. Grownups said such strange things sometimes, but he knew better than to say such a thing out loud. He had some manners after all, not as many as he should due to his upbringing, but they were still there.

"Now let's eat. I'm sure you must be hungry lad. Whatever you want just say its name and it'll appear on your plate. I'd rather we kept any messes to the absolute minimum. Understand?"

"Yes grandfather". The next few moments were a source of amusement for young Severus as with each word he said, breakfast items suddenly appeared on his plate. Soon enough he had a small pile of breakfast items, a crusty roll smeared with jam and butter, a piece each of sausage and

bacon, a small portion of scrambled eggs and a large serving of mushrooms and tomatoes. His grandfather insisted. It wouldn't do to let the boy fill up on grease and fat after all. He was trying to teach the lad to eat healthily, and he refused to let the boy subject himself to a childhood and teenage years filled with spotty, greasy skin and a flabby belly. No, the boy needed to learn how to maintain a good appearance now, while he was young enough that it would become second nature. And of course the best way to do so was to fill the boy's plate with vegetables. No greasy, sallow skin that's for sure. Augustus refused to even entertain the thought.

"Grandfather?"

"Hmm?" Augustus looked up from his cup of tea, he may live in France but he'd been born an Englishman. And no one did tea like the English.

"Those people who took me from my home. Will I get to see them again?" Severus asked, the question had plagued his mind since last night. They were after all the ones to save him, he wanted to thank them properly.

"Would you like to?"

"Very much so. I want to thank them, I never got a chance to. Not properly, sir". Severus added the last bit in afterthought. If he wanted something he knew he had to be very respectful. At least that's what his dad had always told him, right before he'd gone off the rails. Perhaps not the best role model, but you couldn't argue with his advice for matters like these.

"I'll see what can be done. Are you finished?" Augustus was eager to change the subject. He knew very well who'd rescued his grandson and while he was grateful, he was also well aware they were strongly affiliated with Hogwarts. Augustus had never liked that Dumbledore, the man was too manipulative even by his standards. He certainly wouldn't be having his grandson attending there, who knows what would happen?

"Yes I'm done sir".

"Good. I have matters to attend to in my study, so I'll allow Drippy to give you the grand tour. You may explore anywhere you like, barring my quarters and study. Drippy will inform you where they are in case of emergencies but otherwise I'm to be left alone. She'll also inform you when lunch will be served so make sure you get cleaned beforehand. I ant have mucky hands at the dining table, understand?"

"I understand sir". Severus responded, eager to leave and explore his new home. After all he didn't really get a chance to last night, and he really wanted to try and find those horses again.

"Good, now off you go". Augustus only just finished his words when Severus ran out without a backwards glance, Drippy following hastily after the surprisingly energetic boy.

Augustus smiled, comforted by the knowledge that no one was around to see it, he had a reputation to keep after all. With a sigh he rose and headed towards his study, he had three very special people to write to after all. On Severus' behalf of course. He'd be sure to stress that no matter how grateful he was to them, he couldn't let himself show it. It just wasn't proper pureblood behaviour after all. Besides, he was sure they'd be eager to see the boy. He did have that rather curious effect of making you want to give him a cuddle and a kiss on his forehead. Not that he'd let himself indulge. Well, maybe if the boy asked. He was after all a mere child, Augustus could forgive his own actions if it was to comfort an abused child. It was after all considered acceptable according to the pureblood ways.

## Chapter End Notes

Seeing as this is over 5000 words I'm gonna stop there. I'm aiming to finish Severus' childhood by the next chapter, although the rate I'm going it may be another two but I'm gonna do my best to stick to one.

Anyway I'd love to know what everyone thinks. Your response has been amazing so far so I hope you continue to enjoy this. Thanks for reading.

KB

## Chapter 5

### Chapter Notes

Thanks everyone for all your amazing support. I keep getting blown away by how much everyone seems to like this story. I hope you all continue to read and review. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Drippy had always loved children, having worked for the Prince family for the past thirty years. Not long by wizarding standards considering house elves typically lived for a few hundred years. After all they existed to serve their masters', it only made sense that they would live as long as them. But given that the masters' children had left long ago, Drippy could admit she was a little out of practice. As such, she'd forgotten just how energetic and curious little boys could be, regardless of their upbringing. And Severus it seemed was particularly curious.

In the span of three hours they'd explored the manor, from the basement all the way to the attic. Severus had particularly enjoyed the brief glimpse into the library Drippy allowed him, there was much to see after all. Under her careful watch of course and avoiding the rooms Augustus had deemed off limits, though she had informed the boy where they were should there be an emergency. Next was the indoor heated pool, which inevitably led to exploring the outside pool. The classic example of someone with too much money on their hands. Following that, Drippy showed Severus the gardens; from the fountain in the courtyard through to the secret glade in which the garden's maze resided. Finally a visit through the family's orchard and up to the manor's stables concluded the tour. It was therefore understandable that by the end, the two were thoroughly exhausted, having explored just about every inch of the manor's grounds. Well as far as the boy was permitted to explore at least.

Eventually Drippy coaxed Severus into returning indoors. Much to his distaste he was told to change, his clothes had gotten dirty after all. Once he was once again clean, face freshly washed and hands scrubbed, he was brought down once again to the dining room for lunch. His grandfather sat at the head of the table, but much to his surprise three figures were sat at his sides, barring one seat which had clearly been left for Severus to sit.

Severus frowned slightly, not recognising the three, before taking his seat as his grandfather beckoned him closer. "Sit Severus, there are some people I wish for you to meet".

Severus nodded shyly, barely paying attention as the chair brought him closer to the table. Looking up he found himself the focus of the room's attention, as two men and a young woman smiled down at him. "Who are they?" Severus asked rather bluntly, though his eyes widened at his own courage before he flushed in embarrassment at his poor manners.

Augustus smiled; clearly the boy had much to be distracted about and so he could forgive the lad for his lapse in manners. He knew the boy had manners, but he'd only been there a day and had yet to start his lessons. As such he could hardly expect Severus to be perfectly behaved. He hadn't had the opportunity to learn how to act after all. Although that was about to change.

"This is my son Sebastian and my daughter Evelyn. I asked them here so they could meet their sister's only child. They will be your uncle and aunt respectively." At this Severus offered a timid

smile, still embarrassed about how he'd acted initially. He'd just been so excited about his day, so looking forward to telling his grandfather about everything he'd seen, that he hadn't liked it when he saw those strangers sitting at the table. He'd never had a grandfather before; he just wanted it to be only him and his grandfather just a little longer.

“And this is monsieur Gerard. He has agreed to serve as your main tutor until you are old enough to attend school. He will teach you the usual arithmetic, English language, literature and world history. You will also be given horseback riding and swimming lessons, it would be unheard of for you to be without. Of course you'll be learning French since we currently reside in France and in a few years you shall be taught Latin as well. When you're older you'll also be learning about business and politics. It's essential that you are prepared for your future career, whatever you may become. Of course before you attend school you'll also be taught about magical theory, and should you behave properly I'll have you assist me in potion's preparation. As you cannot use magic outside of school, I will ensure you are well prepared in terms of its theory. Understand?”

Severus felt a little dazed, there was so much for him to learn, and already his grandfather was talking about his future. It was a little overwhelming in all honesty. “Yes grandfather, I understand”. It was all he could think to say in response.

“Good lad”. Augustus smiled as he felt the gazes of his children resting on him in astonishment. The man had never been what they'd call warm and friendly. Not to say he was a monster, not at all, but he was strict and rather stubborn. Even when addressing children he was usually strict and unrelenting. Though looking at him now, it was clear he'd changed.

Evelyn smiled at the little boy as they waited for the introductions to end, and lunch to begin. When she'd first heard about the death of her little sister, she'd naturally been distraught. Society dictated she acted as such after all. In truth she'd harboured some resentment to her sister for simply abandoning her family, throwing aside her responsibilities in order to shack up with an unsavoury muggle. She had after all been there the day the two had met and she hadn't liked him from the start. Why he'd had the nerve to attempt to look down her dress, before leaving to go after her sister after she chewed him out. The man had been a drunkard, a perverted drunkard at that and she'd felt shame on her sister's behalf for falling in with the likes of him.

Of course she'd heard about their son, everyone had by now, it wasn't something that people would just forget. His birth had been a prime scandal for months. But the poor boy, only five and his mother was dead, his father soon to be dead himself if her father got his way. He was the innocent one in all this, and such a sweet boy at that. Oh sure he hadn't displayed the perfect manners, but he was a child, that was to be expected. He was the only thing tying her to her sister, and she vowed then and there to help him as much as she could. The lad had no mother left to care for him after all, and she'd not only do her duty as society expected, she'd do it out of her own desire to help the boy.

Nearby Sebastian shared his sister's thoughts. He too had been watching the boy as his father went on listing the boy's lesson plan. The boy reminded him so much of his dead sister, the features were startlingly similar. The boy would grow to be a looker that was for sure; of course he'd need to put on a good bit of weight. The lad was all skin and bones, although the fine fabrics he wore did well to disguise it. But with a few good meals he was sure the boy would look much better. He was a Prince after all.

With a near silent sigh, Sebastian recalled the last memory he had of his late sister, the night she'd left. The fight had been horrendous that's for sure. Looking back he was sure he could see that she'd already begun to show, the boy seated before him now was a mere few weeks in development back then. He recalled his sister storming out in tears, her hand clutched to her chest

leaving their father to his grief. Of course he wasn't naïve enough to think his grandfather had been the one at fault, unlike those with nothing better to do than gossip. No, the fault lay with Eileen, as much as it pained him to admit. The girl had always been foolish, thinking she could do what she wanted without consequence. It had hardly been the first time she'd been in trouble, though it had certainly been the worst. But still Sebastian couldn't help but feel sorry for his nephew. The boy hadn't asked to be born to such parents, and look what had happened. He was only thankful the lad had been rescued.

Of course his father had confided in him, though his sister had remained oblivious. Wouldn't do to upset her even more. He knew what had happened to Severus, how he'd been beaten and rescued. At that thought, he reminded himself to contact those that had saved him. Who knows what would have happened to him had they not arrived when they did. It didn't bear thinking about.

"Now I believe it's time to eat, if you'll all help yourselves". Augustus motioned to the plates of food littering the table.

With a nod his children did as requested, having grown up in his household they knew that a request was almost always an order cleverly disguised. Monsieur Gerard followed suit, piling his plate with the mix of French and English delicacies. Within moments the five were tucking into lunch, plates piled with a mix of cold meats and cheeses, roast chicken, turkey and pork, freshly baked rolls and baguettes, crisp salads and potatoes prepared every way possible. Roast, fried, mashed, boiled, baked and being English, of course there were piles of chips to tuck into. Like with breakfast, Severus was given an assortment of goods with plenty of vegetables. In addition he was made to drink a nutrition potion just before he was permitted to eat. Something he was thankful for given the bitter taste of the potion.

Once both lunch and pudding was eaten and plates cleared away, the adults moved into the lounge to converse. Of course Severus was made to follow, not that he had many complaints. In truth he was tired from his explorations of the manor and its surrounding lands. He hadn't even had a proper chance to explore them, merely passing through in their haste to finish the tour before lunch. Severus knew he'd later return to exploring, but for now he was content with playing with the wooden blocks his uncle had conjured, the adults conversing around him.

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"Minerva? Are you in here?" Minerva paused in her writing, standing to welcome her long-time friend.

"I'm just finishing these letters. Did you need something Poppy?" Poppy Pomfrey entered the room with a smile. A letter was clutched in her grasp as she took a seat in the armchair nearest her friend.

"Tell me, did you receive a letter earlier today? From Lord Prince?" Poppy asked eagerly, unable to stop smiling although she did her best to tone it down.

"Lord Prince? Well it's possible, but I haven't had a chance to read any of my mail yet. I've been busy with the students' letters. What does he want?" Minerva asked, unable to stop the memory of a scared little boy clutching onto her.

"He has invited me to stay with him and Severus for the weekend. I only received the letter this morning; he wanted to thank me personally for helping to rescue Severus. I contacted Kingsley earlier and he'd been given a similar letter. I've already accepted the invitation; I wanted to see if you'd been invited as well?" Poppy explained, showing Minerva the letter she carried in her hand.



Minerva read through the letter with speed, frowning slightly as she moved to flick through the mail she'd received that morning. Within a minute she'd located what she'd been looking for, ripping the envelope and reading the letter's contents. Like with Poppy's, the letter invited her to the manor, expressing gratitude for her role in the rescue and informing her Severus would like to see her once again. Upon hearing that Severus was asking for her, Minerva felt herself overcome with emotion for just a moment.

The last she'd seen of the boy he'd been so scared. Ripped from his normal life, his mother dead and his father apprehended, and sent to France to live with a man he'd never met. Oh how she'd worried about the boy. It had been almost a month since she'd last seen him; she wondered how he'd been getting on. Oh she had so many questions to ask, but of course she'd have to wait before she could ask them.

"I'll be there, absolutely. Yes I will". Minerva responded, going to do just that as she snagged a piece of parchment and called her owl over to make the delivery.

"I'm so glad to hear that. Oh I hope the poor dear's doing alright. Can you remember how scared he was when we found him? Oh I hope Lord Prince has been treating him well. I know he's invited us, but still I just don't know what to expect." Poppy sighed, trailing off as she reminisced.

"I'm sure he's much happier. I highly doubt Lord Prince would cause him harm, especially not when he's invited us to visit. Oh but I'll have to inform Albus I'll be unavailable this weekend. It shouldn't be a problem, but you know what he can be like." Poppy nodded in agreement. It was true Albus Dumbledore could be quite stubborn when he set his mind to something. Of course school wasn't due to start for another two weeks, so it was unlikely her absence would be missed too much. Still better to be safe than sorry.

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"Severus? Come here please". Augustus requested, watching as his grandson pushed himself from the rug in front of the fireplace and moving to stand in front of him.

"Yes grandfather?" Severus blinked sleepily. He'd had a long day and the fire had only made him feel sleepier.

"Those three adults that took you to hospital, do you remember them?" Severus blinked once more, his mind becoming slightly more alert.

"Yes sir".

"Good. Then you should be pleased to know they will be staying with us this weekend. They've expressed a wish to see you and I have decided to let them stay overnight. I'll expect you to be on your best behaviour of course but..." Augustus found himself unable to speak as Severus had jumped into his lap, wrapping his small arms around his grandfather's neck. The only problem was the child was hugging him a little too tightly.

Gently removing the arms from his windpipe, Augustus couldn't help but smile as Severus gushed out his thanks. He was reminded of just how young the lad was, how he looked even younger. Most of all he was just happy Severus felt comfortable enough to touch him without fear. He'd had a great number of children afraid to come near him, though he himself did little to assuage their fears. It amused him too much to see them shy away. But not his Severus, and he did consider Severus as his, he didn't want him to be afraid of him. No, he'd had enough to be afraid of already, he certainly didn't need anything else to fear.

“Thank you sir”. Severus mumbled with his face buried into his grandfather’s neck.

“You’re welcome child”. There was no one around to see them, his children and Severus’ new tutor had all returned home. So Augustus allowed himself to hug the boy back, there was no one to judge him. No one to mock his weakness. There was only him and Severus and for the first time in a long time, Augustus was once again happy.

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“You know I’m not sure this place is pretentious enough more my liking. It’s lacking the herds of wild unicorns running around”. Kingsley remarked sarcastically.

“Oh hush you. It’s a beautiful building if a bit excessive”. Minerva scolded, although she couldn’t deny the grounds seemed a bit much.

“Only a bit? Did you not see the orchard? Or the pool? Not to mention the stables? The man’s bloody ancient for crying out loud, what possible use could he have for stables? Are we to believe he still goes horseback riding at his age?” Kingsley added incredulously. He hadn’t felt right giving to boy to Lord Prince, and all this finery and splendour was doing little to reassure him. Sure the boy would have everything in terms of money and possessions. But what about love? He’d seen far too many cases of young pureblood children being left to their nannies, never seeing their parents unless they were to be punished. In most cases those children wound up spoiled pretentious brats, believing the rules never applied to them. What’s worse was that those children would grow up believing nothing could touch them, have children of their own and inevitably continue the tradition. While Kingsley was still young, only in his mid-twenties, he’d still seen enough to know that living the pureblood lifestyle usually only ended in misery.

“Oh honestly, I’m sure everything will be fine. Do you really think living in such a grand home will hurt the child?” Minerva scoffed, Poppy remaining suspiciously silent.

“Perhaps not physically Minerva. But I have seen many cases of children in such homes becoming absolute terrors when they got older. Too much of a good thing can end up becoming a very bad thing. But I suppose we’ll have to wait to see little Severus before we can judge for ourselves”. Poppy intervened, causing the two to turn to her in slight bemusement. Shaking her head, she merely shrunk the broom she’d been riding before making her way to the manor’s gates. The wards prevented them from landing on the property meaning they had to arrive the old fashioned way. And apparating to another country, particularly one they hadn’t visited before, was just asking for them to get splinched.

Just outside the gates a carriage, much like the one Severus had first been brought in, stood to take the three up to the gates. While the grounds were extensive making it a long walk up to the entrance, Augustus had wanted a chance to demonstrate his wealth, and by extension his ability to support his grandson financially, to the three. Although the three were reluctant to arrive in a horse drawn carriage, it did allow them time to observe the grounds. And within a few minutes, the three stepped out to be greeted by Lord Prince and his newly acquired grandson.

“Good afternoon. I’d like to formally welcome you to my home. We’re very happy you could come”. Augustus started, only for Severus to race down the steps, crashing into the nearest of the three in order to wrap his small arms around their waist.

Poppy smiled down at the boy, wrapping her own arms around him in order to pull him up into her arms. “Hello dear, my you’ve certainly changed since I saw you last”. It was true, the last she’d seen him he’d been in tears, although valiantly trying to fend them off. Clearly he’d taken the words ‘be a big boy’ and ‘big boys don’t cry’ to heart. Now however he was smiling and he’d

clearly gained a little weight. He was certainly better dressed, the term from rags to riches certainly applied. And as she looked closer, she could see his greasy mop of hair had been thoroughly cleaned. Privately she was relieved; the boy did not need people finding something about him to mock. He'd been through quite enough already. With one last squeeze she set carried him inside, following the other three as they entered the lounge where tea and cakes awaited them.

Say what you wanted about Augustus Prince; he was mean, cold, and constantly grumpy, however you wanted to describe him. When it came down to it, he was truly an Englishman at heart, and he had the proper tea and beautiful cakes to prove it. A proper English afternoon tea and Poppy did so love her tea. Poppy set Severus down before taking her seat and eying a particularly lavish cake decorated with chocolate, berries and freshly whipped cream with barely disguised greed.

Severus moved to scramble into Minerva's lap, with Kingsley looking on in a mix of apprehension and relief that the boy was still breathing with all his limbs intact. It was heard to ignore the rumours floating around the office at times, and the ones about Lord Prince ranged from the terrifying to the outright bizarre. But seeing young Severus finally smiling, dressed in fine clothes and clearly having gained both height and weight from the last time he'd seen the boy, Kingsley felt slightly mollified. Not fully mind you, but it was a start at least.

Minerva pet the boy's hair, feeling him noticeably relax as she turned to pay attention to Lord Prince. A cup of tea was placed on the table in front of her by a house elf, to which she gave a polite nod. The offered cake gained a noticeably more enthusiastic response, from both Minerva and Severus who was eying the treats with childish desire.

Severus frowned slightly as the adults conversed around him. His cake had already been eaten, his juice long gone and he was getting increasingly bored. But he stayed as still as he could manage, after all you could hardly expect a five year old boy to sit perfectly still for longer than a few minutes. Why it practically went against their very nature. But still Severus was frightfully bored; he knew he wasn't permitted to leave just yet, something his grandfather had told him prior to their guests' arrival. No, they'd come to see Severus and that meant he had to stay so they could see him. So as bored as he was, he had to suck it up. It was the price he had to pay if he wanted to stay here. And he truly did want to stay. His grandfather was awful grumpy at times, but still he knew he loved him. And he loved him in return. After all the man was his mother's father and he had so many stories to share about her. His mother may have died, but his grandfather made him feel close to her. Closer than they'd been even while she was alive. And besides, he couldn't leave now. He and Drippy had started work on a fort in the orchard. If he left now, if they took him away, he'd never get to play in it. And that just didn't sit right with Severus.

"Well I must admit I am very impressed by what I've seen Lord Prince. I must confess I was concerned about how Severus would be when we first arrived, but I can see this place has only done good things for him. The change in him is almost miraculous, why I barely recognised him. I must say you've done a fine job of raising him". Poppy admitted as both Minerva and Kingsley followed her with similar positive remarks.

Augustus gave a polite smile, a real smile struggling to break the surface. But he couldn't risk letting his emotions get the better of him. Not yet, not now. It would be unseemly. Truthfully he'd been very worried about this meeting. While it had been a number of weeks since Severus had first come to live with him, he'd been worried about what these adults would think. Oh sure the boy dressed better and his schooling was going very well, it seemed the boy had an aptitude for learning, and particularly enjoyed helping him prepare some of his less volatile potions. After all what little boy didn't love playing around with worms and all sorts of slimy things. And of course the boy had put on weight, not to mention the increase in height which he'd so desperately needed. It made the boy look much better, less of a walking skeleton and more of an actual human child.

Albeit a rather skinny child. And clearly the lad was much happier now, but quite frankly he could only compare it to when he first laid eyes on the boy. Considering the boy's mother had just died, murdered at his father's hands, the lad was understandably upset. So it wouldn't take much to say he'd improved. Although there was still the odd nightmare to deal with, but they managed well enough.

But still, Augustus had feared that despite all the progress that had been made, he feared these three would still find fault. He was well aware of his reputation, in some cases he actively encouraged it, it was after all a fine sense of amusement for him. But he feared that by doing so, he'd risked jeopardising what could very well be the best thing that had ever happened to him. At least within the last decade or so. But it seemed his fears were unfounded, the three had confessed they felt he had done an excellent job raising the boy. And for the first time in the last three weeks, Augustus finally allowed himself to relax.

Of course when Augustus informed them Severus would not be attending Hogwarts, Minerva was understandably quite upset. And hell hath no fury like a Scottish woman scorned. But on the plus side he had the other two to help hold her back long enough to explain his reasoning. Not even she, with her school pride and all, could claim to be blind to the favouritism shown towards the Gryffindors. Nor could she claim to be ignorant of how the Slytherins were treated, the fights between the Gryffindors and Slytherins had become something of a legend. Started in founding times and they'd been going on ever since. That was the problem with Hogwarts, people weren't willing to grow up and put aside their differences.

However, once she'd calmed down, Minerva could see the logic in his decision. After all she certainly didn't want to see Severus caught up in that ridiculous rivalry. While it didn't happen often, students had on occasion been injured, sometimes even fatally, as a result of the rivalry between the houses. And it was well known that Beauxbatons was far stricter about such rivalries. They lived by a strict anti-bullying policy, and as a result their students typically got along better with their peers. Of course come quidditch time, they were just as ruthless as anyone; the kids needed some kind of outlet after all. Especially those in their younger years, where sex and love were still things to giggle about in class.

"I know why you've chosen not to have Severus attend Hogwarts. I even understand your reasoning. But still I would have very much liked to have seen Severus among our new arrivals when he turned eleven. I must confess I had been rather looking forward to it, no matter how far away that day would be". Minerva conceded, though clearly she wasn't completely happy with the decision.

To be honest though, she had very little right to judge where Severus would attend school. She was not a relative, she'd known the boy for less than a month and her only claim to him was that she'd been among those who'd rescued him from his own life. His grandfather on the other hand had that ever important blood relation. Blood purity was for the most part a tool of magical propaganda, used to categorise witches and wizards into their appropriate social categories. However it was well established that blood relatives that maintained close relationships, such as parent and child or siblings, typically developed stronger magical cores, had higher rates of wandless magic and were on the whole generally more powerful. While there were the occasional exceptions, in children it was particularly important for them to grow in households where they lived with those who shared their blood.

Augustus may not have been her first choice for a guardian to a five year old abuse victim, but he was one of the few blood relations the child had left. Having started and raised his own family, Augustus was experienced when it came to handling children. He knew how to get them to eat properly, how to comfort them when they were distressed and even how to discipline them

accordingly. While his methods could be considered harsh, there was no doubt that the man had taken a liking to Severus. And clearly the feeling was reciprocated, as Severus hadn't stopped informing her of his recent adventures, only pausing to seek out his grandfather out of need for his approval. It was only to be expected that Severus would be somewhat clingy to those he considered important to him. He'd hardly let the adults out of sight since their arrival, and if he wasn't on their laps, he could be found leaning against his grandfather's legs as he sat playing on the floor.

"I understand your concern, I do. But I assure you I want only the best for my grandson. I have no intention of harming him, I only want to keep him happy and safe. I know what they say about me, many consider me a monster based on rumours they themselves have spread. But those people are fools, they know nothing about me or the life I live. And I'll do everything in my power to ensure they stay away from my grandson. I'll admit that's part of the reason I left England, far too many people are content with living in the past. Too few were willing to look to the future. Cowards the lot of them, I'm not sorry to have left. And I certainly won't miss the weather for that matter either". Augustus finished, clearly finished with discussing the topic. Not that anyone was complaining.

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Severus opened his latest gift, a journal with soft brown leather and golden thread stitching his name into the cover. Before Kingsley, Poppy and Minerva had left him once more, they'd given some small gifts, as a way for him to remember them. From Minerva he received the journal, a chance to write down his thoughts and feelings if he ever felt he couldn't tell anyone else. It was a good gift, he decided, even if he thought writing down his feelings was far too girly for his liking. He could still write down new potions and spells he'd learned from his tutor after all.

From Poppy, much to his grandfather's distaste, she'd been down to the local market the night before they'd left, bringing Severus a new furry friend for him to meet. Of course she had asked Augustus if he minded, not that that would have stopped her. Clearly he thought the same as he gave his permission. As such Severus found himself the owner of a grey tabby kitten, nothing magical about it, just an ordinary grey cat. At least that's what everyone was hoping for.

Kingsley's gift was something of a surprise even to him. He hadn't expected to get the lad anything more than a box of chocolates. What? Like he knew what to give to little kids. Besides, kids liked chocolates didn't they? But no, that idea had been vetoed when he'd let it slip what he'd been planning to buy the lad. Those two women could be bloody scary when they wanted to be. But no, Poppy had felt it necessary to drag him along with her, while Minerva had taken Severus for a visit around the market stalls. Most notably the book and toy stalls. Clearly the word moderation didn't register with her. It was there that Kingsley found the perfect gift, something every lad needed. Of course he was just a tad worried that the lad wouldn't like it. He was a little more worried that his gift wouldn't react well with Poppy's. After all cats and dogs traditionally didn't get along very well, unless they were raised together from a young age. With any luck that's what would happen here. Which is how, Severus found himself the proud owner of a golden Labrador puppy.

As you can imagine, Augustus was thrilled to have the extra responsibility that came with raising a dog and cat. It wasn't like he had enough to do with raising the boy or managing the manor and his vast fortune. No, clearly he had far too much time on his hands. Time that could only be used up by chasing after these flea-infested animals. But still, he couldn't deny they'd do the boy good, they'd give him some much needed companionship that wasn't an old man or a house elf. And they'd give the boy some much needed responsibility as well.

Well there were worst presents he supposed. It wasn't like they'd gotten the boy a pet rattlesnake

or something. Although quite frankly he wasn't sure he'd put it past any of them. But to be safe he felt it best to get them out of his home as quickly as possible, while still adhering to his strict moral and societal expectations. What he wouldn't give to just throw people out of his house for the hell of it. Where had those good old days gone? Oh, right. They hadn't been around since he was seventeen. Blasted pureblood society sucking all the fun out of his life. Well, he could still terrorise them to his heart's content. That was always fun.

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Severus felt happier than he had in a long time. He'd finally been able to thank the ones that had saved him, it was like something out of an adventure story, where the magical creatures saved the hero so he could in turn save the world. Of course his story would deviate somewhat. While in another life he gave everything he had to save those he loved, only to end up dead and hated still by the majority of the wizarding world, in this life his story would be different. While the wars would remain the same, his involvement in them would dramatically change. He wouldn't be left to die alone, but would with any luck live a long and happy life surrounded by loved ones. Of course as all stories go, things may happen which could cause his path to deviate, but then if they didn't, well the story would turn out quite boring wouldn't it?

## Chapter End Notes

Finally I've finished Severus' childhood. While I'm not completely happy about this chapter, quite frankly I don't care because I want to get onto his later life. Look forward to his school life, and more importantly when he'll meet suitors vying for his hand, or just to get him into their beds.

Anyway I hope you enjoy and I should be updating within the next two weeks. As always review and let me know what you think.

KB

## Chapter 6

### Chapter Notes

Thanks so much for everyone's support. I'm blown away by how many people seem to like this. Hope you enjoy this chapter.

EDIT: I've just edited this a little, fixing some mistakes etc. Usually whenever I post a new chapter I want to get it posted straight away so there's usually a few mistakes. The down side of posting when you're sleep deprived.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

When Severus was five his life changed for the better. He was rescued from a murderous father and taken to his own personal safe haven. He had a grandfather who loved him, an aunt and uncle who cared about him and most importantly pets he adored. His grandfather in turn was happy for the new addition. While at first he doubted his ability to care for the boy, considering what had happened with his mother, he had learned to adapt. In time the two became close, they became family, and Augustus was highly protective of his family.

Now when Severus was six he made his first real friend. A friend who wasn't an animal or a character in his favourite story, no he was a real life boy five years his senior. His name was Lucius Malfoy, heir to the esteemed Malfoy fortune. In truth the boy was cruel, self-absorbed and looked down on those he felt were beneath him. That consisted of the majority of everyone he came across. Except for Severus and by extension his grandfather. Lucius found himself taken with the younger boy, after the two were introduced at the annual Malfoy Yule celebration. A grand affair to be sure. Severus was shy, intelligent and respectful, so unlike the other children his age who were prone to screaming until they got what they wanted. Of course Lucius conveniently forgot that he himself was prone to such behaviour, only he'd learned not to do so in public. He'd been beaten enough for the lesson to sink in. It helped that the boy had become rather attractive; the traditional Snape nose inherited from his father had been fixed at his grandfather's insistence. He'd refused to let the boy go around looking like a parrot, just think of what the public would say. As such, Lucius could be found leading the younger boy around, much like an older brother. Although his intentions were decidedly less innocent.

When Severus was six and a half he met his next friend, well next two friends to be precise. The Black family was a family his grandfather could not ignore, no matter how much he'd like to. There had been many a marriage between the Princes and the Blacks, almost as many as those between the Princes and the Malfoys. It meant that Augustus was forced to invite the family to meet his new ward. Of course he'd feared their reaction, after all their hatred of anything less than pureblood was legendary. And Severus' birth was still a popular topic for discussion, especially with the recent media frenzy surrounding his father's conviction.

But Augustus needn't have worried. Being faced with an intelligent albeit shy young man, with excellent manners and a pretty face was enough for Walburga to dismiss the boy's unfortunate lineage. He was still a Prince, an important fact to consider, a fact that was enough to overcome his father's heritage. Or lack of it as it were. It helped that the boy had been confirmed as being capable to bear children. A Prince bearer was seen as a status symbol and Walburga was determined to ensure she had such a symbol in her possession. It had taken a while for her to convince her husband Orion, the man took his obsession with blood purity to the extreme, but she'd

eventually talked him around. They had two children as she so often reminded him. So long as the other was married off to a pureblood of high standing, then everything would work out fine. Besides, Sirius had always been a bit of an oddball in the family, marrying the youngest Prince heir wouldn't be too big a scandal. Perhaps the boy would ground her wayward son, she could only hope.

Now Sirius and Regulus were two very different people, at least according to Severus. Regulus was quieter; a welcome relief from the noise that followed Sirius around like a shadow. He enjoyed learning and could often be found in the library, much to his parent's pride. This shared interest in learning served as the foundation for their friendship. Although the two could also be found playing with Jasper the puppy and Connor the kitten. Of course Sirius was particularly fond of Jasper, though that shouldn't come as much surprise. Given what the boy's animagus form would be in later life, it was to be expected. In truth the boy acted like a puppy himself, always loud and constantly running around. Always getting into trouble too for that matter.

In another life Sirius would become Severus' most hated enemy; he did rather famously set a werewolf on him. Not something you'd be willing to forget, no matter how many years passed by. Of course it didn't help that it was the first thing people remembered when thinking about the two's rather destructive relationship. But in this life, things had changed for the better. In another life Sirius had grown up surrounded by pretentiousness, from childhood to throughout his school years he felt suffocated by the expectations that came from being a pureblood. An eldest heir at that. But in this life there was a welcome change. With the discovery of the youngest Prince heir, Sirius was given a chance to interact with someone who hadn't grown up thinking everyone was born only to serve them.

Now I'm not saying meeting Severus at such an early age changed Sirius into becoming the son his parents wanted, no. Nor am I saying that this early meeting turned Sirius into a kinder, more understanding young man who could see a problem in labelling an eleven year old child as evil, just because they were sorted into Slytherin. No, because that would be rather stupid of me.

Sirius, no matter what life he was living would not suddenly change his views because he made a new friend. It would not make him hate his parents any less for their treatment on those they considered lesser beings. Nor would it make him less likely to oppose Voldemort later in life, because he could see where he was coming from. What this early meeting between Severus and Sirius would ensure however, was that one Sirius would have countless embarrassing stories to tell at his friend's wedding, and two that their relationship would change. Sirius wouldn't target Severus for his latest and cruellest pranks. Nor would Severus do the same, out of a need for retaliation or revenge. Of course a large part of this would be due to Sirius not wanting to get stuck playing with his brother yet again. If he didn't have Severus to play with, someone who actually liked playing games that got them muddy, and who could make up new adventures that didn't involve rescuing a boring old princess, then he'd likely have gone insane. Or at the very least turned to inventing new ways of torture, later to be inflicted on those he identified as evil. Well not his parents obviously, he rather liked being able to sit without pain.

As such, although they were an unlikely pairing, Sirius and Severus became friends at the tender age of six and a half. More out of necessity for their own sanity, but still the two got along well as children do. They played games, made fun of Lucius when they felt they could get away with it, and of course they pulled the occasional prank. Just enough to satisfy Sirius' need to create chaos and Severus' need to have people his own age like him. He'd never really had a friend before Lucius after all and he was five years older than him. So he didn't really count.

Of course, as most siblings do when they share a friend, Regulus and Sirius would get into some horrendous fights whenever they felt Severus' attention hadn't been on them for long enough.



Usually they restrained themselves until they were back home, allowing their anger to fester until it became boiling hot rage. Severus was rather ashamed to admit it took him far longer than it should have for him to realise what they were arguing about. It took even longer for him to come to terms with the fact that yes, two children wanted him to be their friend, so much so that they fought with the other over who got to keep him. It was in truth quite flattering really. Of course it became less flattering the louder they got. But eventually, after Severus threatened them with a combination of telling their parents, never speaking to them again and hexing them the minute he got his wand, the two learned to stop fighting. Only about Severus mind you, they still had plenty of other things to get territorial about.

So throughout most of his childhood, the good part anyway, Severus was content with these three friends. Of course he met a number of other children, many descending from the French nobility after his grandfather felt it best to have him introduced to some of his future classmates. It wouldn't do to have the boy seen as a stranger now would it? Nor would it do to risk the boy becoming an outcast for only interacting with English families of note. As such, Severus became friends with a small handful of children. Truthfully he was reluctant to at first, the language barrier being the biggest reason. But as well, Severus wasn't a fan of meeting strangers. He tended to shy away, preferring to watch from behind the safety of his grandfather's imposing presence. But the children were patient; their parents had informed them the strange little English boy had recently lost his parents. Of course they knew none of the details, but they understood that he must have been very lonely and scared. Over time friendships were formed, Severus' understanding of French improved and much to Augustus' relief, Severus would know some of his future classmates.

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Now when Severus was eleven the big day arrived. Severus received his best present of all. Severus finally received his wand; ash with dragon heartstring, 12 inches. A powerful wand to be sure and indicative of the boy's true potential in battle. Naturally Severus was overjoyed to finally possess the tool he needed to make magic. He was noticeably less enthusiastic upon realising he had to wait until school actually started to actually use the damn thing. But he was distracted easily enough by presents and cake. Quite possibly the best method for distracting a child, as many parents would attest. Of course it helped that his friends had stopped by to wish him happy birthday. It was still something of a novelty to have people come visit him, just to see him. Even after all these years, Severus still found himself surprised that people genuinely seemed to like him. Some a little too much perhaps, but he was kept blissfully unaware.

Of course there was a downside to this day. Namely that Severus' birthday was in January and school didn't start until September 1<sup>st</sup>. So he wasn't too happy about having to wait a good eight months or so to be able to use his new wand. But fortunately living a life where everything he needed and where most of what he wanted was readily available to him, meant Severus had enough to occupy him over those long months.

Soon enough the day came for Severus to leave home. There were tears of course, mostly after finding out he couldn't bring Jasper or Connor with him. Not if he wanted to take his new owl Archimedes that is. Of course Severus knew Archimedes was the practical choice. For he'd be the one to deliver letters to his grandfather, not to mention to Sirius, Regulus and even to Lucius who was entering his sixth year at Hogwarts. But still he'd miss them; they were his first real friends after all. It'd be hard not seeing them until the holidays. But he'd manage; he was a Prince and Prince's always managed. They kind of had to; they might not have survived as long as they had if they couldn't manage. Besides he didn't want people thinking he was a baby.

Of course Severus would miss his grandfather as well; the man had been his one constant since he'd first arrived. Always there to teach him new potions and even sharing stories about his mother

when she was his age. Then there was Drippy, the house elf had burst into more than one flood of tears as the day finally arrived. She'd practically raised the lad as her own after all; you could hardly blame her for being upset. She wouldn't be seeing him for months. But of course this had to be done. Severus had to be allowed to grow up sometime. She may not have been too happy about it, but she knew it was necessary.

Severus knew they'd be sad about him leaving, he was a little sad as well. After all he'd lived there for the last six years, long enough that he'd pretty much forgotten about his past life. He didn't want to lose the one place he'd felt safe. But he knew he had to leave. If for nothing else then the chance to read all those books that were just waiting for him in the school's massive library. Well that and the chance to learn even more about magic. And potions. And magical creatures. Apparently there was this giant snake that could kill you with just a glance. Cool right? Well obviously not if you were the one dead, but still. He was an eleven year old boy after all, if it could kill or maim you, then he wanted to learn about it. Well actually Sirius wanted to know about it, but the boy couldn't crack open a book if his life depended on it. So the task was left to Severus to do the research and report back during the holidays.

Anyway, while Severus was a little reluctant to leave the only good home he'd ever really known, in truth he was very excited. Just think of all the possibilities that awaited him. He couldn't keep the smile off his face as he thought of all the things he could learn, the people he could meet, and thanks in part to Sirius' influence over the years, the pranks he could pull. Of course he wasn't too bothered about the pranks bit, but Sirius was expecting to hear he'd pulled something at least. He didn't want to let him down after all.

It didn't take long before Severus was packed and ready, trotting down the stairs with his trunk in tow. Dressed in his specially tailored robes, wand in his pocket and a smile on his face, he looked like every other first year about to attend their school of magic for the first time. Of course chances were he'd be knackered by the time he actually got to the school. He'd been too excited to sleep for most of the night; as such it was only a combination of adrenaline and sugar that kept him functioning. Although it would be unlikely that anyone would notice, after all his classmates would be in identical states anyway. Well you can't really blame them; they were just children after all.

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"Are you ready to go?" Augustus asked his young charge, the boy giving a smile and nod in response. In another life it would have been almost alien-like to see the youngest Prince heir smiling, but in this life, unlike the other, he had much to smile about.

"Come along then, it's time we left". Augustus continued, gripping the boy's hand in order to apparate the two to their destination. Ordinarily the man despised apparating, especially when old injuries would act up. But this was a special occasion, so he was willing to put his discomfort aside, just this once.

Now as I'm sure you're aware, at Hogwarts the way to get to the school was by train via platform 9 and three quarters. To get to Beauxbatons Academy of Magic was somewhat similar. However rather than having to go through a muggle station to get to the needed platform, in France, a separate building designed exclusively for magical beings had been built long ago. Rather than making their way to Paris, filled with muggles as it were, the station for students to board, those living in France that is, resided in a sleepy little wizarding community on the outskirts of the country's capital. It meant that people were noticeably less alarmed when scores of children aged eleven to nineteen descended. All dressed in strange robes and talking about the strangest of things. Of course it wasn't strange to them, but it would have undoubtedly been to any unsuspecting muggle. It was in this village that Severus located a friend, and with an approving nod from his

grandfather he raced over to catch the other unaware. It seemed Sirius had more of an influence than he'd first thought.

"Hello Mathieu". Severus smiled, whispering in the boy's ear and watching with glee as the boy shrieked and jumped into the air.

"Sev! I told you to stop doing that! Merlin it's like you're a ghost, I didn't even hear you sneak up on me". Mathieu scolded, hand clasped to his chest in an effort to emphasise the shock he'd been given. He was hoping it'd get one of those pretty girls to stop talking to their friends and come over. Perhaps give him a kiss if he was lucky. Well a boy could dream.

"That's the point. And don't call me Sev, you know I hate that name". Severus scowled lightly, unable to keep his face sombre as he felt a smile struggle to escape.

"Like you said, that's the point, Sevvie dear". For that Mathieu earned a cuff to the head. Well he deserved it.

"Boys, when you're quite done it's time you got yourselves on the train. You'll be left behind otherwise". Augustus approached them, Mathieu's parents at his side.

"Got it, wait where's my trunk? Dad have you seen my-" Mathieu panicked, Severus watching in amusement, his own trunk and owl already on board the train.

"I've already loaded your things on the train. And if you don't get a move on I'll be loading you on next". The man replied with amusement. It seemed this was a regular occurrence.

"Severus, I trust you'll make me proud". Augustus said softly, so that only his grandson could hear. The banter from the other family was more than enough to cover his voice from prying ears.

"I will grandfather. You'll take care of Jasper and Connor though, won't you?" Severus asked, he knew the man wasn't overly fond of animals.

"I will". The man was tempted to tease his grandson, he knew how much those two meant to him, but he could tell the boy was nervous enough. No need for him to end up giving himself a heart attack from the worry. At least not in his first year. For his second year maybe, it would make a most amusing story.

Severus risked giving his grandfather one last hug, Mathieu was preoccupied with his parents attempting to cut off his oxygen with hugs of their own. So it was unlikely he'd be ridiculed. Besides he had more than enough blackmail on the boy if needed, just in case. He was a Prince after all.

"Goodbye grandfather, I'll be back for christmas. Tell Drippy I'll miss her". Severus said before finally boarding the train. Augustus merely smiled, waving as the train began to move, Mathieu and Severus seated and waving in return.

"What do you think it'll be like then?" Mathieu asked as Severus shrugged in reply.

"Dunno. Magical I suppose". Severus couldn't suppress the grin as Mathieu groaned aloud at the pun.

"I can't believe you just said that, that was just bad".

"Oh come on, like I'd ever get the chance to say it again". Severus grinned before pulling out a bag of sweets.

“Want one?” Sweets, every child’s weakness. And like every child ever created, Mathieu was powerless to resist.

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“I’m sure you’re all tired and nervous. Don’t be. There’s nothing you need to fear. Now you’ll all be sorted into one of four houses. Each named after the four legendary creatures that founded the magical community. First we have the Dragon, where the cunning and driven reside. Next we have the Phoenix, where the observant and knowledgeable reside. The third is the house of the Griffin, for those who are brave and strong. And lastly we have the house of the Unicorn, for those loyal and unyielding. Now you’ll each be asked to approach the bench. The bench will have miniature figures representing each of the four houses. You’ll be asked to hold out your palm, face up, and wait for one of these figures to choose you. Whichever one chooses you as their own means that house will be your new home. Now, we’ll start with the A’s”. Madame Belle informed them, receiving understanding nods in return.

Severus waited patiently for his turn, sharing a smile with Mathieu who was looking increasingly nervous as his turn came closer and closer.

“What if we get put in separate houses Sev?” He whispered, the thought having only just occurred.

“Then we’ll just have to see each other every waking moment we aren’t in class. You know as opposed to sleeping together, eating together, going to classes together and studying together. You’ll probably get sick of me before the week’s over if we do end up together”. Severus whispered back, although truthfully he’d been concerned about that himself.

“Right, good point”. Mathieu replied, only to freeze as his name was finally called. Severus could just hear the funeral march as the boy approached the bench. In mere seconds it was over, the boy’s robes gaining a crimson edge as he joined the house of the Griffin. Severus clapped politely following the hall’s example. Finally his own name was called.

“Severus Prince”. Severus stepped forward, eyes focused on the bench as he held his hand out, palm face up as instructed. It took a little longer than Mathieu’s own sorting, though it seemed that was because the dragon and phoenix seemed to be having a little argument. Finally, after several tense seconds, the phoenix soared and rested into his palm. His robes gaining a brilliant amber edge in response, the crest of the phoenix stitching itself on the robe’s breast. Severus handed the creature back, smiling as he heard his new house cheering for his arrival. He made his way over to the table meeting his new housemates with a shy smile. He took his seat and gave a sigh of relief. It was done. He was officially a student of Beauxbatons Academy of Magic, and he couldn’t wait to get started. Well maybe he’d wait until after he’d eaten.

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Dear Grandfather,

How have you been? I’m sure you wish to know what house I was sorted into so I’ll just skip to that part. I’m officially a member of the house of the Phoenix, for the observant and knowledgeable. Mathieu says he wasn’t surprised, he said he thinks I’d live in the library if I thought I could get away with it. Which is true, but don’t let him know I admitted he was right. He’d be sure to tease me for weeks if he ever received word of it.

My classes are going well, I’m really enjoying being able to actually cast magic now. I was going quite mad learning all the theory and not being able to actually cast anything yet. How are Jasper and Connor? Do they miss me? Oh and Drippy, does she still miss me? I miss you all.

I've made some friends in my house, they seem nice. They like learning like I do. Except there's one boy, Christophe who keeps staring at me. I asked Mathieu if he knew why and he just said I was hopeless. What did he mean by that?

Well I have to go now. I'll see you all at Christmas.

Severus

Augustus suppressed a smile at the letter he'd just received. It had been just a few weeks since his grandson had left and he was still surprised at just how lonely it had been without his boy around to ask silly questions. He re-read the letter once more, smirking as he noted his boy's confusion regarding that Christophe. It seemed his boy was unaware of just how appealing he'd grown to become, especially to spoiled pureblood children who were known for getting exactly what they wanted. They were young now to be sure, he was sure it'd be innocent for now. Secret kisses in the classroom, the occasional hug in the common room. He was sure his boy had a few years before he'd be taken, bent over the nearest surface as his lover drilled into him, marking him as their own. A hurried quickie between classes perhaps, the other's seed still dripping down his leg as he struggled to pay attention in class. His boy wouldn't have to worry about pregnancy until he turned seventeen, that he'd made sure of. But as Beauxbatons had six years before OWLs were taken, as opposed to the five at Hogwarts, perhaps he'd best extend that to eighteen. Just to be sure Severus wouldn't be birthing the next Prince heir during his final exams.

In Beauxbatons it had long been decided to postpone OWLs exams an extra year, compared to the usual five. This was to allow for the children to partake in magical internships lasting the year. These were classes specifically focused on giving them insight into their future careers. Ranging from the usual healing and working as Aurors, to the more interesting dragon rearing and taming, spell invention internships at the local ministry, and of course a course on potions design, for those who wished to get rich and famous without having to marry or birth a child. The year also included parenting classes, for it was common knowledge, especially with the recent wars, that these children had a duty to repopulate the wizarding community. And it was only common sense that they be taught what to expect, it wouldn't do to have them birth a child with no idea how to feed or care for it.

Of course sex education was also a requirement, although usually it was unnecessary. Most children by the end of their fourth year had lost their virginity, although waiting until their fifth year was quite common as well. The school itself had been built with contraceptive charms ingrained into its magical core. No teenage pregnancies would be had until they'd reached maturity, usually at age seventeen. There was however the odd exception, some matured faster than others after all. So accidents were known to be had, although they were usually covered up with a quick marriage and removal of the pregnant individual from the school. To allow them to birth in peace, away from prying eyes and rude gossip about their inability to keep their legs shut. Magic or not, there were certain stigmas that would never truly go away, no matter the race.

But, Augustus mused, he needn't concern himself now. There wouldn't be much of anything happening at least until fourth year. So it was best to just sit back and watch the drama of teenage hormones unfold. Of course if he so much suspected a student trying to force themselves on his grandson, there'd be hell to pay. He was a Prince after all, and they were well known for being ruthless bastards when threatened. Not that people were dumb enough to try.

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Severus gasped as he felt the hand trailing down his chest into his trousers. The boy leaning over him smirked as he moved his lips to his little Prince's neck. "Fuck, don't stop" Severus groaned

earning a chuckle from the other lad.

“Don’t worry I won’t. We’ve got plenty of time to play”. The boy smirked before trailing kisses along his jugular. With a cocky grin he wrapped his hand around Severus’ cock, lightly teasing as he watched the boy mewl in need. He watched the boy’s hips thrust weakly against his own, a testament to how long he’d been doing this to him. The only sounds that could be heard was the panting of the boy in his arms and the slick of his fingers, wet with semen and lube, as they rubbed themselves against the heated flesh held in his hand.

“A-ah, Christophe please! Need it, Merlin stop teasing me and fuck me already”. Severus growled, chest heaving as he struggled to catch his breath. The two had been at this a good half hour, Christophe bringing him to the brink, first with his fingers, then his mouth and back to the fingers again. Severus prayed the boy would switch things up once more, preferably with his cock this time. Although if he offered his arse, Severus would be okay with that as well. More than okay in fact, although given the rumours, it was unlikely to be the case. He was hardly the first pretty, young thing Christophe had had in his bed, and chances were he wouldn’t be the last. But he didn’t really care right now, he was too horny and his mind was too fogged up to think of anything but those hands sending sparks of pleasure into his cock, while his arse tightened in anticipation.

“If you insist, the boy smirked, a truly lecherous smir indeed as he pictured how his boy would look stretched around his cock and helpless to do anything but beg. Whether it be for him to go harder or even to stop, he didn’t really care, as long as he got what he wanted he was happy.

“Christophe please! Please, Christophe! Christophe? Christophe?” The boy’s eyes snapped open, yelping as his roommate leaned over him, noses almost touching. The other fell off the bed with a whine, leaving him tangled in his now rather damp and sticky sheets.

“Damn it Claude, what the hell were you doing? I was asleep you moron”. Christophe scowled; it had been such a nice dream as well.

“I know. We all heard you toss off over that little Prince of yours. Not that I blame you, he’s got a nice arse that’s for sure. Bet he’d be great in bed. But anyway you’re gonna be late for breakfast, it’s already half past. Wouldn’t want to miss seeing Severus now would we?” His roommate smirked, picking himself up off the floor. Not that he stayed standing long, the pillow thrown at his head made sure of that.

“Idiot”. Christophe scowled before spelling away the mess he’d made, grabbing his clothes and heading for the bathroom. The sound of his roommate’s braying laughter following him out the room.

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It had been four years since Severus had first arrived at the school, gathering a good number of admirers for that matter. The combination of a pretty face, good manners and high intelligence meant he’d had to put up with a lot of people wanting his attention. It wasn’t something he was used to, nor was it something he liked. It didn’t help that people were becoming aware that he could carry their child. While he knew the Prince family secret wasn’t really a secret, it still disturbed him when he had strange boys, some two or three years his senior, telling him how good he’d look with a swollen belly, carrying their child. Quite frankly it was downright disturbing, enough so that he’d taken to sleeping with his wand under his pillow. The idea of him having a child wasn’t the problem, he’d had years to get used to the idea. His grandfather had insisted on enlightening him before he started school. Something he was eternally grateful for. He’d have hated not knowing what it was everyone was talking about, using words like fecund and ripe to describe him whenever they thought he was out of earshot. Better he know his enemy now than be

blindsided later.

He performed well in his classes, particularly potions. His teachers had talked about getting him an internship in a potions lab, or possibly at the hospital to learn about their application within a healer's setting. It had been an idea he'd toyed around with for some time, the idea of him being a healer. It would allow him to continue his love of potions, allowing him to invent better and more effective uses for those that already existed. Perhaps he'd even invent some of his own, that'd certainly get him recognised. Plus it'd be easier for him to get funding for potions research if he was a healer. The government was all too willing to grant you money if you were creating ways to help those too sick to help themselves. Particularly if it helped guarantee faster recovery time for their Aurors, a key concern considering the casualties that had arisen as a result of the war.

Severus had, much to his grandfather's relief, made a small number of friends. Just a few good ones mind, he was still a private person, and having too many people around made him uncomfortable at times. Of course he was still friends with Mathieu, he may have been in another house but that was hardly going to stop them from meeting up to study and play the odd prank. Severus had even found himself an admirer, more like a lecherous stalker really. Certainly not by choice by any means. When he'd first informed his grandfather about Christophe, the man had dismissed it as a schoolboy crush.

"You're not exactly some ugly old loser my boy. You best be getting used to having lads our age toss one off in the shower to the thought of your arse and mouth". It was quite frankly one of the most disturbing conversations he'd ever had with the man. He was his grandfather for heaven's sake; he certainly didn't want to be discussing his sex life with him. Not that he really had one. Sure there had been a few heated kisses, the occasional groping and the odd handjob. But he was still a virgin. Unfortunately Christophe seemed rather determined to change that.

It wasn't that the other boy was ugly, in truth he was many a teenage girl's wet dream. Long black hair, friendly brown eyes and he just radiated smugness. He was the stereotypical bad boy that had lost his virginity at age thirteen to a fifth year desperate to lose her own. As such the boy had become rather obsessed with sex, particularly with the idea of having sex with Severus. In fact he'd whispered to him many a time about what he'd do to him, leaving him flushed and panting ever so slightly by the filth that left those lips. And he'd always have that smug, conceited little smirk on his lips. It really pissed Severus off. In truth he'd have been willing to give it up to the other boy, had he not acted as though he was doing Severus a favour by sticking his prick in him. If he'd asked him out back in first year, when all he did was stare at him, he'd have probably said yes. Unable to refuse because he'd never imagined anyone would want him. Had he done so, it's likely he'd have had Severus many a time, in many places all over the school and in countless positions. But he hadn't. Instead he did what he thought was expected of him, to sit back and have his prey come to him, begging him to finally take them. At his earliest convenience of course. It was after all the pureblood way, to have their sexual partners come crawling, keeping them in control of the situation. It was considered weak to have to do the crawling themselves, unless of course they were married and they'd pissed their partner off. Then it was just common sense to do so. Unless they wanted to lose their pricks.

Quite honestly the situation was truly grating on Severus' nerves. As they were both in the same house it had become difficult to avoid the older boy. With Christophe being a sixth year and Severus being a fifth year, it was a little more manageable. He could escape him in most of his classes at least. Except potions, the stupid school had put him in the sixth year class. It was a tragic irony that his favourite class had his worst nightmare in it. But such was life. But there was a slight upside to the situation. Namely that tomorrow was winter break. He'd be going home for Christmas and he'd be able to relax with those he held dear. His grandfather, Drippy, Jasper and Connor of course. And of course he'd get to see Sirius and Regulus again. They'd be visiting

Christmas Eve and would even be bringing some friends. They had to be better than Christophe anyway. Plus it'd be nice to see Lucius again, although he had gotten a little grabby lately, it reminded him of Christophe in fact. Except Lucius was five years older, so it was a little more creepy. Only a little though, Lucius had become ridiculously attractive as of late, and he was a dear friend, so he had to give him some leeway. Although he rather hoped he wouldn't wake up to have the Malfoy heir in his bed, hands down his pyjama bottoms and giving him a handjob. He'd about died of embarrassment when Drippy had barged in, chasing the young man out of his bed. But at least he'd gotten off, that was a small consolation.

It would be an interesting Christmas though, that was for sure. Now he just had to survive until tomorrow. With any luck Christophe would only give him one last French kiss, just a simple kiss with his tongue shoved down his throat. No fingers down his trousers, no hands groping his arse, just a simple French kiss that ensured Christophe would leave him alone. Well he could dream at least.

## Chapter End Notes

Okay 6300 words is quite enough I'd say. I really tried not to include a load of OCs as that was one of the things I always hated about fics like these. They'd always have tons of OCs to the point where the main character was really the only one from the actual HP fandom. But I felt I needed to have Severus have at least one friend, and later on a potential love interest. I couldn't have him just go to school and for the story to only continue when he returned for the holidays. I'd have gotten way too bored doing it like that.

Please review and let me know what you think. I'll also try and do one last update before Christmas, so it should be within the next two weeks.

Hope you enjoyed this!

KB



## Chapter 7

### Chapter Notes

So first off I can't believe this fic has already gotten over 100 kudos. Seriously thanks to everyone who liked this. I hope you continue to read this.

Okay I'm not gonna lie this chapter is about three quarters smut, so be warned. This chapter mostly has LuciusSeverus smut in it, so just thought I'd warn you now. Now this fic is gonna be JamesSeverus, but like the summary states, Severus will have his fun with a few others along the way.

Enjoy! And please don't be too brutal, it's my first time writing smut on here so i'm not sure how it'll go down.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Hey Sirius, you sure your parents aren’t gonna be there?” James asked. He’d met them exactly once in his life and if he got his way he’d never see them again. To put it nicely, they took a lot of getting used to. To put it a little less nicely, they were narcissistic psychopaths obsessed with blood purity and staying in the proverbial spotlight that was pureblood society.

“Positive. It’ll just be me, Regulus, you guys and whoever Regulus brings. Hopefully Malfoy won’t be there, he usually visits the week before Christmas and leaves Christmas Eve. So he should be gone by the time we get there. At least he better be”. Sirius scowled, he held little love for the blond prick that made it his life’s mission to annoy the hell out of him.

It really didn’t help that Lucius had long since graduated, gotten a successful and highly paid job within the ministry and would constantly divert Severus’ attention onto him. It was no secret that the man had long considered Severus as his possession. A prize to be won and impregnated as soon as the boy was old enough to survive the birth. It truly sickened Sirius that people saw his friend that way, as nothing more than a breeding machine designed to produce heir after heir while his partner screwed around behind his back. As was considered acceptable among the elite, provided of course it wasn’t made public. Lucius didn’t care about Severus the way he did, he only wanted the boy hanging off his arm at public functions. A pretty little Prince for him to show off to his colleagues, something to make everyone jealous and boost his own popularity. Something for him to get pregnant as soon as he felt the boy was ready, and to be married to once he was assured a child was growing in the boy’s belly. It wouldn’t do to have him marry the boy and for no heir to be produced.

It also didn’t help that Severus seemed to actually enjoy the blond man’s company. He barely saw Severus enough as it was, what with the two living in different countries and attending different boarding schools. They only really got to see one another when their schools let out for the holidays, and even then only when their holidays matched up. That was the problem with living in different countries, things weren’t always the same.

“So what’s he like?”

“Who Malfoy? He’s a self-centred prick who wants to fuck a guy five years younger than him and who’s still in school. He’s-”

“I meant your friend. I already know Malfoy’s a royal arse”.

“Oh, right. Sev’s pretty cool. I mean Severus, he hates when I call him Sev. Uh, he likes potions and stuff and he’s really smart. He said he was considering going into healing when he graduates, because he knows he’d get funding to create new potions and stuff if he had a healer’s license. He said it’d be easier that way rather than trying to get an apprenticeship with a potions master when he’s just finished school. Apparently it’s really hard to get one, even though I keep telling him that he’d be able to get one no problem. I mean he’s a Prince for one, plus he’s already taking potions with the sixth years. The only reason he isn’t with the seventh year class is because they’re making him get his OWL first. Some stupid policy or something”.

“Care to tell us anything about him that’s not about potions?” James asked blandly, although Remus looked rather interested.

“Well he plays quidditch; I mean he’s on his house team as a seeker. It’s not like his favourite thing or anything but he likes flying. He’s also hot, as in he’s had guys panting after his arse since first year. Which I don’t blame them for, I mean it is a really nice arse. And he’s really good at making out, we used to practice when we were younger and he’d read all these books about how to make things way more intense. Oh yeah and he likes animals. He has a dog and a cat and he goes riding a lot since they have their own stables. And he likes swimming, which is great because it’s like the only time you get to see him practically naked. He’s kind of shy otherwise, unless you’ve got your hands down his pants or up his shirt. But yeah I think that’s it. I mean he’s mostly shy and he likes reading and learning and stuff. But if you get him into the mood then it’s kind of like he changes from a geek into a total slut. Just get him hard and pretty soon you’ll have him squirming and panting in your lap, like he’s desperate for it. It just gets really hot, plus he has this look when he jizzes himself that just makes you want to cum right there”. Sirius finished, unaware of the stunned looks his friends sent him.

“What?” Sirius asked, confused when he finally noticed the silence that followed.

“What do you mean what? You were going on and on about how you’ve slept with the guy when all I asked was what was he like. You’re a right pervert you know that?” James finally got his brain working again, giving Sirius a bemused look, a look that Remus shared.

“I never said I slept with him. We just fooled around and stuff, I mean yeah we get each other off whenever we see each other, but we haven’t actually fucked yet”.

“So you do want to fuck him then?”. Remus asked, it seemed James had lost all memory of the English language.

“Well yeah, I’m not bloody blind or stupid. He’s really sexy and stuff okay. Plus I’ve known him for years and we’re really good friends. And I know it’d make my parents happy if we hooked up, they practically threw me at him when we were kids. So yeah, I’d fuck him if he’d let me but I don’t want a relationship with him. It’d be like a one-time deal or something. He’s my friend and I don’t want to screw that up because I was too busy screwing him. I mean it’d all just end up a disaster. I don’t want to ruin thing between us. He’s like a fantasy for me, like something you want but you know you can’t have it otherwise it’d screw everything up. I mean he’s practically my brother, just you know not in an incestuous way”.

“Wow”. Remus gaped, James finally regaining his sense long enough to mimic his werewolf friend’s reaction.

“What? You think I’m not mature enough to use my brain and not my dick? You think I’m too stupid to realise it’s a bad idea?” Sirius asked, he was starting to lose his temper.

James started to nod only to be cut off by Remus. “Actually I was just amazed you knew what incestuous meant and that you used it correctly”. He replied, earning an incredulous look from James. Sirius on the other hand merely burst out laughing, the tension that had been building now broken.

“Something Sev taught me. You see? You’ll like the guy, I promise. And James I bet you’ll *really* like him when you see him. I bet he’ll help you get over that Evans girl at least”. Sirius chuckled, swinging an arm around James’ shoulder.

James stilled at the mention of the girl, which had not been one of his better ideas he had to admit. It’d been a catastrophe to say the least. The two had dated briefly during fourth year; he’d spent the first three drooling after her and trying to persuade her to go out with him. In fourth year her resolve had broken and the two started dating. However things turned ugly when he’d found out from Remus that he’d seen her making out with a Ravenclaw in their year, behind a bookcase in the library after curfew. Turns out she’d been stringing the two along, unable to decide between the pureblood who could buy her everything she wanted, and the boy who was actually smart enough to hold a conversation that wasn’t just about quidditch or sex. It hurt, that was for sure, and the aftermath hadn’t been pretty. But James had done his best not to call the girl ‘a money-grubbing hypocritical bitch’. He had after all been brought up to treat girls differently; his parents claimed it was with respect although privately he felt the term ‘double standards’ was more suited.

Sirius on the other hand had no such restraint. While he didn’t go after the Ravenclaw, the poor lad had honestly thought his girlfriend was who she claimed; he spread more than his fair share of rumours about young Miss Evans. It was enough to ruin her reputation amongst their year at least, and certainly enough to dissuade any pureblood families from making her an offer of courtship. While Sirius understood she was a muggleborn and therefore unused to the wizarding customs, it wasn’t enough for him to resist the urge to torment her for hurting his friend. He was rather vindictive that way.

Of course this was a vast change from how things could have gone. Young Miss Evans could have found herself in a happy relationship, later married and with a little boy to call her own. However this would have cost her something dear, her best friend who introduced her to magic. Likewise James and Sirius could have found another victim, a Slytherin with few friends and an attachment to little Lily. It would have been all too easy to torment him instead, for he had what James wanted all along; Lily’s friendship.

But this would not come to pass.

Instead Lily would be introduced to magic by one of Hogwarts’ professors at the age of eleven, rather than the age of nine by a quiet little boy. She would find herself drawn in by the magical world, enchanted by everything it had to offer and find herself unable to resist. Of course she’d find herself attracted to those who could help her learn more about it, which was why she’d approached the Ravenclaw in the first place. But of course she wouldn’t be immune to the charms of the most popular boy in their year, the boy who’d been after her since they were firsties. Nor would she be immune to the opportunities their relationship would provide for her. A job she could only dream of, more money than she’d know what to do with. It would be too big a temptation. For although she’d not come from a poor family, she’d always wished she could have more. Dating James would be her way of getting what she wanted. Perhaps even what she thought she deserved.

Now please don’t think Lily was a monster, she wasn’t. She was just a young girl caught up in a world she’d never seen before. Given an opportunity that most girls dreamt of at an early age. To fall in love with a handsome man, get married and live happily ever after. And she’d been so sure she could grow to love one of them. She just couldn’t decide which one. Because while one

stimulated her intellectually, the other would make her popular amongst her peers. For while people fought against blood purity and its rules, in the world outside of Hogwarts it meant so much more than silly house rivalries. It provided chances for employment, chances to find love and happiness. It was why she'd agreed to James' request to go out with her; she wanted what he offered her. She simply wasn't ready to offer him anything in return. They were only fourteen after all.

It wasn't that she was bad; she was just a child in over her head. She wanted people to like her, to admire her and be jealous of her perhaps. As do many children. She was selfish, as selfish as any other child, but in this case she was a little more so. As such it meant she ended up losing them both. The Ravenclaw dumping her in public, in petty revenge for how she strung him along. Sirius on James' behalf dumping her moments later. James having decided to go with Remus to the library. He wasn't happy to hear what Sirius had done, but he forgave him. He had to. He was his best mate after all and he'd only been looking out for him. But Lily, he wouldn't forgive. What she did hurt, and there'd been no reason for it. Except that she'd been too selfish.

'Besides, it wasn't like she'd been all that pretty anyway'. James thought, rolling his shoulders although he were pushing away the event for good.

"What makes you think I'll like him? I mean yeah we have quidditch in common but he sounds more like Remus' type. Shy and smart just like him". James clapped Remus on the back. Remus flushed at the attention before shaking the teen off him.

"Huh, you might be right. How 'bout it Rem? You wanna hook up with Sev? I bet you'd like him". Sirius asked, smirking as the flush spread down Remus' neck.

"I've never even met the guy. I wouldn't be surprised if this is just some elaborate prank of yours. I bet he's not even that good looking, you're just saying he is to screw with us". Remus said with a hint of annoyance in his tone. He hated it when people made fun of him, something Sirius did at every available opportunity.

"I'm not. Seriously, when you see him you'll know I wasn't lying. He really does have a great arse". Sirius said with a lecherous smirk on his lips. Severus was a friend yes, a very good friend indeed. Didn't mean Sirius wasn't up for having a bit of fun with him if he asked. He wasn't blind, a bit of an idiot perhaps, but not blind. They'd fooled around enough over the years for him to know Severus would be a proper good shag. They knew how to get the other off just right, it would be impossible for them to have sex that was anything less than amazing.

"You're impossible Sirius". Remus sighed, unable to stop himself from chuckling lightly. It was almost impossible to stay mad at Sirius, true to his animagus form he had the rather annoying ability to give some of the most pathetic looking puppy dog eyes you'd ever see. Hence why he got out of so many detentions.

James merely shook his head at Sirius' antics. In a few minutes the three of them would arrive at the Prince family estate. As it involved travelling overseas, it meant they were unable to use the usual floo that would allow them instant access to the property. And being underage meant they were unable to apparate. So they were left with the option of travelling via the Ministry's international floo network, based in London, and would be picked up on arrival by one of the Prince family carriages. Either that or they could have tried flying on their brooms. Now James had been all for it, but Remus had been notably less enthused. It had taken Remus pointing out the likelihood of them being struck by lightning or caught in a storm to convince James that it perhaps wasn't the best idea. It didn't stop James from sulking for a week mind you.

Perhaps you were wondering where the fourth Marauder, Peter, was. Now don't get me wrong

they were all friends, even though Peter was notably quieter and more timid than the other three. Truly the rat was the best choice of an animagus for him. While some of you may have hoped he'd be dead, perhaps never even born, I'm sad to say this wasn't the case. For others of you who wished he was a Slytherin, and therefore never trusted by the Marauders, this too would be a lie. In fact Peter was with his own family for the festive period. Perhaps the only Marauder, aside from James, who was on good enough terms with his family that spending Christmas with them was an enjoyable experience.

Of course that isn't to say Remus hated his parents, far from it. They had stayed with him despite the bite and through all the sleepless nights where he morphed from the shy lad he was to a vicious snarling beast. They did their best to cope with the situation, as bizarre as it was. But to Remus they could be a little stifling at times, always on edge although they expected him to break apart. It made living with them somewhat difficult for extended periods. So when he'd been invited by Sirius to spend Christmas Eve with him, James and a boy they'd never met, he had taken the opportunity. And while he hesitated to say anything, because usually when he did that's when things went spectacularly wrong, he was glad he'd decided to come. Not only would he get to see his friends, the ones who'd stuck by him and even learned how to become animagus in order to stay with him, he'd be able to visit one of the most extensive private libraries in all of Europe.

The Prince family was not only known for their offspring and male bearers, they had many accomplishments to their name. From potions masters to dragon tamers they held accolades in almost every career of note. It was only to be expected of course, after all a Prince was never content with being ordinary.

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Severus gasped as he felt the hand down his trousers tighten its grip, drawing a startled moan in response. He almost whined as he felt the older boy rock against him oh so sinfully, sending sparks of pleasure through his body.

"Ah, Lucius please!" Severus pleaded, feeling the older boy smirk against his neck, teeth nipping at his throat.

"Hmm? Please what my little Prince? What is it you want? Perhaps you want me to play with you some more, hmm?" Lucius smirked as he twisted his fingers drawing yet another moan from the lad he had pinned against his bedroom wall.

"P-please, just please". Severus struggled to think coherently, too distracted by his aching cock and the fingers that tugged him off just the way he liked it.

"Ah, then perhaps you want me to finally claim you as mine? Would you like that Severus? To feel me finally enter that gorgeous arse of yours, to pop that cherry you've held for so long. I'm sure your grandfather would be relieved to know his grandson had finally been claimed. You are fifteen after all, wait much longer and it'll only be an embarrassment that you haven't yet been fucked. It's what you were born for after all. To lie there, legs splayed apart and take what your master gives you. To feel me thrust into your hole and fill you with my seed. It's what you'll be doing the rest of your life after all, best to get an early start. While you're still young". Lucius smirked, unaware as the boy's eyes suddenly snapped open.

Severus was many things, but an easy fuck wasn't one of them. Nor was he one to be won over by reminders of his place, and how it was his duty to produce a child of his own body. Hell he'd heard it often enough from the pretentious snobs that his grandfather worked and socialised with, he didn't need to hear it from his friend who was currently giving him an admittedly fantastic handjob. Lucius was skilled yes, he'd clearly slept with enough students throughout school to know

how to please his partners, but he was still an arrogant tosser. If there was one thing Severus hated above all, it was having men like Lucius think they could control him. By having him hang off their arm at social functions like an accessory, then taking him home to fuck him into the mattress until he was once again swollen with their child. It was their belief that he ought to spend the rest of his life pregnant, with no other goals but to please his future husband and keep their cock and balls sated. It was Severus' belief however, that those men would be better put to sleep like a mangy mutt about to die. Tossers like them were only a drain on society as far as he was concerned, and much to his displeasure it seemed Lucius was about to follow in their footsteps.

“Ah, Lucius please! I need you now!” Severus cried, a smirk on his lips as he turned his head away to keep the older boy from realising his intent.

Lucius smirked; he knew the younger boy would eventually give in. He'd finally be getting to sample that tight little arse that had been driving him mad the last year or so. He may have been five years older, but Severus acted so mature that the difference didn't seem so bad. Besides, it wasn't as though five years was that big a difference, even if he was about to screw a teenager. In pureblood society he was rather lucky it was only five years. Most pureblood marriages had gaps of up to fifteen years between the couple. So five years really wasn't so bad. Besides it meant he would be able to guide the lad through it. He wanted him to enjoy it after all. It'd only make him that little bit more desperate for the next time they were together. And a lot more willing at that.

Lucius fumbled with his belt, letting the other boy out of his grasp in favour of getting naked. He wasn't concerned about Severus leaving, not with the way he looked. With his cheeks flushed, panting and shirt rumpled, he already looked well and truly fucked. Now they'd only make it official. He was so busy with trying to get naked that he didn't register Severus drinking from a small glass on the bedside table. Even if he had he'd have dismissed the beverage as water, he'd worked the boy into quite a frenzy after all. Of course it was just as he'd pulled his trousers down that Severus approached him, wrapping his arms around the taller man's neck as he pressed his mouth to his. While surprised, Lucius immediately opened his mouth, searching for the boy's tongue with his own. Instead he found himself with a mouthful of liquid, although he found himself distracted once more by the boy's delicious moans. Feeling Severus' hand trail down to his cock, rubbing against it in such a way that made him gasp, meant Lucius was forced to swallow the liquid lest he choke.

Severus smirked, his plan now a success before he pulled back to give a sweet smile to the man. Of course the potion took almost an immediate effect. Lucius' eyes became glassy, his face slack as he was gently guided to one of the chairs by the bedroom's fireplace.

“Come on Lucius, there we go. Why don't you sit down right here?” Severus smiled as the man obeyed without fuss. Within a minute the man was asleep, his trousers around his ankles and his cock jutting out underneath his shirt, the tip red and leaking copious amounts of precum.

‘He's bound to be pissed when he wakes up. But maybe I can take some of the pressure off’. Severus mused. Well he'd wanted to try a blowjob for a while now; he didn't want to be some clueless little virgin all his life. And this was probably the best opportunity he'd ever get. Of course it'd be nice if Lucius had been awake to tell him how he was doing, but he didn't think he'd be able to handle the man's insufferable attitude much longer. Oh well, he supposed the man's dick would tell him whether he was doing a good job or not.

Severus made up his mind, settling himself between the man's legs and taking the cock into his hands. He briefly hesitated, he'd be mortified if anyone walked in on him doing this, but then his grandfather was in a meeting in Paris and Drippy knew better than to pop in unannounced. So he supposed he was safe. Severus breathed once, calming himself, before finally giving the tip a light

lick. Just enough to taste and more than enough for Lucius' penis to twitch in renewed interest. It was almost as if it knew it was about to become very happy indeed. Severus risked another lick this time, a little longer in both length and time. Enough so that he got a proper taste of the salty bitterness that flooded his mouth. Steeling himself he figured he might as well go for broke. With that, he carefully wrapped his lips around the older man's cock, he at least knew enough that letting his teeth scrape against it would be bad. So he was careful to cover his teeth, although he privately thought it made him look a bit ridiculous.

He'd read enough to know that trying to go down on the man straight away would be tremendously stupid. Not only would he likely choke, and possibly hit his gag reflex, he'd just make himself look like a complete loser. And he didn't want that. So he took his time, getting used to the strange sensation that came with having another guy's dick in his mouth. Just focusing on the head, rather than risking vomiting from his own overenthusiasm. Of course he was careful to hold Lucius' hips in place, as best he could. He didn't want to risk the older man choking him accidentally after all. As he licked and bobbed his head, Severus had time to think. It wasn't nearly as hard as he'd initially feared, difficulty wise that is. All he had to do was keep the man's dick warm, his mouth did that without trying, and wet, achieved through copious amounts of licking, and it seemed happy enough. In fact it only took another few minutes before Severus found himself with an unexpected mouthful of semen. He'd been so lost in thought he hadn't noticed the tell-tale warning signs.

Severus supposed that had Lucius seen him just then, settled between his knees, mouth leaking his seed and semen splashed across his face, the man would have likely blown another load right then and there. Had he been able to get it up that is. Of course he was a Malfoy, the best of the best or so they claimed, so Severus supposed it was possible.

Severus moved to the bathroom, running the tap and set work to cleaning his face, his curiosity abated for now. Now he knew what to expect in the future should he decide to do this again. Obviously not with Lucius, but with someone he liked and who respected him as more than a trophy. Lucius was attractive, yes, but he was still a prick. Besides, Severus had gotten his fill of the man; he'd learned what he needed from him. There was no need for him to gather more data. Especially since doing so would mean having to put up with that smug little grin Malfoy always seemed to carry. No, he had satisfied his curiosity for now. After all, Severus had always held a love of learning, and as far as he was concerned he'd learned everything he needed about Lucius. Now he wanted to learn about other boy's reactions. He needed something to compare to, and it wasn't like he could suck himself off. Although, Severus admitted as his cock twitched in interest, that would be an interesting little project indeed.

Hours later Lucius awoke with some confusion. Of course Severus had made sure to cover his tracks, having re-dressed Lucius and placing a book at the man's feet to make it seem as though he'd fallen asleep reading. It wouldn't have been the first time, it was something of a tradition for the two to sit by the fire and read. Enjoying each other's company in relative silence. Of course Lucius would no doubt have preferred another activity, one involving far less clothing and a lot more noise. But such a thing was still just a fantasy for him right now. And thanks to Severus' work, it would remain that way. Severus knew the potion would do its job, wiping Lucius' mind just enough to make the man believe it had been a dream. Of course he'd wake to see Severus in a similar position, curled up in a chair with a book at his feet. He'd have no questions, it was a position he'd been in many times before, so he'd have nothing to suspect. Little did he know that while Severus appeared fast asleep, his chest rising and falling slowly but steadily, the boy was watching him. The taste of the man's seed still in his mouth and the memory still fresh in his mind.

Lucius blinked sleepily before deciding nothing was out of the ordinary. Casting a look at the pretty raven haired boy he smirked as he recalled his dream. Oh how the boy had begged and pleaded. With any luck it wouldn't be long before he had the boy right where he wanted him. On

his back, cock in his arse and child in his belly. After all he was a Malfoy, and Malfoy's always got their way.

## Chapter End Notes

Okay so for the record I don't hate Lily, but I wanted to provide a reason for why James and her weren't together. And I also wanted to make sure that he wouldn't want to go back to her when he returned to Hogwarts.

Anyway I hope you all liked it. Sorry it's a little shorter than usual but I thought it'd be a good place to stop. In the next chapter we'll see Severus and James finally meet so look forward to that.

I would like to update this another time before Christmas if possible, but I don't know if I'll be able to. But please review, I love hearing from you guys. And thanks to everyone who reviewed and liked the last chapter. also thanks to those who left constructive criticism, I do appreciate your honesty.

KB



## Chapter 8

### Chapter Notes

Okay I'd like to warn everyone that this chapter does contain non-con but no actual rape. Although there is a brief discussion of rape. So if this is something that you are against reading please don't read.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Lucius?" The tall blond grunted, refusing to wake.

"Lucius, wake up". Severus tried again. Honestly, the man was a Malfoy and an adult at that, yet he slept as though he was still a teenager.

"Lucius? Last warning". Severus warned, a bucket of ice water so helpfully provided by Drippy in his hands.

Lucius remained asleep, although judging by the lecherous smirk on his lips and the tent in boxers; it wasn't too hard for Severus to work out what the man was dreaming about. Of course his name coming from Lucius' lips and the way he humped his bedcovers like a bitch in heat, meant it was difficult to assume anything different. Severus shook his head before readying himself with the bucket. Should his grandfather walk in on him, although it was unlikely he'd do so, he had an excuse all planned out. Not a very good one he could admit, but he was rather hoping that the shock of seeing a soaked, shivering Malfoy cursing up a storm would be enough to distract his grandfather from asking too many questions. It was all about the surprise.

Severus drew back the bucket, ready to throw it on the blond only to stumble as Lucius abruptly sat up. "What are you-" It was all Lucius had time to say before a wave of icy water crashed onto both him and Severus, soaking the two through to their skin.

Severus froze, both literally and figuratively as Lucius drew his hands up to his face and flicked the water out of his eyes. True to Malfoy fashion he managed to do so in a way that was dramatic, while showcasing him as something akin to a Greek god. "Shit". Severus muttered, the bucket clattering to the floor. If Lucius didn't kill him, Drippy surely would for missing. It was no secret, at least between her and Severus, that Drippy found the Malfoy heir to be an arrogant little toerag. Not to mention a pervert, she'd walked in on the two often enough to realise Lucius' intentions towards the boy she considered her child. And she certainly wasn't happy about it.

"What in blazes did you think you were doing!?" Lucius hissed, wringing the water from his hair. Severus tried, he really did, but the situation became too much for him. Mere seconds later he found himself chuckling even as Lucius sent him a heart stopping glare. Truly it was fierce enough, having been honed throughout the generations, to kill a man. Not that it stopped Severus.

"I wanted to wake you for breakfast. I gave you a warning". Severus tried, finally getting a hold of himself. He knew it was a pathetic excuse, but it was just too early to come up with a better one. Perhaps after breakfast when he was fed, watered and had bathed. Maybe then he'd have had a chance.

"You-!" Lucius stopped himself, taking in the boy as he stood soaked to the skin, his pyjamas

clinging to his body in the most delicious of ways. Lucius licked his lips, tasting water, before smirking at the shiver that ran through Severus' body. While it was an innocent action, directly the result of being soaked by the icy water, to Lucius it seemed as though Severus was anticipating something. Something he was all too willing to give.

Severus had time to blink, that was it. For a mere second later he found himself staring at the ceiling, the bed now dry thanks to a quick spell. Severus blinked one more, enough time to miss the next series of spells that dried them both and stripped him of his clothes. Lucius smirked cruelly, already palming the boy's crotch and waiting for his body to respond. Severus let out a whimper, struggling to get himself under control. He refused to merely submit to the man, although he was unable to deny that what he was doing felt very nice indeed. Very good. He tried to push Lucius off him, intent on escaping his clutches, only to find his legs suddenly pulled apart. By hand or by wand he wasn't sure, but he found himself unable to close them once more. Something Lucius was particularly satisfied with. He'd had many visions of the boy in such a position, although most had the boy already moaning, his belly swollen and his eyes full of obedience. Love wasn't a necessity, it could come with time, but Lucius needed his boy to be obedient. His pride demanded it.

Lucius paused, they certainly had time. His boy was clearly needy, and his body was grown enough for the intrusion to be accepted. It might be a bit of a struggle but that was part of the fun. But then the consequences could be dire. His boy would remain barren until he turned seventeen. And he doubted Severus would forgive him for forcing himself on him, taking his virginity with his grandfather mere doors away. No doubt his boy would be loud, particularly with that first thrust as he pushed through any resistance and reminded his boy just who he belonged to. He refused to allow his boy to be sullied by another. He'd been the boy's first everything so far; first kiss, first make out session, first grope and first handjob. He'd also been his first blowjob, though Lucius was still unaware. The point was he'd claimed the boy's firsts for his own selfish desires. But there was still a chance for another to take the most important first, barring of course the first child that was conceived in his belly. And Lucius was notoriously possessive; he refused to allow another to be the first to fuck what he'd long marked as his. Hence his current dilemma. Should he give into temptation, take his virginity and deal with the aftermath, secure in the knowledge that Severus would never forget just who it was he belonged to? Or should he put his legs down, ignore the boy's twitching hole, remove his hand from Severus' cock and let the boy go?

Of course he'd be waiting for the boy to regain himself, waiting for him to either walk away with a stiffy, or tug himself off right there in front of him. He'd have to wait for the boy's muscles to stop trembling, and wouldn't that be difficult. He had a choice to make, to potentially ruin his standing with the Prince family while taking what he thought he deserved, or to be an honourable man and leave the boy panting on the bed. The latter meaning he'd be forced to suffer the indignity of tossing one off in the en suite. Unless he managed to convince Severus to suck him off, handjobs could only do so much.

Lucius stared, continuing his leisurely strokes as he watched Severus grow increasingly desperate, before making up his mind. He quickened his pace drawing a whine from the younger boy, before Severus stilled with a gasp, biting his lip as he submitted to his first orgasm of the day. Lucius made sure he had Severus' attention before drawing his hand back, now covered in a sticky white substance and licking a finger with one long stroke. He smirked as Severus gulped, his eyes unable to leave Lucius' mouth. It wasn't every day a Malfoy subjected himself to such a vulgar action, as if they actually cared about their partner's satisfaction. Of course Lucius was willing to tease Severus a little; he was still a virgin after all. All too easy to rile up.

With a final smirk Lucius pushed himself off the bed, leaving Severus to gape after him in a mixture of confusion and lust. "I suggest, my little Prince, you think twice before trying something

like that again. Now I believe your grandfather is waiting. You'd best be getting dressed". Lucius pointedly admired the naked body, legs once spread wide apart, now hurriedly closed as Severus flushed under his gaze.

Severus scowled, furious at himself for falling for such a trick. Although he was pleased to note the rather uncomfortable looking bulge in Lucius' bottoms. At least he got off, which is more than what Lucius could claim. He watched Lucius leave towards the room's en suite, before tugging on the pyjamas he'd arrived in, intent on having a quick shower to rid himself of any evidence of what had just occurred. He ran to his room, unwilling to spend any more time in Lucius' presence, all the while praying he wouldn't bump into Drippy or his grandfather. He could only imagine the conversations that would arise from that event.

Ten minutes later Severus was washed, dressed and a little calmer. Lucius was in a similar state, though he'd had to degrade himself with indulging in some masturbation, as opposed to having someone else warm his cock for him. The two made their way to breakfast, arriving at different times much to Severus' relief. He was sat and already eating by the time Lucius arrived a few minutes later. He welcomed the excuse it gave him; he could focus on the food as opposed to his guest. Perhaps it wasn't considered appropriate etiquette but he just couldn't bring himself to face Lucius so soon.

Augustus watched his grandson with interest, he was acting most peculiarly. It didn't take long for him to work out why when he noticed the smirk Lucius sent the boy and the brilliant blush he received in turn. Frowning Augustus scanned Severus with his eyes, checking the boy over for injuries, whether visible or hidden. He wouldn't tolerate any harm coming to his grandson. Although after a few tense minutes, he relaxed. It seemed the only thing damaged was the boy's pride. Well he could handle that. Severus was bound to get over it soon enough, and Augustus was pretty sure he'd soon have some sort of revenge scheme in mind. He was rather creative when it came to torturing those that deserved it. No doubt it was something he learned in school.

"Thank you for inviting me Lord Prince, but I should be returning home. I have a meeting to attend with my father and some of his colleagues. I thank you for your hospitality and look forward to seeing you both in the new year". Severus struggled to prevent himself from making some kind of childish comment. It didn't matter what it was as long as it demonstrated his fury and embarrassment in a way that would make the older man cry.

"Of course, I understand. We'll both look forward to seeing you again". Augustus made to rise only to be stopped by Lucius' next words.

"Oh no, please don't trouble yourself Lord Prince. If you would only permit me to use your floor, I'll be meeting my father in Paris".

"Ah, in that case feel free to use it. Severus perhaps you should show Lucius where it is". Augustus looked pointedly at his grandson.

"Doesn't he already know where it is?" Severus asked sullenly. The last thing he wanted was to be left alone with the man again.

"Severus." In that one word Severus knew there was no point in arguing.

"I'll show you where it is Mr Malfoy". Severus yielded, although he made a point of refusing to address Lucius as such. He was still furious with himself for allowing the man to take advantage of him like that. Though not as furious as he was with Lucius for leaving him in such an embarrassing position in the first place.

Severus led Lucius from the room, making his way to the floo in the foyer. “Here, now you can leave”. Severus made to leave only to stop as Lucius wrapped his hand around his wrist.

“Let me go”. Severus scowled.

“Now, now that’s no way to treat a guest little Prince”. Severus grit his teeth at the smug smirk that formed on Lucius’ face.

“And the way you treated me is no way to treat a host, Mr Malfoy”. Severus shot back, unable to keep himself from scowling.

“You’re certainly not behaving in an appropriate conduct. Why your grandfather would be devastated to see you acting in such a way”. Lucius started intent on winning the argument.

Severus smirked. “And I’m sure your father and all his colleagues would be very interested to hear how you took advantage of an underage boy in his own home, where you were merely a guest. After all it’s not like you have any claim on me, we’re not engaged nor shall we ever be. Just think of the scandal should your mother and her friends discover what you tried to do. Attempted rape of a minor is a crime no matter how rich you are. And as you said I am a Prince, my family is of equal standing to yours. There’d be no bribing the authorities should word get out. They wouldn’t dare accept”.

Lucius raised an eyebrow in response. “Well played my little Prince. Although it was hardly rape, you were practically begging for it. I’m sure you may not have intended for things to happen as they did, but you were hardly protesting. If anything I should be commended for not taking you where you lay, with your legs splayed apart like a common harlot. It’s thanks to my impeccable control that you are still a virgin. Thought I’ll admit it was very difficult for me to resist. You are a very appealing young man, and I’ve no doubt you’ll be even more appealing once I finally take you into my bed. After you’ve begged for it long enough of course”. Lucius wisely stepped away from Severus, grabbing a handful of floo powder and disappearing into the flames before Severus could respond with violence.

“You absolute prick!” Severus hissed, he was aware that his grandfather wasn’t far away. And he didn’t want to alert the man to what had just transpired. “You fucking bastard, you’re going to regret that. I’ll make you incontinent; watch you piss yourself in front of your friends. No wait, I’ll make you infertile so you’ll never reproduce. Or maybe I’ll just make you unable to maintain an erection ever again. Wouldn’t that be just terrible news, the heir to the Malfoy fortune unable to get it up long enough to sire a child. Or maybe a combination of all three”. Severus seethed, muttering under his breath as he made his way to the lounge.

Severus lay on the nearest couch, picking up Connor and placing him on his chest. Jasper would be too energetic, unable to sit still long enough for Severus to rant. But Connor would merely lie there, lightly dozing on his chest. Sirius and Regulus weren’t due to arrive for another half hour, so until they did Connor was the only one Severus felt he could rant to without fear of being judged. Not that the Black brothers would judge him, not Sirius at least. No he’d be the first to help his plot his revenge. And that’s what Severus was counting on. Although he wasn’t sure how he’d approach them when their friends were in tow. It wasn’t really something he could talk about in front of perfect strangers. Most of which knew Lucius personally. That was *knew* mind you, not *liked*. There’s a *big* difference, especially amongst purebloods.

A bark alerted Severus to Jasper dropping a ball at the foot of the couch. Severus paused in his rant, giving a smile to the dog. He wouldn’t let himself take his anger out on his pets, not when he could do so to Lucius with explosive results. Perhaps literally, he hadn’t quite decided yet. Severus sighed, cradling Connor before lowering him onto the ground. The cat merely gave a soft mew,

rubbing against his legs in affection before once again lying down to sleep.

“Come on, let’s play in the gardens. We have time before the get here”. Severus clicked his fingers to indicate he wanted the dog to follow him, leading the two outside. Ball in hand Severus turned, checking there were no obvious dangers for Jasper to come across. Not that he could see very much with all the snow on the ground. With nothing unusual to report, Severus threw the ball up in the air a few times. Once he was satisfied the dog was sufficiently satisfied he drew his arm back and threw hard. “Fetch!” He called, Jasper racing off at top speed in a flurry of barks.

Of course in his anger at Lucius, Severus had forgotten one important detail. In all the years he’d owned his dog he’d never actually taught him to fetch. Instead the dog saw it as a game, a game of how long he could keep the ball away from his young master. Of course this dog was now a Prince, a member of the family, and as such he’d adopted their sneaky ways. He’d approach Severus with a smile, ball in his mouth and act as though he were returning it. He’d wag his tail, lower his head and just as Severus would bend down to take the ball; he’d spring up, knocking his master to the ground and race off. It was particularly fun to do so in the snow, when a flurry of white flakes would follow him wherever he ran. It was a great game, something he loved playing. The bigger master, the old one wasn’t nearly as fun when his little master was away.

Jasper whined at the thought of his master leaving again. It happened every year but still he didn’t like it. It got so lonely, with only Connor to keep him company. And he wasn’t nearly as fun to play this fetch game with. Jasper stretched his paws out, tail wagging as he saw his master approach once more. Good, he didn’t look nearly as upset as he had earlier, his plan was working. Jasper dropped the ball, gave a bark and head-butted the ball towards Severus. He wagged his tail once again, running towards his master as he waited for him the grab the ball.

Severus picked up the ball in bemusement; he hadn’t actually expected Jasper to bring it back to him. “Maybe he’s sick”. Severus mused, cocking his head as he watched Jasper come to a stop at his feet. Jasper sat down, looked up and cocked his head in response. He gave a questioning whine, to which Severus couldn’t help but chuckle at. “Maybe not. Is this your way of cheering me up? Helping me take my mind off that prick Lucius?” Jasper barked in response, baring his teeth at the mention of Lucius. He’d never been fond of the man; he had a strange smell about him. Something sour almost rancid, mixed with a musky smell he sometimes smelled coming from his master’s crotch. And his bed. He’d seen how the man looked at his master. It wasn’t a good look and Jasper didn’t like it.

“Well next time you see him feel free to bite him. Just be sure he doesn’t catch you”. Severus smiled, scratching him behind the ears. Jasper pushed his head into his master’s hand. He always knew just the right place to scratch him, yet another reason he preferred the little master. The older one never did get it right. But that was okay because he sometimes fed Jasper bits of chicken and steak under the table when he thought no one was looking. While Jasper received such treats on his own little plate, it always seemed to taste better coming from someone’s fingers.

The two played in the snow for a little while longer. Both thoroughly soaked by the time Drippy came outside. “Little Master, your friends shall be here very shortly. You may want to get inside and change”. Severus glanced at his watch, cursing as he realised the time.

“Jasper inside now. Sirius and Regulus will be here soon”. At the mention of the Black brothers the dog stopped bouncing in the snow. It was a poorly kept secret that the dog adored Sirius. No doubt because they had so much in common. Jasper ran inside stopping only to look back and bark at Severus. “I’m coming, I’m coming”.

“What is this friend of yours like Regulus?” Mulciber asked as the three sat in the carriage so helpfully provided for them by Lord Prince.

“He’s quiet, which usually means he’s plotting something. Usually revenge or how to kill someone without anyone being able to trace it back to him. He’s sneaky like that. He’s smart, top of his class, and really good at potions. Like ridiculously talented, which helps with his whole plotting to kill someone. But he has to be really pissed off for that to happen, which is kind of a shame, he’s so good at coming up with something terrifying. He plays quidditch, he’s on his house team although I think he prefers to play it rather than watch it. And unlike you two he’s not a complete asshole, which automatically makes him better than you”. Regulus finished, grinning at the identical glares he received from Avery and Mulciber.

“You’re such a liar, no one’s better than us”. Avery smirked, tossing his head back in smug superiority.

“A blind monkey is better than the two of you put together”. Regulus retorted. That little comment earned twin cuffs to his head, though evidently it wasn’t enough to wipe the grin of his face.

“Whatever Reggie my boy. Hey so is this friend of yours hot? I heard he’s a carrier, that’s got to feel good around my dick”.

“Yes, yes and like he’ll even give you a second look. He’s way out of your league man. For one he’s not a brain-dead moron like the sluts you usually fuck in the common room after hours. Besides Malfoy already claimed dibs on him. You really gonna go against Malfoy?” Regulus asked curiously. Personally he wasn’t a fan of Malfoy; the man was too self-absorbed and far too interested in his friend for his liking. But he was well connected and affiliated with a man said to be the next Dark Lord. And as a Slytherin good connections were as vital as breathing.

“Depends how hot he is. If he’s as hot as people claim then Malfoy just might have some competition”. Avery smirked.

“Sure, just not from you. Piss off Malfoy and you’ll be dead before you have chance to even meet Severus”. Regulus retorted. He wasn’t exaggerating, Malfoy’s were well known for being possessive murderous bastards when they didn’t get their way. They just never got caught. A combination of bribery, intimidation and outright threats made it easy for them to get their way.

“Whatever man”.

“We’re here”. Mulciber interrupted their arguing. Just as well, he was about to hex them both. It didn’t matter to him that he’d get in trouble for performing magic outside school grounds. If it shut the two up he’d be all for it.

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The conversation in the other carriage wasn’t much better.

“Hey how long is it ‘til we’re there?”

“Ten minutes”.

A minute later, “how long now?”

“Nine minutes”.

Another minute passed.

“Sirius?”

“Eight minutes”.

“Uh-”

“Fucking hell James haven’t you ever heard of a watch? Seven fucking minutes. And if you ask me again I’ll throw you out the bloody carriage. And I sure as hell won’t wait for it to stop”.

“Hey Sirius?”

“What Remus?”

“How long now? I don’t have a watch”. Remus smiled innocently, ducking as Sirius threw something at his head.

“Pricks”.

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Severus sighed impatiently as he lay sprawled over the couch once more. Severus was many things; a Prince, a carrier, a potions genius, but the one thing he wasn’t was patient.

“Little Master, your guests have arrived”. Drippy popped in, much to Severus’ relief.

“Thank you Drippy. I’ll call if we need anything”. Severus sat up making his way to the foyer where Regulus and his friends were waiting.

“Hey Sev”. Cheery as ever Regulus clapped him on the back.

“Don’t call me Sev”. Severus scowled, briefly nodding to his friends.

“Please you know you love it. Oh, this is Mulciber and Avery; they’re in Slytherin with me”.

“I never would have guessed. You’ve only mentioned them in every letter since you started at Hogwarts”. Severus gave him a pointed look. “It’s nice to meet you both”. He still had hosting duties to do after all.

“Likewise”. Mulciber responded. It appeared that Avery was too distracted by drooling over the boy’s arse to speak. Though he had to admit it was a very nice arse. If he were gay he’d have probably fucked him himself, just to see what it was like. He was pretty enough to be in his bed that was for sure.

Severus watched Avery warily. He had that look that Lucius usually had, right before he did something that was bound to leave Severus humiliated. It wasn’t a look he was fond of.

“The geniuses have arrived. Make way for the legendary Marauders. Please hold all applause until the end”. Sirius swaggered in, James right behind him and Remus covering his face with his hand. The things he had to put up with.

“Shouldn’t there be four of you”. Mulciber sneered. They may be guests at the Prince manor but he wasn’t about to put aside their rivalry just like that.

“If you ladies are finished gossiping, I have something you might be interested in doing. Follow me”.

Severus turned, walking back into the lounge. He didn't bother checking to see who was following; he doubted they were stupid enough to go wandering alone. Sure enough they all followed, though some were distracted by the swaying and oh so tempting arse in front of them. James licked his lips at the sight, Sirius hadn't been kidding. This boy was surely a sight to behold. And he was sure he'd look even better writhing beneath him in bed. Cock up his arse and cum on his face. Just the way he liked his lovers to look.

"So what's up? You're not your usual happy self Sev". Severus just glared at Sirius, how he loathed that name.

"I need help making Malfoy suffer". Severus stated flatly, now wasn't the time to become emotional.

"Whoa you called him Malfoy. He must have really pissed you off this time". Sirius remarked, wide eyed as he observed Severus' fingers twitch in agitation.

"He did. And if you three would kindly stop glaring at each other, I'll tell you why". James flushed, realising he'd been caught red handed. But he complied, choosing to sit down as he flashed a charming smile towards Severus. Much to his annoyance Severus felt himself blush ever so slightly, the boy was too damn charming for his own good. And not half bad to look at either. Avery and Mulciber followed suit, Avery because he shared James' intentions and Mulciber because he'd grown tired of standing around.

"So what'd he do this time?" Sirius asked, bringing his leg up to rest on the other thigh.

"Stripped me naked, spelled my legs apart and acted like he was doing me a favour when he decided not to rape me with my grandfather just down the hall". Severus said flatly, though he seemed genuinely surprised at the horrified expressions that stared back at him.

"He fucking what!?" Sirius roared, Regulus not far behind.

"What did you do to him?" Surprisingly enough it was Remus who posed the question. Something told him Severus hadn't divulged the whole truth, so he was reluctant to react until he knew all the facts. Ever the scholarly lad he was.

"I threw a bucket of ice water over him, or tried to anyway. Damn bastard woke up so we both ended up soaked. Of course I was trying to wake him up so I suppose it did the job". Severus answered; he wasn't going to bother lying. Or as his grandfather termed it, manipulating the truth beyond the comprehension of those simple-minded peons.

"Even if you did that's no fucking excuse for what he tried to do. And what if he'd actually done it? That prick, if I see him again I'm slicing his balls off and stuffing them down that pompous neck of his". Sirius spat, not literally as he was still a guest but you get the idea.

The others agreed vehemently, each in various stages of anger and disgust. It was a rare sight to see Gryffindors and Slytherins agreeing on anything, but as Severus was not a Hogwarts student, they felt it was alright to agree just this once. Severus sat back watching them talk amongst themselves. And here he'd been worrying that they'd be too busy trying to slit each other's throats. As much of a bastard as Lucius was, his actions did provide him with the perfect opportunity to not only get the others to cooperate with each other, but also allow him to get his revenge.

Truthfully the event hadn't been as traumatic as Severus made it seem. He knew all he would have had to do was call Drippy and she'd have castrated the man then and there. Even if Lucius had used Silencio it wouldn't have mattered. He'd been slowly learning the art of Legilimency, under



his grandfather's tuition of course, and had been sure to establish a firm connection with Drippy as soon as he was able. Just for situations like this. But he'd wanted to see how far Lucius would go. Whether he would prove himself to be just another spoiled pureblood prick taking what they weren't allowed. But he'd been surprised, almost pleasantly so, to learn that Lucius apparently still had some morals. No matter how loose they may be. He'd had ample opportunity to penetrate him, splitting him open and ruining him for any other man. And yet he stopped himself, showing remarkable restraint considering how much he'd been going on about Severus belonging to him. But still, Severus wasn't about to admit that to his friends, he was having too much fun. He got to play the helpless victim while ruining Lucius' reputation. The man did deserve it after all. He might have shown restraint when it came to actually taking his virginity under his grandfather's nose, but should the two have been left alone, Severus knew he'd now be sporting a sore arse and hurt pride. At least he wouldn't be with child, that was something he simply wasn't ready for. Not now at least.

Remus watched Severus with interest. The boy still wasn't telling the truth, his wolf was certain of it. And yet he manipulated the emotions of his friends so masterfully, making himself appear to be nothing more than a wide eyed victim in need of saving. It was truly masterful acting; Remus had to give him that. Remus thought briefly as to what house Severus would have been sorted in had he attended Hogwarts. While his initial thoughts were Slytherin, the house of the cunning, a brief thought passed through his mind.

'Perhaps he'd be a Gryffindor like me. He's certainly brave enough going against Malfoy like that. Brave or stupid enough, I'm not sure I can tell'. Remus thought to himself.

While Remus lost himself in his thoughts, the other boys argued amongst themselves about the best way to get revenge. Each contributing their own pranks designed to inflict maximum humiliation, physical damage and emotional distress.

People always seemed to underestimate Severus, thinking him as nothing more than a shy, sweet lad whose role in life was to spread his legs for a rich man and carry his babies. Well he was ready to show them something different. Severus simply sat back and smirked, watching the boys argue amongst themselves. Sometimes it was just *too* easy.

## Chapter End Notes

That's the end of this chapter. I know it's not what some of you might have expected, but I wanted to try and show that Severus was still the same old bastard we know and love. Just smaller and with a happier childhood and future. Plus this gives me a great opportunity to get Lucius out of the picture without changing the canon story more than it already has been changed.

Please review and let me know what you think. And thanks to everyone who reviewed the last chapter.

KB

## Chapter 9

### Chapter Notes

Thanks to everyone who reviewed and liked the last chapter. Hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

James Potter was used to getting things his way. It wasn't that he was nasty about it, quite the opposite in fact. He was suitably charming which meant people were usually all too willing to give him what he wanted. Except for Severus it seemed.

When they first met James was hooked. The boy was everything he realised he wanted. Someone intelligent without being boring, someone attractive without being a narcissist and above all someone who knew how to play quidditch. That latter had always been an important requirement for him. And James had initially thought Severus felt the same about him. He smiled at him, a shy smile that made him look so much happier. James had noticed that when he thought no one was looking, Severus would frown. Just a slight frown as he worried his bottom lip with his teeth. He always seemed so troubled during those times.

Not that James could blame him. He'd heard from Sirius what the other boy was going through. How not only Malfoy but some creep from his school kept hitting on him. Telling him he'd soon be having their babies. He was fifteen for fuck's sake, who the hell was thinking about babies at that age? Fair enough there was a war on but it didn't mean Severus should be forced into anything just to continue some pureblood twat's family line. He deserved better.

'He deserved...me' James thought to himself. It was true. Severus deserved someone his own age, someone who could take care of him without smothering him. Someone he got on with and had more to talk about with than just the weather or how his partner's day had been. Alright he might sound a bit conceited, James that is not Severus, but he was sure he had way more to offer than anyone else. And certainly a hell of a lot more to offer than that creep Malfoy.

"-ames? James? Anybody in there?" James blinked owlishly as Sirius waved his hand in front of his face.

"Oh good you're back with us. We were afraid we'd lost you mate".

"Just thinking of ways to make Malfoy's life miserable". James brushed off the questioning glance Remus sent him.

"Did you come up with anything?" Severus asked. On the surface he was calm and collected, but inside he was growing angsty.

They'd been at it for over an hour now without much luck. Everything they'd suggested he was forced to shoot down. He knew Lucius, he knew his weaknesses and more importantly he knew his strengths. And the man had a lot of strengths. So far suggestions had included public humiliation at the upcoming New Years' Ball being hosted by the British Ministry. It would be funny sure if they actually managed to pull it off, but what were the chances of that happening with everyone from Dumbledore to the Minister of Magic in the same room. The security alone would be a nightmare to bypass. Other suggestions had involved Severus seducing Malfoy, something

that he flat out refused, in order to catch him half-naked with an underage teen forcibly held underneath him. Then they'd contact the appropriate authorities, submit their memory of the event and watch as Malfoy fought off child abuse and statutory rape charges. The flaws in such a plan should have been obvious, Severus felt. For one thing he could just submit the memory he already had to the French government. It'd be enough to get a warrant at least, but with Malfoy being English it would only at best result in him being banned from the country. There was also a strong chance Malfoy only needed to flash his cash and the problem would disappear from official records. A third suggestion came from Remus, suggesting Severus inform his grandfather so that he could go above Lucius' head and confront his parents. That idea was again shot down. Severus had to explain how his grandfather knew Lucius was pursuing him, and considered the blond man's advances to be just a bit of fun. The man wouldn't be convinced otherwise unless Severus showed signs of being injured. His pride didn't count apparently.

"Well what if you were already with someone? Then he couldn't claim you for himself".

Severus seriously considered it. It was an idea, a good idea at that. One he really should have thought himself given the obviousness of it.

"Like who?" He asked. Although judging by the grin on James' face, it didn't take a genius to work out who he meant.

"Well, someone around our age. Maybe a pureblood from a well-respected family, someone who happens to be devilishly good looking, fun to be around and who happens to be a fantastic quidditch player". Clearly subtlety wasn't James' strong point.

"Didn't you fall off your broom in the last match before winter break?" Mulciber interrupted with a smirk on his lips as he replayed the event over in his mind.

"Only because you lot had to resort to cheap tricks in order to try and win. Not that it worked". Sirius shot back.

"You were saying?" Severus interrupted before the two came to blows.

"Go out with me". Direct and to the point, guys liked that right?

"I-". Severus had been expecting it, but it didn't mean he was prepared for him to actually ask. There was a difference between fantasy and reality and to Severus things had just become very real.

"Whoa! Hold up! I never agreed to this". Sirius interrupted, Regulus not far behind.

"What do you mean you never agreed? You're the one who practically dangled him in front of my face on the ride over here". James argued.

Severus turned calmly towards Sirius. "Did he now?" It was quite funny how quickly Sirius paled at that.

"Now wait a minute I only said good things about you, good things. All I said was that I wouldn't go out with you because you were too much like a brother to me". Sirius backpedalled. He'd seen Severus pissed off plenty of times. It wasn't something he wanted to have directed at him. He wanted to live to see Christmas at least. Though the chances of that happening weren't looking too good.

"Didn't you say you'd sleep with him but you wouldn't date him?" Remus asked. He couldn't resist. Sirius was just too amusing when he was panicked and trying to get himself out of the hole

he'd dug himself in.

"Why? Why would you-? Why?" Sirius spluttered. What was this pick on Sirius day?

"Oh I already know about that. We've already fooled around before so that doesn't bother me". Severus said, gaining shocked faces from practically everyone.

"You talk in your sleep". He added, looking directly at Sirius who reddened.

"So what do you say?" James cut in.

"Yes. I'll go out with you. To get back at Malfoy I mean".

It was a good plan. There was nothing that would piss Malfoy off more than the thought that Severus wasn't his. Besides James was very attractive and although it made him shallow, Severus could admit that it was a major reason for him agreeing to his offer. It wasn't like he had much else to go on. All he knew about him was that he was a quidditch fanatic, according to Sirius; he'd broken up with his ex because she'd cheated on him, also according to Sirius and he was ridiculously attractive. That pretty much summed up his knowledge on James Potter.

But hey, it was more than what most people knew before agreeing to go out with someone. And he'd learn more about him the more time they spent together, probably. Or at the very least they could fool around a bit. That was bound to piss Malfoy off. Always an added bonus.

"Y-yeah, to get back at Malfoy. Of course". James grinned, faltering a little as he couldn't be sure if Severus was serious or not. He wanted to ask him out so he could eventually fuck him, not just to piss Malfoy off. Although, James would later admit, that would be a very nice bonus indeed.

Severus smiled at him, a genuine smile at that. He couldn't help it, the other boy just looked so full of himself; he needed to be brought down a peg or two. Not that James cared. Severus had said yes, he actually agreed to go out with him. It didn't make them a couple, not yet anyway. But it was a start. And James was determined to have Severus all to himself. Call him selfish or possessive, but the boy knew what he wanted and he wasn't about to give it up. Much like a toddler with a favourite toy. Only this was a toy he was hoping to shag upstairs while his friends buggered off elsewhere for an hour or so.

Mulciber had to physically restrain Avery, unable to keep the smirk off his face. His fellow Slytherin wasn't happy that his new shiny toy was being taken away before he even got to play with it. Not happy at all. But what did he expect when going up against Gryffindors? They were bravery personified, known for being instinctive and stupid. They didn't back down from a challenge and in this situation, Severus was the challenge to be won. Avery made the mistake of relying on Slytherin cunning, instead of relying on Slytherin ambition and drive. And it resulted in him losing what he wanted.

Sucks to be him.

Mulciber carefully hid his smirk from Avery, aware that it just might be the thing to tip him over the edge. It was bad enough they were in the same room as Gryffindors without being able to pull any pranks on them. Add on top of that Avery missing out on Severus and the Slytherin was becoming increasingly agitated. Which would usually be funny. But when there were three Slytherins and three Gryffindors pitted against each other, two of whom were brothers, and most competing for the same attentions of one person, it quickly became complicated.

But still funny. There was no denying it was funny.

“Right can we do something else? Please?” Regulus asked, partly in an attempt to keep Avery from making a scene, but mostly because he’d quickly grown bored.

“Quidditch!” It was amazing just how alike James and Sirius thought.

“No!” Was the mostly unanimous response, drawing scowls from the two Gryffindors.

“Well we can go outside in the snow. Or go swimming in the indoor pool”. Severus suggested, the latter gaining a dirty grin from more than one of the boys.

“But I never brought my trunks”. James smirked. “Guess I’ll just go commando”.

“No you bloody well won’t. I ain’t swimming if I know your dick’s gonna be flapping around in the water”. Mulciber spat. Screw keeping Avery calm he was about to go off on one himself.

Severus merely chuckled. Partly at James for his misguided attempts at seduction, but mostly at the look on Mulciber’s face. He looked well and truly horrified, as did the other boys after his outburst.

“Snow it is then”. Remus piped up. He was actually quite relieved to be going outside. If only because the snow would allow his friends to wreak havoc, in a way that would only cause semi-permanent damage. Well provided they didn’t try to blind anyone by throwing snowballs in their eyes. Remus was thankful, and not for the first time, that they were forbidden from using magic outside of school. He didn’t want to imagine the carnage that might happen otherwise.

“Sounds good to me”. Severus said, cutting off any protests.

And so a good time was had by all. Slytherins attacked Gryffindors and vice versa with snow. It was about the only time it was considered socially acceptable to try and inflict harm on another human being. And after a couple of hours of fun, consisting of several snowball fights which evolved into all out wars, the boys finally trudged inside, soaked to the skin and absolutely shattered. It was then they decided enough was enough; it was time for them to go and be with their families.

“Hey wait”. James pulled Severus to one side as the others were preparing to leave.

“What?”

“When are you free? So we can go out on a date I mean”. James asked.

“Oh, uh I guess after new year. We could do it the Saturday after, the week before school starts”. Severus replied, a little caught off guard.

He hadn’t exactly taken into account that agreeing to go out would involve actually going out on a date. In public no less. While logically he’d been expecting such a thing to occur, it hadn’t really registered that he’d be going on a date. With one of Sirius’ friends no less. As silly as it sounded, Severus had fooled himself into believing he and James would be going out, without actually *going out*. That it’d be in name only as a means to infuriate Malfoy into making a spectacle of himself.

‘But then being seen in public together would only fuel the rumours of our relationship. It would give us credibility and allow the gossip to spread to Malfoy. So this is only logical, it makes sense to do it. So why is this making me so nervous?’ Severus thought to himself. He swallowed instinctively, fighting a blush as he realised James was staring at him intently.

“Good”. James smiled, relieved that he hadn’t been rejected. Now he only needed to convince the

other boy that he hadn't only asked him out to get back at Malfoy.

'But how long would that take?' He thought to himself.

James stared a few seconds longer, licking his lips as he watched the other boy grow nervous.

"What is it? Ja-" Severus was cut off by the other boy pressing his lips to his. Just a quick brush lasting seconds. But for Severus it left him wanting more, his heart racing as the other boy pulled away with a cocky grin.

"See you then yeah? Merry Christmas". James smiled, receiving a shy smile in return.

"Merry Christmas".

So with a final nod the two parted ways. James left with Remus and Sirius in tow, while Regulus escorted his own friends out. Severus followed them to the awaiting carriages. As was expected of any good host, giving a short wave as they made their way from the courtyard.

'What did I just agree to?' Severus asked himself as he returned inside the house. Partly horrified with what he'd gotten himself into, and yet he simply could not keep the smile off his face. Nor it seemed could he keep his fingers from brushing his lips. While not his first; he'd been pressed against various surfaces many a time by various boys looking for a good time, it was however his favourite. Possibly even the best kiss he'd had from a boy.

"Is there to be a Mr Severus Potter in the future I wonder?" Severus blinked. He was confused, unsure if it were just his imagination. Hearing someone clear their throat he turned around, face darkening as he realised his grandfather had been eavesdropping.

"G-grandfather! W-what are you doing back so soon? You said you would be back late." Severus stammered, embarrassed beyond belief for being caught so unaware. And all because he'd been thinking of a boy. A very nice, very attractive boy yes, but still it wasn't something he felt comfortable discussing with his grandfather.

"You sound disappointed. I suppose you'd have preferred to daydream about your little boyfriend for a while longer. Well I'm sorry to disappoint but I decided I wanted to be with my favourite grandson on Christmas Eve. Besides I was out collecting your present. I know you'll like it". Augustus chuckled as his grandson blushed at the mention of the word boyfriend.

'Young love. So sweet and yet...bound to end in utter disaster'. Augustus smiled. Though he'd personally see to it that it wasn't his grandson who ended up the hurt party.

"What is it?" Severus asked. Cheeks still red but this time part of it could be attributed to pure excitement. The way only a child could feel before Christmas.

"Ah, ah, ah. You'll find out in the morning. Now come, tell me about this new boyfriend of yours".

Severus groaned in embarrassment, drawing a raised eyebrow from his grandfather.

"Yes I'm sure you'll be getting up to that with him soon enough. Now tell me what he's like". Augustus led him into the lounge, much to his embarrassment.

What followed was quite possibly the most awkward conversation he'd ever had in his life. With the possible explanation of how he could bear children for a man of status and wealth. That was one he hoped to never repeat. Never ever again.

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“Little master? Wake up, it’s Christmas morning. Come, come rise and shine” Drippy coaxed the boy from sleep. With a little help from a well-meaning cat and dog who felt it best to walk all over their master until he awoke. With a few more scratches and bruises than he’d gone to bed with perhaps. Such was the hazards of owning animals.

“Mmh hmm. I’m awake”. Severus mumbled, unable to hold back his yawn.

“Come now. Time for breakfast. Then you can open your presents”. Drippy coaxed him from bed, dressing gown and slippers at the ready. He really wasn’t at his best in the mornings. Even if it was Christmas.

Christmas at the Prince Manor had always been a lavish affair. Although it was usually the two of them, it was enough. Severus’ aunt and uncle and would usually drop by in the evening with their respective families, but otherwise it were just the two of them. And Drippy of course. Oh and Connor and Jasper, but that was it. It was a day for merriment, for Augustus to sample his finest whiskey and liqueurs, while Severus begged his grandfather for a sip here and there. Not enough for him to become drunk, but just enough to keep him smiling and pleasantly tipsy in his grandfather’s company. Naturally of course the day was filled with food. From the usual breakfast, with festive delicacies added in, to the traditional Christmas Lunch followed by pudding, cheese and coffee for afters. Dinner was rarely required; there was simply not enough room for it. And of course there were the presents. Big ones, little ones, grand ones and not so grand ones wrapped in all colours of the rainbow.

As a child Severus came to love Christmas. While he still lived with his parents it was the one day they kept their arguments quiet. A day for peace and spending time with family, or so his mother had said. Something it seemed she’d gotten from her father. And when he came to live with his grandfather, Severus found it was much the same. Filled with quiet tranquillity, a day devoted to spending time with family. Only there was a lot more food and presents. You know the only things children really take notice of at Christmas.

And snow. There seemed to be a lot more snow in France around Christmastime, Severus had found. Though he wasn’t sure if his grandfather had perhaps cast a spell to make it so. But it was truly a spectacular sight to see. That was for sure. With the grounds covered in a layer of pure white, deep enough to create an array of snow creatures; snowmen and snowwomen, snowdogs and snowcats and of course the ever popular snowballs and snowforts. Truly a child’s dream come true.

“Sleep well?”

“Yes grandfather. Here boy”. Severus snuck a bit of sausage under the table, grinning as a slobbery tongue promptly divested his hand of its burden. “Good boy” he murmured. Augustus merely shook his head in mild disgust. He’d let the boy off, it was Christmas after all.

“Finished are we?” Augustus asked, amused at the guilty expression that Severus now wore.

“Yes sir”. Severus nodded, struggling to keep himself still. Calm and poised, that was the way a proper pureblood had to act. Severus knew that, but still on Christmas it seemed the rule became so much harder to follow.

“Very well. Off you go, get your presents out from under the tree. And grab mine too while you’re there”. Augustus barely finished his words before the boy was off like a shot. Dog barking in excitement at his heels.

Turning to the cat sprawled at his feet, Augustus offered a bit of smoked kipper. It was Christmas after all.

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Augustus found himself chuckling at the absolute carnage that had been left for the animals to frolic in. Wrapping paper and ribbon was strewn across the floor, each serving as a new toy for dog and cat respectively. Severus was curled up on the sofa, blanket thrown over his shoulders and head buried in a large tome filled with potions and spells long thought forgotten. It had cost an awful lot, particularly for knowledge that was thought to be useless. Full of spells and potions that would simply not work the way they'd been recorded. But it was why he'd chosen it. He had a feeling, a good feeling that his grandson would get at least one potion to work. And if he did, his career would be set in stone. It would guarantee him his masters. It would propel him on his journey to becoming an accredited potions master. Or healer, whichever he was going with, there was still time to choose. Though it was likely that it would be a mixture of the two. It never hurt to have more than one paycheque coming in. That was how the rich got richer.

Augustus glanced over at his grandson once again. Clearly he wasn't a morning person seeing as how he was now fast asleep, book resting on his chest.

"Ah, to be young again". Augustus sighed, feeling his own eyes droop before he followed suit. Minutes later the two were fast asleep, with only the pets still jumping about. They'd be up again within an hour or so, there was still lunch to be had, but until then it was a time to be lazy, bellies still full from breakfast.

## Chapter End Notes

This took me a little longer than I planned but I've been busier than usual. But still I hope you all enjoyed this.

Like always I'd like two reviews before I update, so please review.

KB



# Chapter 10

## Chapter Notes

This is chapter 10 so please enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Why does this have to be so hard?” Severus asked himself.

“You know there are so many answers to that I just can’t think of which one I like best”.

Severus turned bright red from embarrassment, whirling around to meet the amused gaze of his beloved grandfather. “Shut up”. He grumbled, there was little else he could say that wouldn’t embarrass him further.

“What? You’re the one who keeps making this too easy for me. Though I will say you’ll be glad when things get hard, when you’re a little older that is. Always keep them wanting more. You’re the prize in this relationship my boy”. Augustus clapped his hand onto his grandson’s shoulder.

Severus merely scowled in response. He was far too used to his grandfather’s eccentricities at this point to bother getting upset. The man loved him, of that he was sure, he just like to embarrass the hell out of him. Something he shared with just about every teenager on the planet. Parents or guardians, it didn’t matter, when they were family they were always the first to embarrass you.

“Wear the red scarf. No doubt it’ll have him thinking of you in his colours and who knows where that will lead”. Augustus suggested. He figured he could give the boy a break just this once. The lad was nervous enough about his first real date. Oh sure he’d been kissed, groped and leered at plenty of times in his young life, but apparently he’d yet to have gone out on an actual date. Kind of a reverse tease as it were.

“Thanks”. Severus wrapped it around his neck, fighting down a blush as he took a deep breath in order to calm himself.

‘This is ridiculous. Why am I so nervous? It’s just a date. It’s just James. He’s not Lucius; he’s not a psychopath...I think. Damn it, stop thinking like that. Okay calm down, it’s just a date. And it’s not even a real date, he only asked me out to help me get back at Lucius. That doesn’t mean anything. Oh hell what if we run into Lucius? What if he figures it all out? Shit, why did I agree to this farce? I’m such an idiot’. Severus thought to himself.

Such was the joys of the teenage mind. Where everyone was against them and everything they did would lead to complete and utter disaster. Whoever claimed teenagers were rational, reasonable beings had clearly never been around them for more than an hour.

“Don’t do that”. Augustus sighed.

“Do what?” Severus turned to his grandfather with a confused expression on his face.

“Overanalyse every little thing. You’re going on a date. Let me rephrase that, you’re going to England to meet a boy you’ve met once. To piss off a man five years older than you I might add. There you see it’s perfectly simple”. Augustus tried; he really did, to keep a straight face. But the

situation was ludicrous enough that he allowed a smile to slip out.

“Do you think I’m making a mistake?” Severus asked. He toyed with the scarf in his hands. Truthfully he was terrified. Far too many things could go wrong, most of which involved running into Lucius before he felt ready. The man was not someone he wanted as an enemy.

“About dating a boy your own age, who seems to like you as more than a trophy to bear the next generation? No I don’t think you’re making a mistake. Lucius, while he has been a friend of yours for many years now, he is still five years your senior. And at fifteen that is a large age gap. And if I understand this correctly, you are dating this boy because of something Lucius has done. Now I don’t necessarily condone your reasons for agreeing to date this boy, but I can agree that Lucius could be brought down a peg or two. But I will ask you to be careful. Not only about Lucius, but about this boy’s feelings. I find it difficult to believe that someone you met just two weeks ago would ask you out on first sight, just to help you get revenge”. Augustus warned.

“Yeah”. Severus sighed. “Sirius told me he liked me. But I mean *it is* Sirius, he’s not exactly the most reliable source for this kind of stuff. I mean okay yeah they are best mates so I guess he would know, but I just keep thinking it’s some kind of joke or something. I just don’t want to get too involved you know? What do you think?” It was times like this Severus wished he had friends that lived closer. Because discussing this sort of thing with his grandfather was just embarrassing.

“I’ll say it again, you’re overthinking it. You haven’t even gone out with him yet. Go see him, kiss him; whatever you lads feel like doing and once your first date is over, then you can panic. Just don’t go spreading your legs for him on the first date. I haven’t raised my grandson to be some promiscuous hussy. You’ve got to keep them panting for more. Always make sure you’re the one in power. Trust me you’ll feel better for it”.

Severus could always count on his grandfather to cheer him up. The man was an eccentric, old crackpot, who always seemed to know just what to say to get him to calm himself. And Severus would always be grateful for it.

“Thanks grandfather”. Severus sighed, a smile tugging at his lips as he did his best to hide it.

“Just be safe lad. And if you run into Malfoy don’t be afraid to cry. I can guarantee you it’ll have the authorities come running. And that’s not something he’ll be able to recover from so quickly. Especially if you manage to do it in public. Remember witnesses are always a good thing to have around. Well maybe not when you’re fooling around with that little boyfriend of yours. Although I suppose that would depend on what you both think of shagging in public. You know I remember when I was your age...”

“No! No, no, a thousand times no! I don’t want to hear of it grandfather. Just no!” Severus clamped his hands over his ears, acting for the first time in a while like the child he was.

Augustus held up his hands in surrender. “Fine, fine. Have it your way then”. He waited for Severus to remove his hands before going in for the kill.

“But what a screamer she was, absolutely gagging for it by the time we got round to it”. Augustus smirked.

The look of horror on his grandson’s face told Augustus all he needed to know. Not only had he successfully distracted his grandson from having a panic attack over a silly date of all things, but he’d managed to absolutely traumatise him. Always an amusing sight that was for sure.

“Grandfather?” Severus asked after a moment’s silence. He needed the time to try and erase any

images that may have popped up.

“Hmm?”

“You’re absolutely awful at giving advice. Please don’t do it again”. Severus said, turning and walking away in a hurry.

Watching his grandson leave, with his face flushed and hands trembling, Augustus chuckled to himself.

“Ah, sometimes it’s just *too* easy”. He said to himself, whistling a jaunty tune as he went to grab his coat.

The plan was simple. Augustus had business in Paris he needed to attend to, and would therefore travel with Severus to the capital. From there he’d make sure his grandson arrived in England via the International Floo Network, after which he’d be free to carry on with his own business. This way he could be sure his grandson would be safe. What with the war and everything, safety was something he took very seriously. Especially when it concerned Severus.

“Severus? Hurry up we need to be leaving” Augustus called. A minute later his grandson re-emerged, no longer shaking though his face was still flushed with colour.

“I’ll say it again. Please be careful. You go around looking like that and it’ll only lead to more hassle”.

“What do you mean?” Severus asked. He was confused, there was nothing weird about how he was dressed was there? Fitted trousers, a nice shirt and his coat and scarf, it was pretty normal wasn’t it?

“You look like you’ve just been and tugged one off in the bathroom. Your cheeks are flushed, you’re breathing heavier than you usually would and you’ve got this kind of glazed look about you. It’s like you’re asking for it. Just try and compose yourself, alright?” Augustus was actually becoming worried at this point. His grandson wasn’t some prude, he knew that much. But he could be surprisingly dense at times. And unfortunately it seemed like this was becoming one of those times.

“Shut up”. Severus muttered, trying in vain to keep himself from turning an even darker shade of crimson.

“Come on, we’re leaving”. Augustus decided to give the lad a break, just this once. It wouldn’t do to have the lad becoming little more than a puddle of goo before they got there. It would just be unseemly; they had a reputation to protect. At least when they were out in public anyway.

As opposed to the usual transportation by carriage, Augustus had rather reluctantly agreed to travel by floo to Paris. Just this once mind. He truly hated the blasted things. He tossed a handful of powder into the fireplace, said where they were going and stepped through. Severus following shortly after. The two arrived without incident, and rather gracefully at that. It was something every pureblood child of note grew up learning, how to maintain decorum even when they were being hurtled through the floo system at so many miles an hour. It was all about keeping appearances after all. Though if one was to look very closely, they might have noticed the way Augustus leant on his cane just a little bit more than usual.

“This way”. Augustus led Severus towards the departure lounge.

Similar to how a muggle airport looked, it was a room filled with chairs and benches. On the wall

hung a number of clocks depicting time zones of many different countries. The only difference being that instead of planes there were fireplaces, all lined up in a row. During peak times wizards and witches alike were required to wait their turn, hence the reason for the chairs. While it was notably faster than muggle planes, it didn't change the fact that hundreds if not thousands of people used the international floo every single day. As such it wasn't uncommon for there to be a wait, particularly around the holidays.

"It seems we're in luck". As it was several days after New Year's, the network wasn't as busy as it might have been.

'Just as well'. Augustus thought to himself. 'It'll mean less time for him to panic'. Augustus glanced at his grandson who stood calmly at his side. Not that it really meant anything. It was a mask, a very good one he could admit, but still just a mask. On the outside he was calm and collected, the way any decent young man should present himself. But inside, that was a different story.

Truthfully Severus felt sick to his stomach. As much experience he had gotten fooling around with boys at school and with the Black brothers, he'd never actually been on a real date. As such he couldn't stop himself from overanalysing every little thing. From how he looked to how he should act, from what he would say to how he would greet James when he first saw him. It was all very stressful and did nothing to help Severus feel any better.

Severus sighed when a fireplace became free. Now there was no other option but to go ahead as planned. He grabbed a handful of floo powder, turning briefly to smile at his grandfather before throwing it into the fire. "London, Ministry of Magic". And with those words and a flash of fire, Severus found himself hurtling through the network.

Severus arrived in a manner befitting of his status. Namely that he remained standing, clean and in control of his limbs. You wouldn't imagine the number of travellers, young and old, pureblood and not, that emerged from the fireplace staggering about as though they were common drunkards. Severus stepped through, flashing his identification at the auror standing guard and quickly found himself taking his first step into England for a very long time indeed.

"Severus!" A call directed his attention to a familiar mop of black hair. Severus smiled, a genuine smile at that and made his way to the other boy.

"Bonjour James". Severus smiled, receiving a joyful grin in return.

"Welcome to England. Well welcome back again I mean". James said, rubbing his neck sheepishly as he reminded himself that it wasn't the first time Severus had been to England. He was born there for merlin's sake.

Severus chuckled at the other boy's nervousness. His own nervousness seemed to have melted away once he'd spotted the boy. Feeling bold he dared to kiss the other boy's cheek. The brilliant blush that followed as a result only served to boost his ego. "It's what we do in France". It was a rather weak explanation, a custom reserved mainly for friends and family. He couldn't exactly count James as a real friend, considering he'd only met him once before. But it wasn't like James knew any better. In fact, given the rather dopey expression that had crossed his face, he didn't seem to mind one bit.

"Oh really? Well you know, in England we do this". James caught the smaller boy's lips in a kiss, giving Severus no time to think before he found himself being pressed against the Gryffindor's body. With one hand on his waist and the other on the back of his head, it was clear James had no intention of letting Severus escape. Not that Severus seemed to mind.

“There, that should get tongues wagging”. James grinned as he pulled back.

Severus blinked, caught off guard, before it finally hit him that they were in public. Where anyone could see them. And as James had mentioned, there was a good chance that there would be some gossip about them. After all the two were from prestigious families, Severus in particular was highly desired by pureblood mothers and fathers looking to pair him with their children. So no doubt the rumours would spread. Of course that’s what they had been counting on.

“Ready to go?” James asked, a cocky smirk on his face as he took in the rather pleasing sight of Severus’ rumpled hair, flushed cheeks and most importantly his swollen lips. Nothing like a good snogging, if he did say so himself.

Severus nodded, try as he might he couldn’t stop smiling.

“So how was your Christmas?” James asked. Not that he really needed to, they’d already written to each other several times. He knew the answer, but he wanted to start off with something he knew Severus would be comfortable with talking about.

“Good. Lots of food and presents as usual. And yours?” Severus asked, the two making their way out of the building and onto London’s streets.

It posed a problem as it opened up onto a muggle street. It meant the two were forced to keep their distance for a time, close enough to seem good friends, but far apart enough that no muggles paid them any further attention. While in the wizarding world attitudes towards homosexuality were largely positive, most cared little about who was shagging who, in the muggle world it was currently treated as though it were a disease. Such was the ignorance of muggles, always afraid of things that didn’t meet their own narrow standards of what normal was.

“Pretty much the same. Managed to meet up with Sirius and Remus again after Christmas, pulled a few pranks and such. So do you reckon Malfoy’s heard anything yet?” James asked.

“It’s only been five minutes. It usually takes him ten, unless he’s in a meeting. Then it might take longer. But we’d best make sure we’re seen together in public. Like maybe getting something to eat?” Severus suggested. All that panicking and such over what to wear and how to act had made him very hungry indeed.

“Sounds good. Come on I know a place”.

James led him through London’s streets, arriving at what appeared to be an abandoned old shop. Taking a quick glance around, James gave a nod and the two walked inside, making sure no muggles were paying attention. Severus glanced around the pub with interest. It was dark and a little shabby looking, but there was a warm fire that managed to brighten the room up a bit. James gestured for him to follow him through the pub, exiting through another door and arriving at a particular brick wall. A wall that was not as it seemed. Tapping out a sequence on the bricks, James drew back as he waited for the entrance to emerge.

“Watch your step”. James led Severus through the hole and with a flourish, gestured towards the bustling street.

“Welcome to Diagon Alley”. James grinned, receiving an amused smile in response.

“So where is this place you mentioned?” Severus asked. It was getting harder to focus the longer he went without food. Such was the problem of being a teenage boy. Whether it was food or sex, or even a combination of both, their minds were always focused on at least once.

“Over here, come on”. James grabbed his hand and pulled him through the crowds of witches and wizards, as they went about their shopping. As they were in the wizarding world once more, James felt no reason to restrain his desire to touch the smaller boy. At least when it came to the small stuff. Kissing and the like, all perfectly innocent, nothing too scandalous.

“Here we are. It’s pretty quiet, but I figured we could talk about this more while we eat. Maybe figure out what we should do when Malfoy hears about us”. James held open the door for Severus, following him into the small café.

It was as James had mentioned rather quiet. Only a couple of elderly witches gossiping over tea and cakes in the corner. It was nice though; clean and inviting with a small fire and light streaming in through the windows. Quiet and a little secluded, it was a good choice for a first date. Particularly when that first date wasn’t supposed to be a real date, but instead a way to enact revenge.

“What can I get you lads?” A middle aged woman approached them, two menus in her hands as she passed them to them.

“Butterbeer for me please”. James said.

“I’ll have the same”. Severus added.

The woman nodded. “I’ll be right back to take your orders”. She left to fetch their drinks, giving them a chance to browse the menu.

“What are you getting?” James asked curiously. He was stuck between two English classics; fish and chips and toad in the hole and hoping the other boy’s answer would help him decide.

“Toad in the hole, I haven’t had in ages. I always used to love it back when I lived in England”. Severus admitted with a smile, reminiscing from the few good memories he had about his life in England.

“Me too. You helped me make up my mind”. James grinned before his face became slightly more serious. “Do you mind if I ask why you left England?” He’d heard from Sirius that Severus had moved to France to live with his grandfather after his mother’s death. But he’d never gotten any of the details. There were times he suspected Sirius didn’t even know the full story.

“I-” Severus was cut off from the arrival of the waitress. She placed their drinks down and took their order before leaving them to their own devices. Severus waited for her to leave before speaking again. “Basically my dad was a muggle; my mum was obviously from the Prince line. He hated magic and when I was five we were playing football in the garden. He was alright up until then, but then I wanted that ball. I wanted it hard enough that it just suddenly appeared in front of me. Wandless magic you know. Next thing I know he was hitting me and shouting. Then he sent me to my room, he and mum started arguing, she was crying and screaming and all of a sudden there was just silence. Turns out he killed her, blinded by his own rage and fear of magic. I was rescued and taken to hospital. Then the next thing I know my grandfather took me to France to live with him”. Severus finished quietly, taking a sip of his drink as he waited for James to respond.

“Bloody hell”. James gaped, gobsmacked. “I mean merlin’s hairy balls”. Judging by the rather affronted looks the women across the room were sending them, James was a bit too loud for polite society. James flushed muttering a quick “sorry” as he turned back to Severus.

“Are you okay?” Severus asked. He was worried about what would happen. James needed to know about his past, the whole thing with Lucius required it. Lucius had known the story for years now

and it wouldn't work if James had remained clueless. They were supposed to be dating, they were supposed to be in love and all that stuff.

"I should be asking you that. Are you, are you okay? I mean really okay? If you ever need to talk, just let me know". James rested his hand on top of Severus' doing his best to look sincere.

It was a sweet gesture Severus had to admit. James seemed genuinely concerned about him. He'd been expecting it to an extent of course, telling someone something so personal and tragic was almost guaranteed to get them to show sympathy. Polite society demanded it of them. But to Severus, it seemed that James wasn't acting that way only out of politeness. He seemed to actually care about him. It was something he wasn't quite used to.

Sure Severus knew his grandfather and Drippy cared for him, how could he not? And of course he knew Mathieu cared about him as a friend, often expressing concern for his safety amongst the hormonal idiots that badgered him daily at school. Likewise he knew Sirius and Regulus cared, and even Lucius, although the man tended to care just a bit too much for his liking. But for Severus, the thought of James caring about his welfare made him happy. It made his stomach twist and turn in a funny way as the other boy smiled at him. It wasn't like with Lucius who demonstrated that he cared by sticking his hands down his pants. Nor was it like with his friends who showed they cared with a pat on the back or by offering him some sweets. It was new and a little exciting. And the more Severus thought about it, he realised he quite liked it.

"Merci James". Severus couldn't help himself from lapsing into French just a little. Having lived in the country for ten years it tended to slip out, particularly when he found himself flustered as he did now.

Severus smiled shyly, receiving a grin in return from the young Gryffindor. "So what's your school like? All I know is what Sirius told me and he didn't know very much. Do you have houses like at Hogwarts or what?" James asked, making an effort to switch the topic to something they'd both feel more comfortable with.

"That doesn't surprise me. Sirius has never been one to pay attention for long, unless he's playing pranks that is. We had four houses, like you have at Hogwarts. But ours are named for the magical creatures that supposedly founded the magical community. You know before there were witches and wizards. So first there's the Dragon house where people who're cunning and driven belong to. Then there's the house of the Phoenix, the one I'm in, for those that are observant and knowledgeable. The third house is the Griffin house, for the brave and strong and the fourth is the Unicorn house, for those that are loyal and unyielding Severus explained. James nodded in response as he listed off each house, one by one.

"They kind of sound like our houses then. I mean the griffin house, for the brave and strong, well that's kind of like Gryffindor. The Unicorn house sounds just like the Hufflepuffs, they're all for loyalty and stuff. The Dragon one sounds a lot like Slytherins, they're supposed to be really cunning and stuff. And they're right bastards at that". James looked as though he were about to start ranting, so Severus was quick to step in.

"And the house of the Phoenix is like the Ravenclaws right? Good with knowledge". Severus asked, receiving a nod in return.

"Yeah that's right. Sirius told me you're really smart". James added, grinning as Severus flushed a little under his gaze.

"Your meals sirs, will there be anything else?" The two were startled by the waitress who placed their food in front of them.

“No thanks”. James said. He waited for her to leave before turning back to his date.

“Do you mind if I ask you something?” Severus asked.

“Sure, go ahead”.

“Do you know a woman named Minerva McGonagall?” Whatever James had been expecting, that was certainly not it.

“Professor McGonagall? Well yeah she teaches transfiguration and she’s our head of house. Why? Do you know her?” James was curious, especially as Severus began smiling without directing it at him. To be honest he found himself a little miffed. Here he was a young, fit and incredibly attractive lad, and his date was taking about a woman more than twice their age. How was that fair?

“She was one of the three that rescued me from my father. So yeah, I’d say I know her”. Severus chuckled as James’ jaw dropped open.

‘Well that explained it’ was James’ first thought. His second thought, perhaps a little less eloquent, was ‘oh bugger’.

## Chapter End Notes

Okay I’m going to stop this here for now. It is 4400 words so it’s not like I haven’t wrote enough. Anyway please let me know what you think. And thank you for everyone who has reviewed so far.

Just a little side note, I have an important interview next week so I won’t be updating this for at least another two weeks. Just thought I’d let you know.

Please review!

KB



# Chapter 11

## Chapter Summary

Hi guys sorry this is a little late but I was busy with things. Thanks to everyone who wished me good luck for my interview. Hopefully this chapter will make up for me being a little late.

Thanks to everyone who reviewed and/or liked this!

Someone mentioned about not giving a warning so for the record this chapter mentions sexual slavery/coercion and a tiny bit of bdsm.

Enjoy!

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

If there was one thing Severus loathed, it was having others treat him as though he were a girl. In his eyes being able to carry a child to term, the result of a curse gone awry by some silly wench, did not automatically make him female. For one thing he had a dick, something not too many girls could claim, barring of course that they themselves had fallen victim to a curse. For another he was not feminine. Aside from a slight curve to his hips, necessary to ensure he delivered a child safely, he was just like any other teenage boy. He dealt with wet dreams, acne, sprouting hair and embarrassing voice changes just as any other man would.

Just because he happened to have long hair it didn't mean he'd suddenly be talking about his feelings and getting all teary eyed. Hell most of the guys his age had long hair, it was the fashion. And besides, he looked pretty good with long hair, if he did so himself. He was also rather skinny, or depending on whom you asked they might describe him as slender. But then he was hardly the first. He had muscles, they may not have been big but they were there. He was stronger than many might give him credit for too. He was no delicate little flower in need of saving or pampering by a big strong man. He could take care of himself.

'But' Severus thought to himself, 'if he wants to do things for me then I might just let him'.

Severus watched as James prattled on about quidditch. Usually listening to guys rant on about their love of sport would get on his nerves. But quidditch was something they could both talk about. While it wasn't his passion, as it clearly was for James, he knew enough about it to keep the conversation moving. And besides, it was nice to see someone besides himself so passionate about anything really. The only real passion children their age seemed to have, and they were children no matter how much they protested it, was regarding each other. Or more notably they only possessed passion in getting into each other's pants, or knickers depending on their preference.

Severus smiled as James continued to ramble, the other boy's eyes bright with excitement as he gushed about his favourite team and their standing within the polls. Okay normally he'd find it boring, just because he played quidditch himself didn't mean he wanted to hear about it non-stop. But as many of you may know, there are different standards for cute people. As long as James was cute; with his glasses, handsome face and athletic body, most people would be willing to overlook

the character flaws. Such as his dislike of anything Slytherin and as mentioned before, his obsession with quidditch.

Normally Severus prided himself on being a little different; a little smarter than his peers, a little more desired, you know that sort of thing. But in this case he was willing to let himself fall under the category of being like everyone else. And by that I mean he was willing to admit he thought James was cute. That like everyone else, he couldn't help but be affected by the boy's charm and wit. Or as the locals would term it, he wouldn't kick him out of bed for talking. Provided of course they were actually shagging, and that it wasn't just James keeping him awake all night with countless gameplays and quidditch facts.

Now in a rare moment of clarity, James soon realised he'd been rambling on just a little too long. So with a sheepish grin he turned the conversation onto a topic they had both been avoiding. Namely the one regarding their little plot in getting Malfoy to back off one and for all.

"So do you think he'll have heard by now?" James asked, draining the last of his drink.

"Definitely. Lucius isn't the type to let things like this just pass him by. We'd better leave. If we stay much longer he might confront us and I'd rather wait until next time before that happens. You ready to go?" Severus asked, receiving a nod in return.

James flagged down the waitress and paid, before the two of them hastily made their way out of the café. James slipped his hand into Severus' before pulling him along to somewhere he was sure the other boy would like.

"Come on, follow me. You'll like this, I promise". James threw Severus a cheeky grin and a wink, making Severus fluster a little under the attention.

James led them down a number of streets, weaving through the crowds before the two of them finally arrived outside a small shop with a black door.

"After you". James held the door open for him, a testament to the manners that had been instilled in him as a child. And unbeknownst to Severus, it also allowed James to ogle his arse without fear of retribution. He was charming yes, but he was still a hormonal teenager. And if he could get away with staring at his boyfriend's arse, then you'd better believe he was going to look.

Inside Severus was forced to admit his suspicions were wrong. He'd been almost certain he'd be stepping into a quidditch store. Or failing that at the very least it would be a sweet shop. But no, much to his surprise it turned out to be a used book store. As opposed to Flourish and Blotts which sold new books consisting of everything from textbooks to wizarding fiction, this book store contained nothing new. Instead it held an assortment of old, used books. Perhaps not the most exciting to some, but these books comprised of some of the rarest and most valuable books that could be found within Europe. In short it was a bookworm's paradise and a gesture Severus appreciated immensely.

Severus turned to look at James who stood watching him nervously.

"Sirius said you liked books and stuff so I figured you might like this. If you don't like it we can go, I mean there's a few other places I wanted to show-" James was cut off by Severus' lips mashing against his. Severus had pulled him towards him, a hand clutching at his coat in order to bring him down towards his height.

Too surprised to do much of anything, it was all James could do to kiss back. Of course when it finally registered in his mind that his boyfriend was willingly kissing him, even when there were

no others around to observe, well let's just say he didn't need much convincing.

Sure enough it took several minutes of gasping, moaning and panting before the two finally separated. The two parted reluctantly, faces red, lips swollen and fighting to catch their breath.

"Thanks. I like it a lot". Severus finally said, smiling at the rather soppy look that passed over James' face. And why wouldn't he wear such a look? He'd not only taken his date somewhere he actually liked, something that had been worrying him most of the day, but he'd gotten a proper good snog out of it.

All in all James was very satisfied with how their date was progressing. Maybe if he kept this up he'd be getting more than just a snog. 'Well it never hurt to try' James thought to himself with a grin.

As Severus turned back around to explore the store it gave James the perfect opportunity to admire his arse. Particularly as the warmth of the store had forced the two of them to shed their coats. It meant James had an unobstructed view, something he made sure to take advantage of. And as there were no other customers nearby, James was free to fantasise for as long as he liked. Provided he didn't get caught looking that is.

Severus was in the middle of reading a particularly interesting potions text when he caught sight of James in the reflection. Or more specifically he caught sight of where the Gryffindor's gaze was fixated. With a wicked grin Severus shifted ever so slightly, just enough to give James the best view possible. Once he was in place Severus gave a "hmm" out loud. As though he'd spotted something. And much to James' delight, Severus suddenly bent over at the waist, legs straight, as he plucked a book from the very bottom shelf.

James actually had to stop himself from drooling, a most ungentlemanly behaviour to be sure. But he could hardly be blamed. The way the material clung and stretched over Severus' arse and highlighted it in the best way possible. It was certainly a drool worthy sight, that was for sure. For James it could only be trumped by the way the other teen was practically bent in half, seemingly without difficulty. Such flexibility wasn't something to scoff at and only seemed to further his interest in his boyfriend.

*His boyfriend.*

It was only then that it registered with James that he owned that arse. Even if it was in name only, other people would believe he was screwing that. It was a definite ego-boost. Not only had he landed a smart, sexy and interesting boyfriend, he had a face and arse that would keep everyone around them seething with jealousy.

It was at that moment James realised just how lucky he was. And he wasn't about to miss such an opportunity. Particularly one so easily displayed for him to look at and grope. That was the good thing about faking this relationship; Severus would have to accept his touching and leering in order to make it seem convincing. And that was a thought James was perfectly happy with.

Severus rose after a good long minute, satisfied that the other had been given enough time to admire the sight. Once upright he looked over at James, satisfied with the rather glazed look in his eyes, only letting out a smirk once he saw the rather obvious bulge in the front of his trousers. That was the thing about dating teenage boys; it was rather easy to tell if they had any real interest in him. Or interest in his bum at least. It made things so much easier in the long run.

"James?" Severus asked, having to repeat twice before the younger boy finally snapped out of his little daydream.

Although to be fair it was quite a nice daydream indeed. In which the two were out of school, married and he'd been in the middle of bugging his husband quite thoroughly indeed. The noticeable bulge of his husband's stomach only made it that much nicer. It meant Severus belonged to him and no one, especially not Malfoy could do anything about it. But of course it was just a daydream.

"Sorry. Just got lost in thought for a minute. So did you find anything you like?" James asked, a sheepish grin on his face.

Although there was ample opportunity to tease the younger boy, Severus decided to let it slide. Just this once. He had after all brought him to the antique book store, as opposed to the usual dating sites of Diagon Alley, such as the sweet shop or Fortescue's Ice Cream Parlour. They could usually be found swarming with teenagers in love, with their hands clasped as they gorged themselves on as many sweet treats as they could stomach. They were popular for a reason, and good for being seen by the masses. So for James to instead bring him here was something Severus appreciated.

Okay yes they were supposed to be making sure they were seen in public together. But it was Severus' first time in London that didn't involve a hospital stay. He wanted to explore, to see what it could offer them, without the pressure of running into Malfoy so soon. So it was understandable why he was so happy. James had brought him to a place that Severus could enjoy, a place where they'd be alone and away from the masses, at least for a little while. And Severus was grateful, he really was. Which was why he was willing to tease the other boy, just a little bit. Just enough to get him hot under the collar.

"Yeah. Found a book on magical creatures that looked interesting. I'm just gonna go buy it, wait here okay?" Severus smiled before heading to the register.

At the register, a man in his late forties with greying hair and cold eyes stared down at him. "Just this please". Severus handed over the book, drawing out a hefty pile of galleons. The transformation was almost instantaneous. The shopkeeper went from glaring at him with a sneer on his lips, to smiling at him with his crooked teeth.

"Yes, yes of course my boy. Perhaps I could also interest you in this little beauty, hmm?" The shopkeeper brought out a thin, leather bound book from under the counter. "I think you'll be mighty interested in this lad. This man was a great inventor, why he had hundreds of potions patented to his name". The shopkeeper smiled.

While Severus was sure it was supposed to be friendly, it did appear quite sinister.

"How do you know I like potions?" Severus asked suspiciously. He hadn't said such a thing since they arrived.

"You're Lord Prince's boy ain't ya? I was trying to put a name to your face, knew I recognised you. Me and Lord Prince have done a lot of business over the years. A great reader that man is and he knows a thing or two about good books. He mentioned you a couple of times. Said you like to read, must take after him. Now I can't just give this away for free, but since it's you, how 'bout I let you have this for just one galleon?"

"Only one? Surely it's worth more than that?" Severus asked, thankful the shopkeeper gave him a chance to flick through the pages. It certainly seemed legitimate, and the notes certainly sounded promising.

"Aye it is, but your grandfather helped me out a pickle he did. Had a customer wanting to sell a few books, right beauties they were too. They just don't make them like that anymore. Fortunately

for me your grandfather was in here doing his own bit of shopping. As it turned out the books were fakes, the man selling them had gotten himself involved in that Dark Lord business. Tried to trick me into buying them so he could use the money to help fund their cause. Of course your grandfather caught him. Alerted the Aurors and they carted him off. Saved me a pretty penny he did. Would have lost a fortune otherwise. So I reckon me doing this for you makes us a little more even". The man explained. His beady eyes raking over the boy's lithe frame.

While every word was true, it didn't necessarily mean the man was to be trusted. At least not around Severus. For this particular man had something of a weakness for the young and pretty. Something Severus, as much as he might protest, most definitely was. And even as James approached the two, having noticed the intention in the man's eyes, it did nothing to dissuade the man. If anything it only spurred his fantasies on further. After all, what lecherous old pervert wouldn't want a threesome with two strapping young lads? It was practically their ideal fantasy.

"Then I thank you. Here you are sir, one galleon". Severus handed over the money, stilling as the man's hand brushed against his for a touch longer than was normal.

"Thank ye kindly lad. Now you two run along. And be sure to watch yourselves, these streets aren't as safe as they once were". The man warned as the two scurried out.

"Is it just me or was he a right pervert?" James asked.

"He was. I saw him watching me while I was bending to see that book on the bottom shelf. Caught him staring at my arse, the creep. But he was kind enough to give me a discount. It looks like a good book". Severus responded, a smirk on his face as James paled just a little.

"Well it was a nice view, you can't blame him there. Uh, I mean...shit". James trailed off, unable to believe he'd just said that.

"It's okay. I liked it when you looked. You're allowed to. You are supposed to be my boyfriend after all". Severus chuckled as he pulled his coat back on, James doing the same.

"Really? Then maybe I should do it more often. Maybe do some other stuff as well? If you want to I mean" James smiled, a little worried about how Severus would react.

"I'd like that. Just maybe not in the middle of the street. Too many people to stare at us". Severus replied.

"But isn't that what we wanted?" James asked, he looked a little confused.

"Well yeah. But we don't need to show them everything we do together, do we? We can have some secrets". Severus said, daring to slide his hand into James'.

James looked down at their clasped hands with a smile. "Yeah we can" he grinned. "Come on, the sweet shop's next. You can't come to Diagon Alley without stuffing yourself with sweets. It's practically a ritual". James grinned, dragging the slightly older boy along with him.

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"Master Malfoy? You asked to be informed of any changes regarding the young Lord Prince". A snivelling weasel of a man poked his head into the room.

Lucius sat in a leather armchair by the fireplace. A glass of fine brandy rested in one hand while a cigar rested in the other. Settled between his legs was a young lad, fresh out of Hogwarts and eager to rise through the ranks of the Ministry. And as tradition dictated, at least amongst the purebloods,

the quickest way to do so was to give it everything you had. Mouth, hands, arse, you name it. The more you gave, the better your career would go. Provided of course you kissed up to the right people and didn't prove to be utterly incompetent at your job. If that were the case you'd get nowhere, no matter how much cock-sucking or ass-fucking you did.

But the lad servicing Lucius, well he would go quite far. Lucius knew that much. He had after all taught the boy everything he knew. From taking his virginity in his dorm room during the lad's fourth year, to introducing the lad to his future masters' following graduation. Yes the boy would do quite well for himself. Lucius was sure of it.

With one last thrust, Lucius emptied himself into the lad's pliant mouth. The teenager greedily swallowed the load before thanking him just like he'd been trained to. The teenager rose and left the room, semen still splashed across his cheeks for all to see. But such a thing was common to see within the halls of the elite. And with any luck it would land him with another master to service. He was just one orgasm away from being promoted, he was sure of it.

Lucius tucked himself away, only after making sure the snivelling man got a good look at just how endowed he was even while flaccid. It never hurt to rub it in their faces. He was rich, gorgeous and had a huge dick, what man wouldn't want to be him?

"What is it?" It was only the man's mentioning of Severus that prevented Lucius from kicking him out of the room. The familiar throb in his loins at hearing the name helped put him in a favourable mood.

"I've heard things my lord. People are saying he's found someone. They say he's gotten himself a boyfriend his own age from Hogwarts. There's been witnesses and everything. There are rumours going around about them kissing at the International Floo Network". The man finished, hands twitching nervously as he noticed the air seemingly crackle with magic.

"Where are they now?" Lucius was furious. No strike that he was enraged. No one took away what belonged to him. He'd been the boy's first for everything, like hell was he about to let some hormonal little brat take what was rightfully his. He was a Malfoy and Malfoys always got they wanted.

"Diagon Alley". The man said.

"Then I suppose we'd best go pay them a visit now. Hadn't we?" Lucius smiled. A cruel smile to be sure. A smile that promised pain.

'I think I've waited long enough. It's time my dear Severus submitted himself to me. It's time I claimed what is rightfully mine'. Lucius thought to himself.

As Lucius stalked from the room a vision flashed across his mind. In it a naked Severus sat at his feet, a collar around his neck inscribed with the Malfoy crest, connected to a chain held in his hand. The boy looked flushed, his hair matted with sweat and cum. Then the boy moved, his rounded belly swaying with every move as he settled between Lucius' legs. The boy bent forward, a pillow under his knees, before raising his arse to just the right position. A mirror stood in front of the two depicting every little act. The boy's arse was a mess of cum and lubricant, with just a tinge of red from when he'd clearly rammed into it too hard. The cheeks of his arse looked red and swollen, clearly the result of a good hard spanking. His thighs trembled as though anticipating what Lucius would do. With a breathy sigh the boy looked over his shoulder. His face a mix of love, obedience and a need so intense it left Lucius aching.

"Please?" His boy pleaded, arse clenching in eager anticipation. "Please master, take me". Severus

whined, keening as Lucius did just that.

Lucius blinked, having to adjust his crotch as he snapped out of his daydream. A slow smirk spread across his face as he recalled the pleading look of his obviously pregnant husband.

‘Not to worry. You’ll be getting it very soon. I have it right here, all for you little prince’. Lucius grasped at his crotch, letting a soft hiss escape his lips before stalking out of the building.

It was time he made his claim, before any idiotic children got in his way. And like it or not Severus would soon be writhing beneath him; legs spread, mouth wide and ready to bear his child. Lucius would make sure of it.

After all, Malfoy’s always got what they wanted.

## Chapter End Notes

I feel a little bad about ending it here but this just seemed like such a good place to stop. I will be going back to the Minerva thing next chapter, so don’t worry I haven’t forgotten.

Hope you liked it and as always please review!

KB

# Chapter 12

## Chapter Notes

Hi guys, I hope you like this chapter. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Severus watched in some sort of sick fascination as a lad around their age, as wide as he was tall, attempted to swallow a chocolate dragon whole. Well he had to commend him for his efforts; it truly was a sight to see. Or at least it was until the poor boy started choking. From there it only turned into a right spectacle, especially when James, in an attempt to impress his date, decided to punch the lad in the stomach. On the upside the boy didn't die, thanks to the interference of someone who actually knew what he was doing. On the downside they had to leave the store in quite a hurry. So he didn't get to sample those strawberry creams he'd been eying. And he'd been looking forward to those too.

Severus sighed; it was a quiet sigh to be sure, but a sigh nonetheless. Enough of a sigh for James to notice and take out something from his coat pocket.

"Here you go." James offered him a small pouch, and of course inside were the strawberry creams he'd been eying. Of course. Because James just had to be that charming and sincere.

"How did you-?" Severus asked only to be cut off.

"It wasn't hard to figure out. You kept looking at them. I figured you probably wanted to at least try them. So I got you some. You know before that idiot went and made a scene". James grinned.

"Was that before or after you helped him?" Severus couldn't help but ask. James' embarrassed chuckle told him everything he needed to know.

"Well that's not important. So where do you want to go next?" James asked.

"How about the quidditch shop? I'm sure by now you must be dying to see it". Severus replied, smiling as James' face lit up like a child during yule.

"Are you sure? I mean this is supposed to be about you. I could always go some other time. But you're only in London for today". James forced himself to at least try and remain calm. While quidditch was and always would be his first love, this day was supposed to be about impressing Severus. Although he couldn't deny the appeal of taking his boyfriend to one of his favourite places in London.

"I'm sure. I'd actually quite like to see it. If you don't mind that is". Severus smiled shyly.

It was only a little white lie, truthfully he didn't very much care to see it but he could tell James was desperate to show him it. And besides, if they wanted this relationship to work then he'd have to at least act interested in his boyfriend's hobbies. When they were in public that is. Since this was supposed to be some devious plot to get Malfoy to leave him alone. It was something Severus had to keep reminding himself. It was a little too easy to get lost in James' smile and let himself be swept away by his charm. He really needed to work on that.



“Great! Come on it’s this way. You’re gonna love it; it has everything quidditch related and plus they just released this new broom which is supposed to be wicked fast. I can’t wait to see it!” James exclaimed, obviously excited as he only just managed to stop himself from dragging poor Severus all the way there.

Severus merely smiled at the Gryffindor’s enthusiasm. It was nice to see him so relaxed and carefree. It was refreshing. He followed James through the streets once again before the two found themselves outside Quality Quidditch Supplies. James barely spared a second, making sure he was in fact in the right place and that it was Severus holding his hand and not some nameless lad or lass, before barging his way inside.

“Alright sir?” James called out to the middle aged man behind the counter.

“Ah, Mr Potter. I was starting to get worried. I haven’t seen you since last week. I was starting to wonder if something had happened to you”. The man chuckled. James couldn’t stop his cheeks from turning red in response.

He wasn’t that obsessed. Was he? James just shook his head of the thought. There was nothing wrong with liking quidditch. And besides, he didn’t only like quidditch. He quite liked Severus and that was perfectly alright.

“Yeah, yeah old man. Oh, this is Severus Prince. He’s visiting from France. He’s my boyfriend”. James said, adding the last part as though in afterthought. Although it was really more to do with how interested the man became after learning of his family name. Better to stake his claim now, lest he get any ideas.

“Well it’s very nice to meet you lad. You play quidditch?” The man asked, friendly as can be.

“I’m on my house team as seeker, sir”. Severus replied.

“I see. Yes I thought you looked like a seeker. Light on your feet and quite wiry. Yes I’d say that suits you well. Well why don’t you boys look around, we just got in the new Cleansweep, fastest on the market. At least for now.” The man chuckled.

It was a claim made every time a new broom was released. And sure enough about six months later, that claim would be transferred to the next broom in line. Of course the man wasn’t one to complain. He made a living getting children, pureblood children in particular, to buy his wares. Of course traditionally the pureblood families had the most money to spend, and usually thought nothing of buying a new broom every six months to help their little darlings win. Provided of course the reviews for it were favourable. Sometimes a new broom claimed to be the fastest but it was nothing of the sort. Any true quidditch fan knew to wait for its reviews before buying.

“Wicked! We’ll go check it out right now. Come on Sev! Uh, I mean Severus, sorry.” James grinned sheepishly. He’d forgotten just how much he hated that nickname.

“If you want you can call me Sev. Just as long as you don’t let Sirius hear you. Otherwise I’d never hear the end of it”. Severus sighed. He was acting more lenient than he normally would, but the way James looked at him made him feel things he wasn’t used to feeling. He liked those feelings, quite a bit actually.

“You sure?” James didn’t give Severus much of a chance to respond before kissing him on the cheek. They were still in public; it wouldn’t do to have a proper snog when the store was quite crowded with excited Hogwarts students. “You’re the best!” James whispered in his ear, smirking as Severus flushed a delicious shade of red. It made him wonder just how far down that flush

spread and when exactly he'd get to see it.

The two, after some difficulty in getting past a group of first years, finally arrived at the broom. James then spent the next ten minutes ogling it and drooling over its finish. Severus couldn't help but chuckle quietly at the sight. Though that chuckle soon turned to an embarrassing yelp, when he felt someone's hand pinching his rear. Severus whirled around in anger, it couldn't have been James his hands were busy caressing the broom handle, and wasn't that a lovely mental image. No, instead Severus turned only to meet the mischievous grin of Sirius Black.

"Of course". He said blankly, before cuffing him over the head in retaliation.

"Ow, hey!" Sirius squawked, falling silent only as he recognised the rather sinister look in Severus' eyes. Let's just say Severus had him well trained. Negative reinforcement and the like.

"Siri? What are you doing here?" James asked, having finally dragged himself from the broom.

"Came to see the new Cleansweep. Didn't realise you guys would be here. I figured you'd be in some bookstore or something". Sirius replied, rubbing his head gingerly.

"Nah, we went there already. And we got sweets, before some idiot went and almost choked himself by trying to swallow a chocolate dragon whole". James said.

"Let's not forget how you tried to help him by punching him in the stomach". Severus added with a smirk. Sirius laughed out right, drowning out James' spluttering as he fought to defend his actions.

"He was choking and you punched him? Merlin that's hilarious. Better get practicing Severus. Who knows what he'll do if you go down on him and he chokes you with his dick. Ha, can you imagine?" Sirius chortled, only stopping as he realised he was the only one laughing.

Nearby the group of first years had all scurried off, their parents dragging them out with furious looks on their faces. Though they were nothing compared to the twin looks of fury on Severus and James' faces. Sirius abruptly shut his mouth when he saw their faces. Letting out a nervous chuckle as he made to back away from them. The two advanced on him, their eyes promising pain, before Sirius heard the sweetest sound he ever would here.

"Oh hi James. Hello Severus. I didn't know you two were here". Remus approached them with a smile.

Sirius could have kissed him right then and there. Thank Merlin for Remus. Sweet, clueless little Remus. He might very well have just saved his life.

"Hello Remus. How was your christmas?" Severus asked politely. He was pissed at Sirius sure, but he quite liked Remus. And the poor lad shared a room with Sirius at Hogwarts. Severus didn't want him to suffer any more than he already did with having to put up with Sirius all day and night.

"It was rather nice. I got a few good books I've wanted to read. And you?" Remus asked, genuinely interested in his answer.

"It was good. Grandfather gave me a book about all these lost spells and potions that aren't supposed to work. He thinks if I can get one of them do work properly then I'll make a fortune. Why don't you come over during the holidays? I'd quite like to get your opinion on some of them". Severus smiled. Remus returned it with a shy smile of his own. It sounded like something he'd be very interested in indeed.

"Sure. That's sounds fun, I'd like that a lot". Remus replied.

The two turned their attention back to the other two, who were looking at them as though they'd lost their minds.

"What?" They asked together.

"You're talking about reading and doing work. For fun. We're in the quidditch shop and you're talking about books. What's wrong with you two?" Sirius asked in disbelief. James nodding along at his side, his anger apparently forgotten.

"Since I'm in a good mood I'll give you time to think about what you just asked us. I'll also give you time to think about the last thing you said to me". Severus said, pausing for a good long minute. "Now, you were saying?" He asked, his voice sickly sweet though his eyes held pure malice.

"Uh, heh heh. I wasn't saying anything, nope nothing at all. Hey who's up for a butterbeer? My treat, what do you say?" Sirius offered, although if one looked closely they'd see the faint sheen of sweat forming on his brow.

"Good boy". Severus patted him on the head before making his way out the door. He paused briefly, looking over his shoulder. "Are you coming?" he asked, directing his question towards James who was once again busy staring at his arse. "James?" he repeated himself. Sometimes it took a while for the lad's brain to kick in. The one not in his trousers that is.

"Uh, yeah. Yeah I'm coming". James only just bit back a moan at the imagery that little sentence caused.

Sirius chuckled. It was rather obvious to him what had caused his best mate to still like that. And he wasn't above teasing him about it. Although he'd probably wait until a bit later to do so, or at least until Severus wasn't around. That boy might have seemed harmless, at least according to those pureblood mothers looking for a match with their sons, but he could be bloody terrifying when he wanted to be.

Severus waited at the door for them to catch up. It was after all his first time in Diagon Alley; he didn't know where they'd go for a butterbeer. Unless it was the pub they'd passed through in order to get into the alley that is. But even then he wasn't sure he could find his way back.

"Right, let's go. It's this way Severus". James barged past Sirius in order to claim Severus' arm for himself. He then proceeded to drag the two of them to the pub, leaving Sirius and Remus to trail behind.

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Lucius watched them walk away. The Potter heir dragging his Severus to the local pub.

'How plebeian' he thought to himself.

He didn't want those boys around what he considered his. Particularly once he saw that bedraggled young man walking with them. The brunette one with the amber eyes. If he'd bothered to clean himself up a bit he might look alright, but right now he just looked like a mess. With his misshapen jumper and scarred hands, the boy wasn't fit to be seen in polite society.

He forced himself to wait though. The houses of Potter and Black were certainly powerful within their own right. They had strong allies and vast funds on their sides. It made Lucius smile. His little Prince was clever, there was no denying that. He'd managed to ally himself with two powerful families indeed. It would make getting him difficult, but by no means impossible.

“Soon little Prince” he murmured. He needed to wait until the crowds lessened. Getting past the boys would be no problem. They weren’t permitted to use magic outside of school. But the number of witches and wizards around them made him wary to reveal himself just yet.

He would wait until the time was right. Then he would strike. That was his plan.

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“Cheers” the four boys cried. They tapped their glasses together, letting the foam slosh over the sides, before taking a drink.

“So how’d you like London so far?” Sirius asked.

“It’s been alright. I found a couple of books I’m looking forward to reading. And James got me some strawberry creams so I’m happy”. Severus smiled.

Sirius merely rolled his eyes. “Books? You never change. Always about books with you. You’re almost as bad as Remus”. Sirius complained. Quieting once he recognised that fiendish gleam in his eye. “Uh, never mind” he muttered, taking another sip.

“So are you going back home after this? Or will you be staying longer?” Remus asked curiously.

“Well I need to get back to the network by six. Wait what time is it now?” Severus asked.

“Uh, just gone four”. James answered, fumbling with his watch.

“Then I have another two hours before I have to leave”. Severus mused aloud. He grabbed his drink and took another sip. He definitely planned on ordering another one before he left.

“Misters Black, Lupin and Potter. I wasn’t expecting to run into you boys here. I’d of thought you’d be off gallivanting about and creating mischief. You do seem rather good at it”. The familiar voice of Minerva McGonagall caught their attention.

“Professor!” James startled, having not noticed the woman standing directly behind him.

The woman merely smiled thinly, far too used to his antics by now. She stopped however as she noticed another boy sat amongst them. Someone she could have sworn she’d seen before.

“Severus?” She asked, a little disbelieved.

“Hello Minnie” he responded shyly. He hadn’t seen her for a number of years now, so he felt justified in responding in such a way.

“It is you. By my stars, I can honestly say you’re the last person I ever expected to see here. Just look at you. Why you’re all grown up. Such a handsome young man you’ve become as well”. She said with a fond look on her face.

Minerva leaned down to give him a hug, to which he responded quite enthusiastically, although he did seem a little embarrassed. Severus looked down at his glass in embarrassment once he was released. Although he couldn’t quite hide the grin that spread on his face.

“We’ve actually got a surprise for you Professor”. James grinned, lifting his arm and wrapping it around Severus’ shoulders.

“Oh?” She asked, although she had a pretty good idea what the surprise was.

“We’re going out. Severus is my boyfriend”. James grinned, clearly chuffed with himself.

“You poor thing”. Minerva murmured looking directly at Severus. She froze as she realised what she’d just said.

Remus struggled to keep his laughter quiet while James looked stricken as the professor’s words sunk in. Sirius appeared to be a mix of the two. Part of him was insulted on his friend’s behalf; the other part was struggling not to laugh.

“That’s not fair Professor! I’m a great boyfriend!” James exclaimed. He truly was offended by the insinuation that he was a bad boyfriend.

“Really?” She was sceptical. James Potter wasn’t exactly the most responsible young man. Although he might very well be one of the most creative, at least when it came to pranks.

“It’s true. He’s being very attentive to me. Today’s our first real date but he’s acted like a perfect gentleman”. Severus confirmed.

James grinned at that. He gave the smaller boy a squeeze, chuffed that he was defending his honour so to speak. For some guys they might have felt emasculated by having their honour defended as such. But for James, he merely saw it as proof Severus did have feelings for him. And that really made him happy.

“Well I suppose you’d know better than I. Just promise me you’ll be careful. Your grandfather did the charm I assume?” Minerva asked with a touch of reproach in her voice.

“Yes ma’am”. Severus replied. He was not about to elaborate in front of the others. He knew they’d be teasing him for weeks otherwise. Or at least Sirius would. James on the other hand would probably see it as an invitation. And that wasn’t going to happen. Not yet anyway.

Try as he might, Severus found it increasingly difficult to remind himself that this wasn’t a real relationship. That it was just a plot to get back at Malfoy.

‘Although’ Severus thought to himself, ‘I wouldn’t mind if it was real. I think I’d quite like it actually’.

“Very well. Give my regards to your grandfather and boys I’ll see you back at Hogwarts. Take care dear and try to keep out of trouble lads”. With that and a parting wave Minerva left them to their own devices.

“How do you know Professor McGonagall?” Remus asked. ‘Didn’t Severus attend school at Beauxbatons?’ Remus thought to himself.

“She was part of the team that rescued me from my father’s home when I was five. Let’s see, it was her, a mediwitch named Poppy Pomfrey and an auror. I think his name was Kingsley Shacklebolt”. Severus replied.

“Wait, Poppy Pomfrey. You mean Madame Pomfrey? The mediwitch at Hogwarts? That Madame Pomfrey?” James asked in disbelief. While Severus had mentioned knowing Professor McGonagall, he hadn’t said anything about knowing the school’s mediwitch as well.

“She’s at Hogwarts? I thought she still worked at St Mungo’s”. Severus said in surprise.

“No. I didn’t even know she’d worked at St Mungo’s. I thought she’d started working at Hogwarts, you know like she learned from the previous matron. Although I suppose you had to learn about

healing from somewhere. It'd make more sense if she had learned while in a proper hospital. Not just a school". James mused.

"Guess you learn something new every day then. Anyone want another drink?" Sirius asked. It wasn't like he couldn't afford them; his family was one of the richest in Britain. And if it kept Severus from seeking revenge on him, then Sirius would continue to pile him with drinks until he burst.

"I will. Anyone want to share some chips with me?" Remus asked, pulling out his galleons to see how much money he had to spare.

"I will". Severus answered, closely followed by James who was determined not to be outdone. If he had anything to say about it, Severus would be sharing chips with him and not Remus.

"Yeah I will. Nothing like a good bowl of chips. Can't get any more English than that". Sirius grinned before flagging down a waitress.

"Can we get another round of butterbeer and two bowls of chips?" Sirius asked, charming grin plastered on his face.

"Please". Severus and Remus added together. They looked at each other in a mix of surprise and amusement.

"Of course. Anything else dearies?" The woman asked. They shook their heads in response.

"Alright then, I'll be back shortly with your order" she said before leaving.

"Thank you". Severus and Remus chimed together once more.

"Okay you two need to stop doing that. It's creeping me out". Sirius stated, frowning at them. The two merely rolled their eyes at him.

"It's not our fault we have manners and actually use them". Surprisingly it was Remus who spoke up first. Severus nodded along with him.

James, feeling somewhat neglected, took advantage of how Severus' attention was diverted. He moved his arm from around his shoulders, letting his hand drop into the other boy's lap *accidentally*. The almost inaudible squeak Severus gave only served to spur him on. He gently traced random patterns on the older boy's thighs, just on their tops at first but as the boy relaxed he was given access to his inner thighs.

It was surprising at just how relaxed Severus found himself around James. He was quite sure that the other boy was as interested in shagging him as Lucius was. And yet Severus found he didn't mind nearly as much. Perhaps it was because of how well James had treated him during his visit. Taking him places he thought he'd like, noticing things he wanted and buying him little treats. It made him feel special.

Had Lucius been one to guide him around London, Severus was quite sure things would be different. Lucius would have likely showed him off to colleagues and friends they *just happened* to run into. The day would have been spent going to places Lucius thought he should see, as opposed to places he might actually want to see. Places they'd be seen.

But with James, Severus didn't feel that pressure to be seen. Which was rather odd as that was what they'd been aiming for. But it was nice. It was refreshing and to Severus, it felt like a real date. Like it wasn't pretend. Perhaps that's why he enjoyed it so much. Of course little did Severus know, to James, it was real. It was all real to him.

The group spent the next hour and a half just chatting, drinking and eating chips. Until their eyes drooped and their bellies bulged from eating so much. It was then they decided to leave, deciding as one to escort Severus back to the International Floo Network. Along the way they chatted mindlessly, making promises of meeting up for their next holidays. As Sirius and James got into yet another argument, Severus and Remus discussed when they could meet to discuss the book he'd mentioned earlier in more detail. It was as the group took a shortcut, along one of the lesser used streets, that Lucius finally made his presence known.

"Hello little Prince. Nice night for a stroll, wouldn't you say?" Lucius asked, his eyes cold and his smile false.

Severus stopped in his tracks, James' hand squeezing his in support.

"Hello Lucius. It is a nice night. I wasn't expecting to see you though". Severus responded carefully. There was something about the man that frightened him. As he looked closer he realised something. There was a darkness in his eyes that hadn't been there before. And as Severus recalled what the man at the bookstore had mentioned, he had a worrying feeling that he might know the cause.

"Lucius?" Severus asked calmly, although inside he was shaking.

"Yes dear Severus?" Lucius purred, the other three boys moving closer to Severus in an effort to shield him.

"Who is the Dark Lord?" It was at these words that Lucius smiled cruelly.

"The Dark Lord? Why he is my new master. And he'll soon be yours little one. Don't you worry your pretty little head". Lucius chuckled. A dark, sinister sound that seemed to echo throughout the alley.

It was then the boys realised how alone they were. The lights were dimmed, there was no one around and they could not use their wands for fear of expulsion. It was at that point they all came to the same thought. Just one word they shared in their minds.

'Bugger'. They all thought.

## Chapter End Notes

Well I got this out a lot quicker than normal so I hope you guys liked it. I'm hoping to get the next chapter out within the next two weeks, although I will be updating my other fic first.

Let me know what you think, and thanks to everyone who reviewed!

KB

## Chapter 13

### Chapter Notes

Okay a few things. Sorry I haven't update in about a month but there are three reasons why. First I recently got a full-time job, second I was on holiday abroad for a week and third I had my other fic to update. And as a bonus reason my internet has been going off every half hour or so, which is so bloody annoying.

Anyway I hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Lucius please don't do this" Severus pleaded. He wasn't ashamed to admit he was scared. Nor was he ashamed to realise he might very well be fighting for his life.

"Hush now little prince. You know I won't hurt you. Well not unless you asked me to". Lucius chuckled. A dark, sinister laugh that only made the boys grow more anxious.

"Don't touch him you slimy snake!" Sirius spat, James right at his heels. The two moved so that they stood between Severus and Lucius.

Lucius merely smirked at them. "And who are you to tell me what I can and can't do, hmm?" He asked, slowly walking towards them.

"Since he's my boyfriend, I think I have a damn good reason for telling you to back off!" James glared, his voice rising in volume.

It was those words that proved to be Lucius' undoing. Lucius was a man used to getting what he wanted, whenever he wanted it. And he didn't cope well when faced with the idea that he was being denied what he wanted.

"He is mine! He's always been mine you stupid boy! And you think you can just come and take him from me? You ignorant, naïve little child. You think you deserve him? You could never be worthy of him!" Lucius spat.

"And you think you are? You force yourself on him, you terrify him and you think that'll make him want to be with you? You're insane! You act like you only want him because he'll have your kids. Did you even ask him if he wants kids? He's not just a toy for you to fuck and knock up, he deserves better!" James yelled back. His whole body was tense and his hands trembled from a mix of anger and slight fear.

"He deserves better? Is that so? Tel me do you think you're better for him? I've known Severus since he was five; you've barely known him a few weeks. We have history; I've been his first for just about everything and soon enough I'll be taking the last of his firsts. Yes I expect him to carry my child; he was born to do so. Severus knows this and has come to accept it, haven't you little prince?" Lucius directed the question at Severus.

Severus, although he loathed to do so, reluctantly nodded in response. "Yes" he replied.

"There you see, he knows his place. He has responsibilities, he is a Prince and as a Prince he is



expected to produce heirs. And who better than with someone he's known for years? Someone rich, handsome and who will protect him. Someone who will keep him safe". Lucius added.

"You're lying. Why do you lie to me Lucius? Why now?" Severus interrupted, glaring at the man as he pushed past the boys who tried to keep him back.

"Excuse me?" Lucius didn't like this sudden defiance Severus showed. He liked his partners to submit, to do as they were told. It seemed he had some more work to do, to get Severus to act accordingly.

"Going senile? You come in here claiming you're gonna take Sev away from us. You say all this shit about the Dark Lord and how he's your new master. You say he's gonna be Sev's new master like he doesn't have a choice. Well he does have a bloody choice! And as far as I'm concerned, the only way you'll get your slimy hands on him is over my dead body!" Sirius barked, coming up to stand next to Severus.

"Oh that can be arranged, mark my words boy!" Lucius hissed, taking a menacing step towards the boys.

"Wait...if the Dark Lord is your master, then doesn't that make you a Death Eater?" Remus spoke up; he seemed to be the only one to stay calm.

Lucius merely chuckled, a deep throaty sound that instantly put the boys on edge. "Very smart. Perhaps there's hope for you yet" he murmured.

"Then that means-" Sirius lunged forward, ripping away part of the man's sleeve. And true enough, there on his wrist as the mark of the Dark Lord. "I knew it" Sirius murmured. James pulled him back just in time, as Lucius lunged for where the boy had been stood seconds before.

"You really are a slimy snake. I always knew Slytherins were evil, you're living proof!" Sirius spat.

Only a second passed before Sirius was forced to leap to the side. A bright green light shooting past him, the implications of which terrified him. For this was no mere tiff, no mere argument between Slytherin and Gryffindor. This was no schoolboy fight, no. This was real. Lucius was armed, dangerous and judging by the spell he'd just cast, actually willing to kill them in order to get to Severus. And it was a thought that truly terrified Sirius.

Severus stood in disbelief. Yes Lucius had been treating him rather terribly as of late, yes he'd become almost unbearable in how possessive he'd become of him. But this, this wasn't the Lucius he knew.

The other boys weren't much better. Aside from Sirius' instinct to move and not end up dead, none of them had moved since the spell was cast.

'What have they done to you?' Severus thought to himself, crying out as Lucius cast *that* spell.

It wasn't his Lucius, it couldn't be. Severus just didn't want to believe it. Like Lucius said, he'd known him since childhood. Yes the man was oddly obsessed with impregnating him, but it didn't necessarily make him a bad person. But this however, this did.

Severus had always known Lucius would be there to protect him. The man was too possessive to let anyone else touch what he deemed as his. But this was taking things way too far. Lucius had always been there ready to fight for him, but as Severus was now learning, Lucius was ready to kill for him.

Now some people, usually the mentally deranged or the utterly oblivious teenage girls, might consider such an act romantic. Severus on the other hand understood it for its ugly truth. Lucius wasn't how he remembered him. Whatever it was that had happened to him since they last saw one another, the man had changed and not for the better. Severus was quite sure the mark on his arm was the reason why and he could barely bring himself to look at it.

"Stupefy!" Severus was startled from his thoughts by a familiar voice. He turned to see a rather harried Professor McGonagall running towards them, two aurors in tow.

"What?" Severus murmured almost inaudibly. It just didn't seem real.

Lucius crashed to the ground, the sound almost deafening in the quiet of the alley. The boys gaped disbelievingly, as the three adults finally reached them.

"You just-" It was quite possibly the only time James was ever lost for words. But it didn't take long for his brain to kick in and seconds later he was at Severus' side wrapping his arms around the terrified boy.

"How did you know where we were?" Sirius demanded. He wasn't quite sure to be outraged or relieved. The implication that they'd been followed didn't sit well with him, but he couldn't deny that had they not he might have very well ended up dead. And that was a thought that truly terrified him.

"Thank Merlin you boys are all right. There'll be time for questions later Mr Black. I think the best thing to do right now though is to get Severus home, don't you?" It was a truth Sirius could not deny.

"All right then. C'mon Sev, we'd better get you to the floo before it closes. You gonna be okay to travel?" Sirius walked over to the two embracing boys.

Severus pulled away from James. Not necessarily calmer, but he had stopped trembling so it was an improvement at least. "Yeah" he replied softly, although he refused to let go of James completely. "And don't call me Sev" he added after a brief pause.

Sirius grinned, though it wasn't big nor bright. "Sure Severus".

While the boys conversed, the two aurors accompanying McGonagall set to work immobilising Lucius. They quickly divested him of his wand, speaking in hushed tones as they pointed at the mark on his wrist. Minutes later it appeared they were satisfied enough to move him, levitating him behind them as they returned to the Ministry, only stopping to briefly chat with Minerva as they left. The woman nodded, waving them off as she turned to the boys who seemed to have calmed somewhat.

"I believe given what's happened it would be best for everyone, if I were to escort you boys home. Come on". She told them, waiting for them to ready themselves before leading them out of the alley.

The way home was quite a solemn affair for all involved. The boys would only speak in hushed whispers, James' arm firmly around Severus' waist as though he was afraid of what would happen if he were to remove it. Remus and Sirius observed the two with smiles, tight and small as they were. It was clear to them that the two belonged together. It was also clear to them how stupid they'd all been in thinking they could carry out this plan. Sirius in particular seemed to be the most affected. He still couldn't suppress the odd tremble, only managing to stop it when Remus took his hand in a silent show of support.

Most would believe Severus to be the most affected; the man he'd known since childhood had betrayed his truth, attempted to kill his friend and force him into a life that would have been for all intent and purposes, slavery. But they'd be wrong. Oh sure it was a tremendous shock. Not one of them had considered just how badly the confrontation could have gone. Severus had underestimated the extent to which Lucius would go in order to claim him as his. It had indeed very nearly ended in tragedy. But it wasn't Severus who still trembled; it wasn't Severus whose eyes still shone with fear at the realisation of his own mortality. It was Sirius. And while Sirius wasn't known for being serious, in this situation it was all he could be.

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"I'll write to you, all of you". Severus offered, though he was still rather subdued.

The four boys were stood in the waiting room, waiting to say their goodbyes. James it seemed was taking it the hardest, only having just been convinced to let Severus out of his arms. As sappy as it sounded he missed him already and he hadn't even left yet. Although perhaps given the circumstances, his behaviour could be forgiven. It wasn't every day a first date led to an assassination attempt after all.

"I'll write every week and I'll see you next holidays yeah?" Sirius gave the boy a crushing hug, paying no mind to anyone around them. Or indeed any mind as to how little oxygen Severus was receiving.

"I'll write too. I'll let you know what these two get up to that they don't want to tell you about". Remus offered in turn. For that he received a smile and crushing hug of his own.

"I'll send you that book I mentioned. We can meet up during the holidays and go over it if you want". Severus offered, pulling back. He hadn't had much of a chance to speak with Remus, but he'd of liked to. The other boy was a lot like him and if he understood the way he looked at Sirius, he was more like him than the other boy realised.

"Definitely" Remus said with a smile.

"Uh would you mind, I mean could you guys give us a minute? You know alone?" James asked.

"Sure, yeah. C'mon Remus". Sirius dragged Remus away off to the side with Professor McGonagall.

James once again wrapped his arms around Severus' waist, drawing him close and whispering in his ear. "So" James started, "you okay?" he asked nervously.

"Still a little scared and pretty confused right now. I kind of figured I would be on my first date, but this wasn't quite what I expected". Severus admitted; it wasn't something he was used to doing. At least not with boys he barely knew.

"Heh, it's not quite what I expected either. But uh, this morning was that it okay?" James asked, he pulled back a little to look into his eyes.

Severus blushed, much to his embarrassment, but he couldn't help but smile. "Yeah, it was okay".

"Just okay or-" James found himself unable to talk as Severus pressed his mouth against his.

Needless to say it was a good two minutes before either of them spoke again. Fear can do a lot to a person, especially when it involves someone you love. And for these two boys, they chose to express that fear in a slightly unconventional way. But hey, they were teenagers after all. Most

times they didn't even need a reason to have a good snogging, it just so happened that in this case, they had a very good reason indeed.

"Wow. Uh, I mean..." James stuttered as they pulled apart.

"Maybe next time you can come to France? That is, if you're still interested I mean?" Severus smiled shyly. "I mean I know we said we were doing this to get back at, well you know. But that didn't exactly turn out like we planned. So I-" It seemed James had taken a leaf out of Severus' book, for Severus found his mouth suddenly occupied. And the hand on the back of his head seemed quite determined to keep him there, not that he could complain.

"Definitely. Now let me do this right. Severus Prince, will you be my boyfriend? For real this time". James asked, letting him go only when he was satisfied he was suitably snogged and dazed.

"Yeah". Severus breathed, still a little breathless. "I will" he added, as though it need confirmation.

"Good" James grinned, before diving back in again for one last snog.

"Oy lovebirds! Hurry up or Severus is gonna be stuck here until tomorrow!" Sirius yelled. The sudden squawk coming from his direction suggested Remus had cuffed him.

James grinned a little embarrassedly, "I'll write you". With one last smile James finally Severus go, his face flushed and lips swollen, just how James liked it.

"Bye". Severus said before turning to say the same to the others.

With goodbyes done, Severus paused momentarily before approaching Minerva. He didn't have time to wait for permission, before the woman wrapped her arms around him tightly. "Don't you be getting into trouble young man. Your grandfather has been informed of this incident and I want you to promise me you'll never do something so foolish again". Minerva told him, keeping as straight a face as she could until she found herself letting out a sob.

"I will. Thank you" Severus smiled back. His eyes suspiciously damp.

"And don't you be giving into Mr Potter that easily young man. You make him work for you love, understand?" It was rather funny how quickly Severus' face turned red. It was even funnier to see how James' face matched, the boy obviously failing to hide the fact he'd been eavesdropping on them.

"He kind of already has". Severus replied, once he got himself under control. There was however, Minerva noted, a rather impish gleam in his eyes as he spoke.

"You boys will be the death of me. Now go on, hurry up now, it's time you were headed home". Minerva ushered Severus up to the floo and with one last look back at them, he stepped through.

Minerva watched, waiting for Severus to depart before she turned to the other boys. "Now I'm afraid I need you boys to come with me" she said quite solemnly.

The boys exchanged nervous looks, although none of them seemed all that surprised. And why would they be? They knew what had happened was serious and they knew that what they knew could very well ensure it would not happen again.

"Why did you send Severus away if you knew you'd be taking us to the Ministry professor?" Remus asked, breaking the rather tense silence that had formed as the group headed towards the Ministry.

“He’s been through enough today I think. He will of course be questioned about today’s events, but his grandfather insisted he be returned home first. And I can’t say I blame him. Your parents are already waiting for us”. She informed them, drawing startled looks in response.

“Our parents? You mean they know what happened?” Sirius asked, he was not looking forward to whatever was about to happen. His mother was quite insufferable at the best of times. This might very well tip her over the edge.

“They were informed as soon as I alerted the proper authorities. I’m afraid I had to send for help before I could reach you boys. I did not trust Mr Malfoy to be left alone while I made sure you were all alright. And I know I haven’t said it yet but I simply must. Thank you for keeping him safe from that man. You were very brave, all of you, especially you Mr Black”. Minerva said rather curtly. But the boys had known her long enough that it was just her way of showing affection. To her students at least.

“You’re welcome” Sirius responded, sounding a little dazed. He was too used to hearing nothing but criticism and fond exasperation coming from his head of house. Hearing actual praise made him question his own mental state. ‘Did I hit my head’ he thought to himself.

It didn’t take long before the group found themselves entering the Ministry. Even during the evening the place was bustling. Harried assistants ran around, parchment in their hands and quills in their teeth. Important looking men and women strode about with purpose, each with the same serious and distasteful expression on their face. Aurors appeared to be just about everywhere, some guarding the doors, others clustered in small groups as they walked through the halls. Of course very few actually gave the boys more than a passing glance. It took a few minutes of walking before the boys were finally led into one of the rooms.

“Mum! Dad!” The next minute or so was filled with frantic parents smothering the boys with hugs and kisses. Yes even Mr and Mrs Black. Hearing that someone almost killed their son overtook their need to maintain propriety.

“It was Malfoy mum! I told you he’d gone mad, he tried to kill us!” Sirius exclaimed the moment he had enough room to speak.

“What?” Walburga seemed rather dazed at that. The Malfoys were known for being rather good friends with the Black family. At least to the extent that a Slytherin could call someone a friend.

“I’m going to kill him”. Was his father’s blunt statement. Strange that. Sirius always thought his mother would be the one to case an unforgiveable.

“Let’s not get too hasty Lord Black. I understand these boys have experienced a frightening event but threatening to kill the man will do nothing”. An auror entered the room, judging by his calm features and high class robes it seemed he was quite a respectable one at that.

“We are in agreement. Threats are meaningless, I will kill that bastard with my bare hands if I must. That is no mere threat, it is a promise”. Sirius looked up at his father, the man’s fingers tightening on his shoulder. Never before had he seen the man so furious. Not even when he’d been sorted into Gryffindor.

“How could this happen?” Remus’ mother, a small and shy looking woman asked nervously. Her hands clasped around her son’s. His father stood behind them, mimicking Sirius’ father’s stance.

“We had heard rumours of this Dark Lord. It seems he has been recruiting followers for some time now. I am afraid the evidence suggests young Mr Malfoy has become one of them. We know this

because of the mark they all bear, their master's mark. It is to put it simply, a curse. It curses the bearer to do its master's bidding. But I am afraid we cannot be sure if what happened today was due to a command, or if Mr Malfoy was acting of his own accord". The auror explained, taking a seat behind the desk.

"You'll see to it Malfoy is charged I trust?" James looked up as his father spoke. His mother simply took his hand into her own.

"Lord Potter I can assure you, Mr Malfoy will be charged. I promise you I will do everything in my power, to ensure this never happens again to you all". The man confirmed with a nod. "We will however need to question the boys one at a time. Alone I'm afraid. We want to be sure we understand everything we can about what happened. It is my experience that teenagers, boys in particular, can become rather hazy about the details when their parents are with them. But please, rest assured we will have an auror posted outside the door for extra security. I promise you they'll be safe". The man added.

To say the parents weren't happy would be an understatement. Nothing could terrify a parent more, well a good, loving parent at least, than hearing that their child was attacked by a madman. It was every parent's nightmare, and for these parents, it was their reality.

"Go on lad" Remus' father ushered him forward. While he was reluctant to let his son out of his sight so soon, he was all too eager to have things over and done with. He wanted to take his son and wife home as soon as possible.

The other parents, although some clearly needed a lot more convincing finally agreed to the interviews. Not that any of them were very happy about it, how could anyone expect them to be? But it was for the best. What the boys knew could very well help ensure this never happened again, well to them and their families at least.

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"Grandfather!" As Severus stepped out of the floo he spotted the man instantly.

"Severus!" Severus hurried over, finding himself brought into a crushing hug and not for the first time that day.

"When you left this morning you were supposed to be going on a date. Imagine my surprise when I receive word that you and your friends were attacked. Now before I get into that I must know something. Did you have a good time?" Augustus asked looking surprisingly haggard, a sharp contrast to his usual impeccable appearance.

"Yes grandfather, I did". Severus answered promptly.

"Good. Now come with me I don't want to do this in public". Augustus gestured for Severus to follow him outside and into the awaiting carriage.

It gave Severus a few precious moments to plan his responses and in case he needed them, a number of escape routes. It never hurt to be prepared.

Once inside and Severus was seated, Augustus waited for the carriage to start moving before addressing his grandson. "What happened?"

"I-I didn't think it would happen like that. I'm sorry" Severus responded, hanging his head.

"Tell me everything". Augustus ordered, receiving a silent nod in return.

“I met up with James, we went for a meal and then he took me around the shops. I bought a book and later James bought me chocolates. After that we ran into Sirius and Remus and we all decided to go get a drink. Oh and I saw Minnie again grandfather!” Severus exclaimed, a grin on his lips until the seriousness of the situation soon smothered it.

“And what happened after that?”

“We realised it was getting late so James said he’d take me back. Then Sirius and Remus wanted to come along so we decided to go together. I mean there’s safety in numbers right? I thought we’d be safe. I sure bollixed that up”. Severus sighed deeply before continuing. “Looking back it seemed so stupid, but they said it was a shortcut and it was getting late. So we went down this alley where there weren’t any other people around. And I know what you’re thinking and you’re right. We were stupid and irresponsible and it’s all my fault this happened”. Severus let his head drop into his hands with a groan.

“I believe you were all to blame to some extent. But you were not the only ones”. Augustus said calmly, although the way his fingers dug into the seat suggested he wasn’t so relaxed.

“Lucius surprised us, he surprised me” Severus amended. “He said something about a master and I remember one of the shopkeepers told us something about a Dark Lord. So I asked Lucius about it and...” Severus trailed off. Severus took a deep breath before continuing. “He said I was his, it wasn’t like how he usually said it. It was different, he was different. I just can’t...” Severus froze once more, relaxing only when Augustus took his hand.

“Just breathe. Take your time”. Augustus gave his hand a squeeze, receiving one in turn.

“Lucius is no longer the Lucius I knew. There was a mark on his arm; it had something to do with this Dark Lord I think. The others said he was a Death Eater but I didn’t know what that was. I didn’t want to say anything in case they thought I was stupid”. Severus finished.

“Here in France the Dark Lord has very little influence. In Britain it is another matter however. Those boys have grown used to hearing about him through the news and from their parents. You have not. It doesn’t mean you are stupid. Far from it, you are intelligent; you know this to be true. And in future I’d like you to use that intelligence. There may be safety in numbers, but when none of those numbers are permitted to use their magic outside of school that safety disappears. Next time don’t let yourself become trapped. You are smarter than that”.

Severus smiled shakily, burying his head into his grandfather’s shoulder. “I’m sorry” he whispered.

Augustus rested his hand on Severus’ head, gently petting his hair. “I know” he replied softly.

Outwardly Augustus appeared calm and controlled. But the way his fingers trembled and his heart raced betrayed how he really felt. To hear that his grandson had been attacked by a man he himself had trusted to keep him safe, in all honesty it made him want to vomit. To think he could have lost Severus today. It just didn’t bear thinking about.

Augustus forced himself to take a deep breath of his own. His grandson wasn’t the only one who needed to calm himself. He listened as Severus’ breathing grew heavier and heavier until finally the boy was asleep. The day’s events having no doubt exhausted him.

“Don’t worry, everything will be okay. You’ll never see Lucius again, I promise you”. Augustus murmured. Of course Severus, who was fast asleep, never heard a thing.

## Chapter End Notes

I'm not saying this is the last we'll see of Lucius. But to be honest I really just wanna focus on the JPSS relationship rather than having to deal with Lucius. So if you do want to see more of him let me know, I will explain his situation in later chapters. But if you're happy for him to remain out of the picture in favour of the romance then let me know.

Oh and thanks for everyone who reviewed!

Please review!

KB



# Chapter 14

## Chapter Notes

First off, thanks to everyone for your wonderful reviews/kudos. Sorry this took me a while but i'm hoping to have the next chapter out sooner.

Hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Severus?” Severus startled, raising his gaze from the table top to meet the man’s eyes.

“Sorry sir, what did you say?” Severus asked quietly.

Much like James, Sirius and Remus, Severus too had been called in to submit to an interview. Standard procedure or so they claimed, as long as it got him out of there Severus really didn’t care.

“I asked if you wanted anything, maybe some water?” The man repeated.

He was rather nice, Severus thought. “I’m fine” he said.

“Very well then. Now what we’ll be doing is asking you a few questions, about what happened when you were in London. We have also received your grandfather’s permission to use a pensieve and obtain your memory of the incident, should we need to use it in court”. The man explained.

“Does that mean you’ll be taking my memory from me?” Severus asked, it wasn’t really something he’d come across before.

“Think of more like we’re making a copy of your memory and storing it until it’s needed. If you’d prefer we took the memory away from you completely, then that’s certainly-”

“No! I mean...” Severus sighed, “I don’t want to forget. What happened isn’t something I necessarily wish to remember, but it would be foolish of me to forget it. I want to keep it. I want it to serve as a reminder of what I almost caused. This whole thing was my fault. I should be able to learn from my mistakes.” Severus said rather solemnly. It was a lesson he was determined to learn. Who knows what would happen if he didn’t learn from it.

“I understand. I must say you’re quite mature for your age. Most boys your age would probably ask us to take the memory away. They’d choose the easy way out. That you didn’t, says a lot about your character. It’s not something we say every day”. The man responded gently. It was clear to him the boy felt a lot of guilt over what happened.

“Tell me what happened, from the beginning”.

With a deep breath, Severus did just that. Leaving out some of the more intimate aspects of his date of course. How James’ mouth felt against his, wasn’t something Severus felt he had to share. Even if it was bloody nice, very nice indeed.

“Can you think of any reason why Mr Malfoy may have attacked you?”

“Because he’s bloody nuts! How’s that for a reason? He damn near killed me because Severus chose James over him! The man belongs in Azkaban, not only is he a total perv but he’s completely insane!” Sirius exclaimed, gesturing wildly.

“I get the picture” was the man’s rather dry response.

It shouldn’t come as much of a surprise that Sirius’ interview didn’t go particularly well. Not for a lack of information, but rather his need to rant about what he’d do to Lucius if he ever saw him again. Needless to say, his interview lasted twice as long as his friends, something that didn’t sit well with his parents. But then, why would it? Their eldest heir, the one set to inherit a vast fortune and continue their family name, was only almost killed by a man their family had strong ties with. Or at least they had believed they’d had strong ties with them. Now though, perhaps not so strong.

It was a welcome relief for all involved when the boys were free to go. After bidding their goodbyes with promises to write, as soon as their parents stopped punishing them for being so mind-numbingly stupid that is, the boys were off home. Back to the comfort of their warm beds and under their parents’ watchful eyes.

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“Severus?”

“Mmm” Severus mumbled, grumbling as he felt his arm shake. He couldn’t be sure if it was his arm shaking or someone else shaking it for him. All he cared was that the shaking would stop. He just wanted to get back to sleep.

“We’re home Severus. Come on, we’ll get you to bed”. Augustus spoke quietly, as though he was reluctant to disturb his grandson. Of course that rather defeated the point, he kind of needed Severus conscious and aware enough to get himself to bed.

“Mm ‘kay” Severus yawned widely, his eyes barely open.

It took some manoeuvring and Augustus was forced to rely on his cane a little too much for his liking, but they finally exited the carriage. A few minutes later found the two inside the house, coats and shoes removed and Severus’ purchases in hand as he trudged up the stairs. A few more minutes later found him sprawled on his bed, stripped of his clothes and fast asleep. Not that he could be blamed, it had been a long day.

-

James groaned as he felt the pressure around his cock tighten. Almost as if the muscles were pulling him in, locking him inside and claiming him for themselves. Needless to say it didn’t take long for him to let out a particularly loud groan. His hips stuttered before thrusting deep, stilling once he was inside as far as he could go. Of course having had the majority of his blood travel to his cock in the span of a few seconds, there wasn’t enough to ensure he remained standing. As such, he soon ended up slumped over his partner’s back, the other boy bent over what appeared to be a school desk.

Breathing heavily, James panted before finally regaining enough energy to tug himself free. He had just enough time to witness the familiar white substance leak out of his partner’s arse. It was a sight he wasn’t going to forget in a hurry, that was for sure.

“Love you” James panted, swiping his hair out of his eyes. His glasses had long been abandoned.

“Love my arse you mean” was the familiar teasing drawl.

James smirked, “about as much as you love taking my cock”.

Severus smirked, although it lacked his usual controlled appearance. With his flushed cheeks, sweat soaked hair and his inability to speak without panting, he really didn’t look like the ideal pureblood. But hey, if it got him laid he wasn’t complaining.

“You wanna go again?” Severus asked, grinning as he felt familiar hands pawing at his hips. Though it was clear the two would need some time to recover.

Teenagers. If it’s not sex then it’s not worth thinking about.

Of course, as with every clichéd scenario out there, James was unable to enjoy the afterglow. People who are dreaming rarely do. People who are fantasising, even less so.

“Fuck” James cursed the moment he awoke.

He didn’t need to look to realise the aching throb of his groin, combined with the unpleasant stickiness, an ailment common amongst teenage boys, meant he’d jizzed himself in his sleep. It wasn’t anything new, especially since meeting Severus. The boy was a popular fantasy in his mind. But all it did was remind him just how long he’d have to wait for anything to happen between them. Not just because of their long distance relationship, but because they’d been on exactly one date. One that almost ended in attempted murder I might add.

“Bet it’s make a great story to tell at our wedding though” James mumbled. He froze mere seconds later. “Did I really just say that?” James questioned himself. With a groan he shook the thought out of his head. “I really need to get laid” he groaned. He hadn’t even seen Severus naked yet and he was thinking about their wedding. “Get a hold of yourself” he grumbled. “It’s too early to be thinking about that”.

It was, too early that is. Quite literally in fact. For it had barely passed seven in the morning, which for a teenager at the weekend was practically sacrilege.

James trudged into his bathroom, starting the shower and using the toilet while he waited for it to heat up. With a grimace he removed his bottoms, making a face as he was forced to peel them off his skin.

“Gross” he grumbled, throwing them to the side before stepping into the shower. One of the house elves would collect them later.

Soon enough James was clean and more or less dry, his towel joining his pj’s on the floor. He brushed his teeth and slapped on some deodorant before returning to his room. Having intended to get dressed and maybe get some flying in before breakfast, James found himself lying on his bed staring at the ceiling. Seconds later he was fast asleep and judging by the subtle movements of his hips beneath the blankets, he was having a very nice dream indeed.

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Severus awoke bleary eyed, hand over his mouth as he let out a wide yawn. Like James he didn’t have long to enjoy the warmth of his bed uninterrupted. Although this time it was for a less embarrassing reason.

“Oof” Severus groaned as he felt a heavy lump join him on the bed. Seconds later a smaller, lighter lump joined the first.

“What are you two doing here?” Severus asked. His only reply was the sound of sniffing as Connor and Jasper planted themselves on either side of him. With a chuckle, Severus pet their heads before somehow managing to manoeuvre himself out of bed. Seconds later, Connor got up to claim the pre-warmed spot for himself, stretching his paws and emitting a contented purr.

At age ten, both animals were getting on in years. Yet they showed remarkably few problems, still retaining high levels of energy, especially when the word ‘treats’ was mentioned. Of course they were both a little slower than they had been, but that was only to be expected. A recent check up with their local wizard vet also showed few problems.

It was something that had surprised Severus at first, to learn that a wizard vet existed. But it made sense, especially with the whole pureblood argument. Purebloods, usually the ones with the most spoiled and pampered, albeit usually overfed pets, had made their dislike of muggle things very clear. Therefore it only seemed sensible that some witches and wizards made a living working within the veterinary field.

Of course being witches and wizards, their patients largely consisted of magical creatures. From kneazles and crups; the wizarding equivalent of cats and dogs, with an extra tail thrown in for good measure, to nogtails and fwooper birds, these vets often found themselves in some very unusual situations indeed. Of course in most cases, these vets only ever encountered the low risk level creatures. Plus of course the usual owls, toads, rats, cats and dogs that many children seemed to favour. Some however, like a certain Weasley would in the future, were trained to deal with the more difficult cases. Which were also usually the more interesting cases. From dragons to chimaera, the risk level alone was enough to generate many a story from whoever was requested to treat the creature.

But I’m getting a little off topic.

So anyway, Severus went about his morning routine like usual. Teeth brushed, a quick shower and a change of clothes and he was ready to start his day. Today was particularly important to him as it was his last day of the holidays. Tomorrow he would be returning to school and catching up with his friends. And Christophe. Well you can’t win them all now can you?

But still it’d be a welcome reprieve from what had happened in London. Of course, as Severus was well aware, there was a good chance most of the school knew what had happened by now. It was in many of the papers. But thankfully the details about his little plan had been kept out of the press; instead their story read that the youngest Prince heir had been attacked while visiting friends in England. Wealthy, handsome and intelligent friends that the press was all too eager to sympathise with. It was quite the scandal to be sure, there had been much scrutiny regarding the British Ministry of Magic’s actions in how they handled the incident. And having the villain turn out to be the Malfoy heir, a figure of high political standing within British society, made the story all the more scandalous.

Severus had never been more thankful for his grandfather. The man, much like any other overprotective parent or guardian, had taken it upon himself to handle any press related queries. Or at least that’s what he told Severus. There was no harm in fobbing off the more annoying tasks, on some eager to please ministry interns now was there? Well he certainly didn’t think so. And it worked for the most part. A short press release was permitted, with a single paper of a high reputation. Of course while that paper had stated only the facts, it served as fodder for every other paper to print their own interpretation. Whoever said gossiping would get you nowhere had clearly never worked within the journalism industry.

“Severus”. Severus stopped midway down the staircase, Jasper and Connor continuing on without

a care.

“Yes grandfather?” Whatever it was, his grandfather didn’t look too pleased about it. It was actually quite worrying, what with everything that had happened recently.

“I thought I told you to keep those animals of yours off the bed”. It was quite amusing at just how fast Severus could change; from portraying himself as a confident young man, to a young child caught doing something naughty.

“And I told them what you said but they just don’t seem to listen. It’s not my fault they take after me...and you”. Severus said with a cheeky grin, continuing down the stairs.

“Brat”. Augustus lightly cuffed him as soon as he was within reach. “Go eat your breakfast”. Severus did as he was told, snickering as he left.

Once seated at the table Severus dug in with relish, pausing only when he noticed his grandfather watching him carefully. “What?” Severus asked, swallowing a mouthful of bacon.

“You know no one will think any less of you if you’d prefer to go back to school a little later. I’m sure your professors would understand”. Augustus stated somewhat awkwardly. He wasn’t very experienced with being affectionate.

“Grandfather I’m fine. Really. I know you’re worried but please, don’t make me stay here. I want to go back to school. Honest”. Severus sighed, setting his fork down. Although he did give his bacon one last mournful look.

“Are you sure?”

“Yes!” Severus scowled, clearly annoyed with having to answer the same question over and over again.

“Very well. Finish your breakfast”. With that Augustus rose from the table, cane in hand, as he left the room.

Severus watched him leave with a frown. ‘He can’t be mad at me, can he’ he asked himself. With a sigh he returned to his food. ‘Well he did say to finish my breakfast. I’ll ask him later’ he decided. Besides, he had his eye on the sausages next.

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Augustus finished the letter he was writing, signing his name with a flourish. Once sealed with wax and stamped with the Prince family crest, he tied it up and turned to his awaiting owl.

“I need this delivered fast, understand?” Now in most situations, a grown man speaking to an owl as though it could understand him would mean he was crazy. But seeing as this was the wizarding world, well given the amount of craziness that most witches and wizards encountered on a daily basis, speaking to owls was probably the least concerning. Unless of course the owl started speaking back. That could indicate a problem.

The owl left, the letter grasped in his claws. Once the owl was gone, Augustus closed the window in his study. “He’ll never have to know” he said quietly, before making his way downstairs once more.

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For Severus, the day passed quickly. First breakfast came and went, followed by lunch and dinner. In between he wasted time playing with his pets, reading the book he'd purchased in London and scarfing down the last of the chocolates James had got for him.

James. Just thinking about the other boy was enough to put a smile on his face. A smile which was almost instantly wiped off, as soon as he realised just how ridiculous he was acting. Honestly, he was acting like some lovesick girl. It was rather sickening to him.

For most of his life he'd been compared to the female sex for an ability he was born with. Just because he too could carry a child didn't mean he was suddenly a girl. He had a dick for Merlin's sake. And yet there he was, mooning over a boy as though he were some silly girl with a crush. Of course being a silly boy with a crush wasn't much better, but at least it was more accurate.

Of course Severus knew it would be a while before he'd see his boyfriend again. Boyfriend; still the word made him feel funny. It made his stomach twist and turn, his cheeks grow hot and his groin swell in the naughtiest of ways. But one thing was certain for Severus. For although it'd be a while until he saw him again, what with them attending school in different countries, Severus knew James was his. It was a nice feeling to lay claim to someone. To be able to say that 'James is mine'.

Of course, something that made Severus particularly happy, it worked both ways. For Severus could claim James was his. And James? Well he could claim Severus as his in return. And that was a thought Severus was perfectly happy to entertain.

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"Severus! You're going to be late!"

"James! Get out of bed right now young man!"

It seemed that no matter where they might reside, teenage boys all shared one thing in common. They were terrible at waking up on time. Particularly when doing so meant they'd be returning to school.

"I'm up!" Of course while the parent or guardian's words might differ in trying to get their child out of bed, the teenager's response was almost always the same.

Both Severus and James awoke, bleary eyed and grumbling at the light that peeked through their curtains. Grumbling soon turned to groans, as their prospective house elves flung the curtains wide open, allowing light to pour in. It took some cajoling yes, but soon both boys, within their own homes of course, were more or less awake. Freshly washed, trunks packed and chewing on mouthfuls of bacon and egg.

Soon enough it came time to leave. Severus in the carriage he'd grown so used to riding in. While James disappeared with a loud crack of apparition. Side-along apparition that is. He was still a minor after all.

Now for both boys, boarding their trains went more or less the same. They met up with their friends; James with Sirius, Peter and Remus and Severus with Mathieu, before getting their luggage onto the train. Of course there was the usual goodbye; James and his parents and Severus and his grandfather. This was usually accompanied with some damp eyes, although valiant attempts were made to keep them dry or at least hidden.

Soon enough, both boys were off, waving to their families before going to find seats. And in a

matter of hours they'd both be back to where they knew they'd be safe. Well, they'd be safe from Malfoy at least. But there was one thing they were both preparing themselves for. For while they would be safe from harm, they certainly wouldn't be safe from their peers. Each no doubt eager to hear what had happened over Christmas break. But could you blame them? Given who was involved, it was really all anyone could talk about.

That was the one thing Severus in particular was not looking forward to. For while his boyfriend and friends had each other to throw at the masses seeking gossip, Severus had no one. He was the only one in his school involved in the incident and he knew his first day back was going to be a nightmare.

On the plus side however, with any luck it would finally get Christophe off his back. At least he hoped as much.

## Chapter End Notes

Please let me know what you think. The next chapter will have both boys back in school and hopefully there'll be another date as well.

Also, a little personal request from me, will someone please write more JPSS? Ideally without a load of OCs and maybe with some mpreg with baby harry. Please?

KB

# Chapter 15

## Chapter Notes

Slight change of plans. I know I said this chapter would have another date but I decided to stop here for now. But I promise the next chapter will have plenty of JamesSev slash to make up for it.

Thanks for all your reviews and support! I hope you enjoy this!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Severus? Severus come on, wake up!” Severus jolted awake, disorientated and confused.

“Huh? Wha-where?” He mumbled, voice thick with sleep.

“You fell asleep on the train. You hungry?” Severus blinked, Mathieu’s face coming into focus.

“Yeah” he yawned. He set to work fixing his robes.

“And two pumpkin pasties please”. Severus blinked in confusion. It was only when he turned his head that he noticed the trolley lady, cart full of goodies.

“Here you go dear”. With that, the woman left and Severus was left to wonder just how long he’d been asleep.

“Here” Mathieu handed him a pasty. Then threw in a chocolate frog for good measure.

“Thanks. How long was I asleep?” Severus asked, ripping open the packaging.

“About an hour, not that long really. It’s a good thing you cast those charms mind you. There must have been twenty people trying to get in here. I think the secret’s out mate”. Mathieu said, ripping into a chocolate frog with gusto.

“Damn it”. Severus groaned, it wasn’t a happy groan. “S’not like it was really a secret. It was in the bloody paper for crying out loud” he grumbled.

“True” said Mathieu. “But that only makes them want to know more about it all. I mean it’s not even that someone tried to kill you-” Mathieu started.

“No one tried to kill me, they tried to kill Sirius”. Severus interrupted, scowling.

“-it’s that you were attacked in another country, when you were on a date with your boyfriend. You know I think it’s this whole boyfriend business that has people the most interested. I mean if you were just attacked, then they’d probably talk about it for a few weeks then forget about it. But admitting to being in a relationship, with another pureblood mind you, I bet you those vultures will be going on about this until graduation”. Mathieu carried on, as though Severus hadn’t said a word.

“Can we not talk about it now? Please?” Severus begged as he chewed on his pasty.

“Fine. But you’re gonna have to have to face them soon you know. I mean when we get to school



there's not going to be any escape". Mathieu warned.

Severus merely groaned in response, swallowing the last of his pasty and brushing the crumbs away.

It didn't take much longer before the train eventually came to a stop. The next few minutes held nothing but chaos as students exited the train in droves. Most clutching cages and trunks, that were to be handed over to the awaiting staff. For Severus and Mathieu, being fifth years meant they were used to the hustle and bustle that came with the end of winter break. As such they had become quite good at weaving through the crowds, snagging an empty carriage that would take them to the school.

If it meant that Severus could avoid people for just a little longer, well that was just fine with him.

"So how do you think Christophe's going to react? You know he's been after you since we were firsties". Mathieu grinned. Severus merely tossed him a disgruntled look.

"Who cares? I have a boyfriend, one I actually like and who doesn't try to feel me up at every opportunity". Severus replied.

"That'll be a first". Mathieu quipped. "Are you sure you're gonna know how to react to someone who doesn't keep making passes at you?"

"Shut up" Severus said. Although it was clear he was now fighting back a smile.

"Just prepare yourself for the worst. He's probably heard by now so he's bound to be pissed. I mean I'll make sure I stick with you for today, but just be careful. I don't think he's used to hearing the word no, so we can't really be sure how he'll react". Mathieu warned, just as the carriage came to a stop.

The next couple of hours proved to be a chore for Severus. He'd been accosted by so many students asking him what had happened and whether he really did have a boyfriend, he was ready to hex the next person who even looked his way. With a sigh, Severus flopped onto his bed, flicking his wand to ensure he had some privacy. As he lay back, Severus let his mind wander back to what he'd witnessed at dinner. Apparently the news of him being in a relationship had caused Christophe to move on. He just sat there, arm around a shy brunette boy in his own year, whispering in his ear from time to time. Judging by the way the boy had blushed, it was most likely something filthy, something Severus had been subjected to many a time.

Now Severus liked to think he was mature and a reasonable person. Yet he couldn't make sense of the feeling of embarrassment and betrayal he felt, when Christophe had looked his way. It had been just once, long enough for the other boy to smirk at him, before turning his attention back to his newest interest. Severus feared being labelled as conceited and greedy, but he'd thought it would take Christophe a little longer to get over him. Everyone knew how Christophe had pursued him over the years. It just didn't make sense that the other boy would lose interest in him so quickly.

'You have James now' Severus thought to himself. It was a comforting thought. 'You're finally happy'. And he was, really he was. But he just couldn't help feeling weird.

He almost felt hurt, as strange as it sounded. Like he had been betrayed by the one constant he'd always had in school. Even Mathieu had commented on it as they'd arrived in the hall. In fact everyone seemed to notice. Nothing was actually said out loud of course. At least not when Severus was within hearing distance. But it was obvious people were surprised at just how fast Christophe had moved on.

'He didn't really like you. He only wanted to fuck you'. Severus sighed, the words playing over in his mind like a mantra. They were the truth, the honest truth. Straight from his own mind. But still, three weeks ago Christophe had been all over him. Now he barely even looked at him.

Sure they were in different years, minus potions of course, but Severus hadn't realised just how much Christophe had invaded his life. Not until he stopped doing so that is. While he refused to admit it out loud, Severus almost missed the older boy. And that thought only helped make him feel worse about himself.

There he was moping, because his school stalker had chosen someone else to warm his bed. Yet Severus had someone of his own who claimed to love him. And all he could think about was what could have been.

'Stop it' Severus thought to himself. 'It's better this way'.

So why did it feel like he was trying to convince himself?

-

"James you coming to breakfast?" Sirius asked, the other boy caught up in his writing.

"Yeah, I'll meet you down there. I'm writing to Sev". James replied, a grin on his face at the thought of writing to his boyfriend.

"Could you be any more of a sap?" Sirius made a face. The whole idea of love and commitment wasn't one he was quite ready to deal with just yet. He much preferred the sex. "Just hurry up yeah? Otherwise there won't be any bacon left. You know what Peter's like". With that, Sirius took his leave.

James frowned at the parchment in his hands. With one last scribble he finally stopped, feeling satisfied with what he'd written. Once finished, James made a beeline for the owlery. He was determined to get the letter sent before breakfast.

Eventually James entered the great hall, letter sent and his stomach grumbling for the bacon Sirius has promised him. Of course it didn't take much effort to find his friends. They sat in the same place, had done since they were firsties, everyone knew those seats were theirs.

"Right on time, you almost missed out mate". Sirius handed him a plate of crisp, still steaming bacon.

James grinned at that, sparing only a quick glance at the other two boys before digging into his breakfast with relish.

"What's our next class?" Sirius asked Remus, only half-heartedly listening as his eyes followed whatever attractive face passed him.

"Charms" Remus said. Unbeknownst to Sirius, he was scowling at the other boy. It was bad enough he'd gone out with just about every girl in their year and the ones above. But did he have to rub it in his face?

Now Remus, having suffered since he was a young lad, wasn't one to reach too high for himself. He knew his limitations; he knew he had few prospects outside of Hogwarts. But still he'd been stupid enough to allow himself to hope that Sirius would see him as more than a friend. But the other boy would never notice him that way, Remus was almost certain of that. Why would he? When he had his pick of any of the students around them; each richer, more attractive and more

interesting, or so Remus believed.

“Remus? Something wrong?” Sirius asked in concern, breaking his gaze from whatever pretty, young thing had caught his interest. Remus was just sat there, staring off into space with a frown on his face.

Remus blinked before letting out a nervous chuckle. “No I’m fine, really” Remus said. Sirius merely frowned in concern.

“If you say so. You ready to go?” Remus nodded at that. “C’mon Peter, we’re going”. Sirius turned to the fourth member of their group. The boy nodded, his cheeks bulging as he fought to swallow the last mouthful of breakfast.

“Hey, wait for me”. James grabbed another slice of toast before following them out of the hall.

“So what did his latest letter say? Is he going to be free for half term?” Sirius asked as the four of them made their way to class.

“Yeah. I finally got my parents to agree to let me go see him in France. His grandfather didn’t want him coming back over here again so soon. Considering what happened with Malfoy I mean”. James replied, a rather dopey smile settling itself on his face.

“Can’t say I blame him. Malfoy’s a freak”. Sirius said, rolling his eyes at James’ expression.

“So it’s true then? You guys are dating?” Peter asked. He’d heard the rumours of course but he hadn’t managed to ask James directly until now.

“Oh yeah, I forgot you were at your parents”. Sirius interrupted, slinging his arm around the smaller boy.

“Yeah we are. Hey you should ask your parents about letting you come to France for a day. Mine are letting me stay for the week”. James said, although he quickly found himself interrupted.

“How did you manage that anyway? After what happened I’d of thought they’d never let you leave”. Sirius asked, pausing to smile charmingly at a group of pretty girls. The sound of giggling followed the group as they turned the corner.

“I had to beg, but dad finally convinced mum to let me go. He made it sound like this big romantic gesture of young love or whatever. Mum fell for it hook line and sinker. I think she’s just glad I found someone to settle down with. But I still have to introduce them to Severus. That’s why they’re taking me over there themselves, which is fair I guess. The whole Malfoy thing really scared them”. James said with a sigh. It wasn’t like he meant to scare them. It hadn’t been his best idea that was for sure. In fact it was probably one of his worst.

“I’ll ask my mum if she’ll let me”. Peter said, trying to break the awkward silence that followed.

Ever since they’d gotten back to school, all his friends could talk about was pranks, quidditch and Severus Prince. Having never met him, Peter only knew what he’d been told. Yet he noticed that everyone only ever said good things about the boy. Even the incident with Malfoy was deemed to be Malfoy’s fault. Severus was never blamed for the incident that he’d started. It made Peter somewhat suspicious. No one was perfect, yet the way James had been going on about him, you’d think Severus was. Peter was willing to wait until he actually met the guy before passing judgement. But he couldn’t shake the feeling that this was some elaborate prank.

“Let us know if you can yeah? I really want you to meet him. I know you’ll like him.” James

grinned. The four of them headed inside the classroom taking their usual seats.

'I don't know about that'. Peter thought to himself. He was saved from having to reply as their professor entered the classroom.

"Books out and no talking".

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"So are you seeing him again?" Severus turned to Mathieu, abandoning the charms text in front of him.

"At half-term" he confirmed. "Grandfather's letting him stay with us for the week. His parents agreed to it, but I think grandfather had to convince them. Sirius and Remus will be visiting as well and their friend Peter is visiting for a day". Severus added.

"A week huh? A whole week to do whatever you want with your boyfriend. I wonder what'll happen". Mathieu teased.

"Shut up". Severus flushed, looking away in embarrassment.

"What? You can't say you haven't thought about it. Have you forgotten I know you too well?" Mathieu chuckled.

Severus had thought about it. It was almost impossible not to think about it. It was only natural of course. He finally had a boyfriend, someone he could claim as his and vice versa. Someone he could experiment with, learn new things with. Severus always did like to learn new things. And he really wanted to learn new things about James.

"Well what about you? I haven't seen you go after anyone". Severus shot back, satisfied as Mathieu scowled at him.

"Yeah well we both know my love life is completely hopeless. So I decided to devote all my time and attention to helping you with yours" Mathieu answered. He smirked in satisfaction at the way Severus paled in response.

"Please tell me you're kidding" Severus deadpanned. Though he knew the other boy well enough to know he wasn't.

Mathieu merely grinned, clapping the other boy on the back. "Nope. So have you and Christophe talked yet?"

"You do know he has someone new, don't you?" Severus frowned. Had he hit his head or something?

"It could just be a ruse. I mean the guy's been wanting to shag you since we were in first year. It's a little strange he'd give up so easily. I mean he was all for sticking his tongue down your throat before we left and when we got back he just ignored you".

"Were you spying on us?" Severus interrupted, indignant at the thought of being caught in such a compromising position. Not that it was anything new of course, but still it was beyond embarrassing.

"Not on purpose. But you seemed to enjoy it". Severus rose from the table at that. He really didn't want to hear it.

“Oh come on, I’m sorry I’ll be good! Severus!” Mathieu called, scrambling after him as he followed him out the library. “Come on, you know what I’m like. I’m sorry alright. I know you don’t like talking about him”. Mathieu tried once he’d caught up to him.

“You’re right I don’t. I know this sounds hard to believe but I don’t care what Christophe does. I’ve moved on and I’m happy with James. He moved on as well, so just leave it”. Severus warned.

“Geeze fine. No need to be so touchy about it”. The two walked in silence from that point. But unable to keep quiet for long, Mathieu couldn’t help but break it by asking “so have you talked to him”.

“No and I’m not going to”. Severus said after a long pause. It was a long enough pause that Mathieu had started planning his exit. Long enough for Severus to watch the other boy squirm. It seemed that no matter what life Severus lived, he would always be a bit of a bastard at heart.

“You’re still gonna tell me what you do with James though, right?” It seemed he hadn’t quite learned his lesson.

In the next hallway a young first year girl stopped in her tracks. The sound of yelping followed by deep chuckling echoed through the hallway. Frightened by the strange noises, the girl scurried away, wailing about ghosts wandering the halls.

“Why’d you have to hit me so hard?” Mathieu whined, rubbing the back of his head.

Severus just scoffed before walking ahead. He paid no mind to the wailing little firstie that ran past him, her pigtails bobbing along with each step. “Stop being such a pervert” was all he would say.

Mathieu scowled, still rubbing at his sore spot. “Well someone needs to get laid. Let’s hope it happens soon” he grumbled to himself.

“What was that?” Severus turned around.

“Nothing”. Mathieu backpedalled. It seemed he was finally learning his lesson.

“Didn’t think so”.

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The next few weeks passed quickly for Hogwarts and Beauxbatons students alike. True to his word, Severus had yet to speak to Christophe; the older boy was clearly satisfied with his new boyfriend. Or whatever he was calling him. But Severus had been writing to James almost constantly. As is usually common during the initial stages of courtship. And true to his word, James had written back. At first it had been a little awkward, discussing only the incident with Malfoy. But before long they realised they had other things to learn about each other. Such as their favourite things, their dreams for the future and of course, unable to keep his love of quidditch out of his love life, James asked his opinion on which team he thought would win the world cup.

Like the nice guy he was, Severus did what anyone with little interest in the sport would do. He just agreed with James before changing the subject. Inviting him over for a week, where they’d have the mansion to themselves, had been an idea Severus was rather proud of. Not only could they have their date, this time without fear of getting killed, they would be able to have whatever fun they liked. Without getting caught. Severus only hoped his grandfather wouldn’t go back on his promise to be away for the week. They’d never be able to have any fun otherwise, not with the man watching their every move.

“Severus?” Severus snapped out of his thoughts, grinning as he caught sight of the man who’d just been in his thoughts.

“Grandfather” he smiled, then frowned. “I thought you’d be working?”

‘Don’t tell me he’s changed his mind?’ Severus thought to himself.

“I only came to collect you. I’ll be leaving shortly after we return home”. Augustus replied, gesturing for Severus to follow him, trunk and cage in tow.

‘Good’ Severus thought to himself. Although he had enough sense not to say it out loud.

The two entered their carriage and took their seats. It wasn’t until they started moving that Severus noticed just how quiet it was. Enough so that he couldn’t even hear the carriage moving.

“Grandfather? Did you do something?” Severus asked.

“I thought you would prefer no one would hear our conversation”. Augustus answered, tucking his wand back into his pocket.

“What conversation?” Severus asked; he suddenly felt a sense of foreboding.

“It’s time to cast the spell” Augustus stated rather bluntly.

Severus immediately reddened at that, there was no need for further explanation. As a child he’d known of his ability to have children, in a slightly more unorthodox way than that of other boys. As such, he’d been told from a young age that when he was old enough his grandfather would cast a spell. A contraceptive spell to be precise. A security measure to ensure he would be able to finish school, without having to worry about a pregnancy before he felt ready.

“Okay”. Severus couldn’t trust himself to say anything more. He was embarrassed enough. But he understood and agreed that such a precaution was necessary.

It wasn’t that he planned on having sex with James so early in their relationship. But they were both teenage boys, they had survived an attempt on their lives and they had known each other for a few months now. While they had only gone out once, it had been eventful enough that Severus felt comfortable with him.

Severus wasn’t one to trust very easily. It took time for him to develop bonds with people, to the extent he felt he could trust them to look out for him. Yet with James, he’d known him for only a short time, but even in that short time Severus already knew he could trust him with his life. It wouldn’t be a stretch for him to trust him with other things as well. Things that some people would consider valuable, but that Severus was eager to rid himself of.

“You ready?” Augustus asked, not that his answer would really change anything. He was not prepared to be a great-grandfather just yet. Not by Severus at least.

Severus merely nodded, refusing to meet the man’s gaze. It was embarrassing enough to be talking about such things. A few seconds later Severus couldn’t stop himself from gasping. The tingling sensation that began in his lower abdomen, soon spread to the rest of his body. It grew increasingly stronger, leaving the strangest sensation as though his whole body was vibrating. It was truly bizarre, that was for sure.

“There, that wasn’t so bad now was it?” Augustus murmured, cancelling the silencio he’d had in place.

“No” Severus mumbled, still too embarrassed to look at the man.

“Now Severus, as your grandfather I’m aware there may be things you will not wish to inform me of. Quite frankly there are some things I must insist you never tell me and I mean never. But should you feel forced or uncomfortable in any way once Mr Potter arrives, I trust you will use what you know to restrain him”.

Severus fought valiantly to restrain the blush that threatened to appear; it seemed the idea of restraining James had caused some ideas to form. Ideas which he would rather his grandfather never knew about.

Augustus noticed Severus had yet to respond, too caught up in his own thoughts. It didn’t take long at all for Augustus to conclude just what those thoughts were. And he decided quite firmly, he was happier not knowing. There were some things a parent (or grandparent) never wanted to know about their child. This was one of those times. For while he loved to tease and fluster the boy, it was so very amusing after all, he really didn’t want to know about the details. That was a line he just didn’t want to cross.

“Severus?”

Severus blinked, snapping out his little daydream. Upon realising where he was and who he was with, he did his best to sink into his seat. He didn’t need to look to know what expression his grandfather wore, he could already picture it.

“Yes grandfather, I understand”. Severus said, realising he hadn’t yet responded.

It wasn’t quite the answer Augustus was hoping for, quite frankly he’d been hoping for examples of how Severus could torture the other boy. He always was a creative child. But it was enough for him to let the conversation end.

Severus shifted in his seat, the strange sensation in his lower abdomen finally abating. He idly traced the area with his fingers, barely paying attention to what it was he was doing. After a few moments he stopped, the novelty wearing off as he turned to stare out the window. Moments later found them entering through the mansion gates, a smile appearing on Severus’ lips.

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James rolled his eyes as he waited for his mother to appear. He and his parents were supposed to be leaving, yet his mother insisted on putting on her face. Her words not his. It wasn’t as though they’d even be around very long. Just long enough to meet Severus and ensure he arrived in France safely.

Of course, knowing his mother, she’d likely want to spend time exploring the magical shopping districts of Paris. But with any luck, neither he nor Severus would be dragged along. James could think of far better things they could be doing together and shopping with his mother, certainly wasn’t one of them.

“Alright I’m ready” his mother entered the room. In all honesty James couldn’t see a difference between when she left to get ready and when she had returned. To him she looked exactly the same.

“Finally! Can we go now?” James asked, grabbing the bag he had at his feet. Inside had his clothes and toiletries, packed for him by one of the family house elves of course. As if he’d be expected to pack his own bag.

“Yes we can” his father answered. James felt the man clap a hand onto his shoulder and in seconds the three of them were apparating away.

James stumbled ever so slightly as they reappeared at the International Floo Network. Taking a moment to right himself, he ushered his parents over to the nearest floo, waiting impatiently for their turn.

“James! Honestly, behave yourself!” His mother reproached him; his constant shifting from foot to foot was making her uneasy. Not to mention people was starting to stare.

“It’s not my fault, they’re taking too long!” James whined. Seriously how long could it possibly take?

After a few more minutes of waiting, James gave a silent cheer as their turn finally came. Behind him, his parents merely shook their heads in exasperation. Some things would never change.

What seemed like hours to the impatient James was in reality only a few minutes. In those minutes he and his parents confirmed their destination, each grabbing a handful of floo powder to take with them. Once assured everyone knew their way, his father ushered him after his mother. Neither was willing to let him go ahead by himself, the recent incident still fresh in their mind.

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“Severus!” James called, a bright grin on his face as he ran over to the other boy.

“James!” James halted at that, his father’s voice stopping him in his tracks.

“But dad I-” James glanced nervously from his parents to his boyfriend.

“I told you to wait for us” his father reprimanded. James gave a sheepish grin at that, rubbing the back of his neck in embarrassment.

“I know but-”

“There was a reason we told you to wait, a good reason” his father continued. The man ignored his son’s protests in favour of studying Severus.

“Mr Potter, it’s nice to meet you. My name’s Severus Prince. My grandfather was supposed to be here with me but an urgent matter needed his attention. He asked me to send his apologies”. Severus offered his hand to the man who accepted it readily.

“I must say I wasn’t expecting someone so polite to be involved with my son. Are you sure he’s your type?” James protested loudly at that while Severus fought to keep his laughter under control.

“Dad! You couldn’t wait five minutes before trying to embarrass me?” James scowled, barely noticing as his mother greeted Severus.

“I’m your father, that’s my job. Besides, now maybe next time you’ll listen to what I tell you. Otherwise I’ll be sure to bring the family photo albums over for Severus to see. I’m sure he’d enjoy them very much”. It was times like this where James realised just where his love for pranks and mischief stemmed.

“If you want, there’s a café nearby where we could talk in private. I’m sure your parents have many questions”. Severus offered, indicating that they should follow him out of the building.



James' parents shared a knowing look as their son visibly deflated at that. "Thank you dear, but I'm sure you boys would prefer to spend some time together alone. It has been a while since you last saw each other and I do so wish to explore this city before we return home. James we will see you in a week. Remember what we talked about and stay out of trouble!" Mrs Potter said, giving them both a pointed look as she finished.

Severus nodded, jumping a little as he felt James slip his hand into his.

"Do you have a way home?" Mr Potter addressed Severus, for there didn't appear to be anything waiting for the boy.

"My grandfather gave me a portkey; he wanted me home as soon as possible. He's still a little shaken from what happened". Severus admitted, it was still a subject he was reluctant to talk about. Mostly because it reminded him of just how stupid he'd been.

"Aren't we all". Mr Potter stated, his face darkening at the memory. Seconds later though he wore a smile once more. "Well we should be leaving. It was a pleasure to meet you Severus".

"Likewise" Severus answered with a slight nod.

With that, James and Severus watched as the two adults made their way down the street towards the magical district. As soon as they were out of sight, Severus found himself being pulled along by a rather eager James.

"You have the portkey?" James asked, never letting go of his hand.

Severus nodded, reaching into his pocket and pulling out an old stopwatch. There was no need for words, Severus merely clasped his and James' hands around the object and with a harsh tug, they soon found themselves hurtling through the air before crashing to the ground.

Of course being the gentleman he was, or at least who he pretended to be, James had made a valiant attempt to shield Severus from the impact. It was painful, but as James looked up at Severus, the other boy sprawled across a rather sensitive area of his body; he found he had no regrets.

"I take it you're not used to travelling by portkey?" James asked teasingly.

Severus chuckled at that, climbing off him and offering him his hand. "Was it that obvious?" Severus asked, though he didn't really expect an answer.

Sure enough, as soon as James was upright, Severus found himself pressed against the taller boy. Seconds later he found his lips crushed by James' own, yet he had no complaints. Much like any hormonal teenager, separated from their love by more than a day, the two were enjoying themselves too much to bother with doing anything else. Going inside for instance. Indeed it was a good five minutes of a rather intense snogging session before Severus' brain caught up with him.

"We should –ah- go inside" Severus panted, struggling to separate himself from James.

"Huh?" James wore a rather dopey look on his face. "Oh yeah" he finally said, too distracted by the rather attractive blush decorating Severus' cheeks. That combined with his swollen lips and wide eyes meant James had some trouble concentrating on anything.

"Let's go to my room, we need to put your stuff away anyway". Severus offered.

A rather lecherous smirk formed on James' face at that remark. Severus merely smiled in return,

pressing his lips to the taller boy's once more before pulling him up the stairs. Of course James followed eagerly. Although he lacked his usual swagger and grace. The sight of Severus' arse as he climbed the stairs proved to be very distracting indeed.

## Chapter End Notes

Thanks again to everyone who reviewed the last chapter! Please let me know what you thought of this one!

KB

# Chapter 16

## Chapter Notes

Thanks to everyone who reviewed the last chapter. Now while this chapter isn't as long as the previous, I kind of figured the smut would make up for it. So just to warn you all, this chapter is pretty much pure smut.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“You know, if you don't feel like you're ready then I'll understand” James offered.

Severus stared at him blankly in response. “When was the last time you played quidditch?” Severus asked, a strange look on his face.

“Well yesterday, but what does that-?” James started, obviously confused by the question.

“Did you hit your head? Do you have a concussion or something I should know about?” Severus interrupted, removing his cloak and throwing it over the back of the chair.

“No, I-” James tried, only to be cut off once more.

“Do you want to have sex with me James?” Clearly subtlety wasn't one of Severus' strong points.

James just stood there gaping like an idiot. Whether it was from his blood rushing south or just the fact that his boyfriend could ask something so naughty, no one could be sure. Most likely it was due to a combination of the two. Regardless of the reason, there was only one answer James could give.

“Yes”. James didn't even hesitate at that, something Severus appeared surprised by.

“Y-you do? Really?” Severus asked, walking over to him.

James frowned at that. It was as if Severus had truly expected him to say no. “You think I'm lying?”

“Well no. It's just-” this time it was James' turn to interrupt.

“Just what?” James asked.

“Why do you think you're here? We're all alone for a week, no parents and my grandfather's away. We'll have Sirius dropping by but that doesn't change things much. How many hints do I need to give you for you to get it?” Severus asked, letting himself be tugged into James' arms.

“Get what?” Severus was truly starting to worry whether James actually had suffered permanent brain damage. With what Sirius wrote to him about their latest escapades, he wouldn't be surprised if it were the case.

“I want you, you idiot. My grandfather he...before he left he cast this charm on me. A special charm”. Severus could tell James still wasn't getting it. The blank look he wore said it all. “He cast a contraception charm on me, so I wouldn't end up pregnant”. Maybe blunt honesty would work

better than subtlety.

The very moment that little titbit was processed in James' mind, a truly lecherous grin crossed his face. "Really?" If James were a lesser being, no doubt he'd be drooling. Thankfully he had a little more control than that, not much mind you.

"Really. So...do you want to...you know?" Severus asked, suddenly feeling rather shy and embarrassed.

James didn't bother replying, instead choosing to silence him with a kiss. Severus, a slave to his hormones as most teenagers are, simply submitted to the action. In response he merely gasped, then moaned as he felt James' tongue gently brush against his own.

The two teenagers stumbled over to the bed, James discarding his cloak for the house elves to pick up later. James pushed Severus onto the bed gently, pulling back only to remove his own shirt. Severus, after taking a moment to recover from their rather intense snogging session, did the same. As both shirts fell to the floor, the two paused to look at each other.

James stared at the boy he barely knew. Whose life he'd saved and whose honour he swore to himself to protect. To put it quite simply he liked what he saw. The way Severus panted lightly, his lips reddened and slightly swollen. The way his chest rose and fell with every breath, forcing his hard nipples closer to James' mouth with every breath he took. Well James could only hold back for so long.

Severus laid there, James hovering over him as he straddled his waist. As he waited to catch his breath, Severus watched his boyfriend as he stared at him. Or more noticeably the way he stared at his chest.

'He'd better not be picturing me with boobs' Severus thought to himself. 'I bet that's what he's thinking about'.

Thankfully for James' sake, Severus soon found himself distracted by such thoughts as James began trailing kisses down his chest. What began as soft pecks, designed to do little more than tickle his skin and tease his senses, soon became more heated open mouth kisses.

As James' kisses became more heated, he introduced his teeth into the mix. Just enough to graze his skin, nipping ever so slightly in order to leave behind a pretty red welt. At least to James they were pretty; not only did they mark Severus as his, as his property, but they served as proof as to what they'd been doing together. What they were about to do together.

"James, please!" Severus gasped as James turned his attention to his nipples, brushing his tongue over them then watching as the cool air made them impossibly harder.

"Not yet. When we do this, I want you to be begging for it". James gasped out as he pulled back.

James gave a sigh in relief as he yanked his trousers down. The rather obvious and quite impressive bulge, made it clear as to the source of his relief. Trousers could be so confining to a teenage boy.

"I already am begging for it you twit. Are we doing this or not?" Severus ground out, giving his own little sigh of relief as James yanked his trousers down as well.

"Soon, I promise. I just don't want to hurt you". At that little admission Severus froze.

"What do you mean?"

“Well I’m not exactly small in case you hadn’t noticed”. James gestured towards his crotch, divesting himself of his underwear as if it needed further clarification.

Had Severus not been lying on his bed, his very naked and very attractive boyfriend hovering over him and with his dick in hand, he might very well have thumped him for such a cocky remark. No pun intended.

“I’m not exactly clueless in case you hadn’t noticed. I already prepared myself”. If there had been any doubt in James’ mind as to who would top, well there wasn’t now.

“Y-you did?” James stuttered out, his hand tightening around his dick as a pulse of heat shot directly into it.

‘You mean I missed it?’ James asked himself. The thought of his boyfriend with his legs spread, fingers coated in lube and fingering himself slowly, did little for James’ already dwindling control over his rapidly approaching orgasm.

“Thought of you as I was doing it. Just opening myself up, one finger at a time”. Severus smirked.

Unfortunately, that little remark cost James his last shred of control. In mere seconds James was shuddering, mouth agape as he came in thick white spurts, trembling as he allowed himself to succumb to his first orgasm of the night. The result was a mess of sticky, white semen splashed across their chests. It seemed having Severus pinned beneath him may not have been the best idea after all.

“Did you just-?” Severus gaped at him. Here he was ready to actually have sex and the idiot just went and came without warning. Now how long would he have to wait?

“S-sorry. You just, fuck you can’t just say shit like that and expect me not to react. I mean fucking hell I just pictured you doing what you said you did and I lost it”. James panted out, still too blissed out to care much for Severus’ anger.

“So it’s my fault?” Severus asked, clearly annoyed.

“N-no I-” Severus interrupted him.

“It’s okay. I mean it’s not like we’ve done this before right?” Severus waited for James to shake his head in agreement. Like he could do anything else. “Besides, I read somewhere it’s usually better if you orgasm early on. I think it’s supposed to help you get desensitised, so that it doesn’t happen again so soon”. Severus smiled reassuringly.

Well it wasn’t like he could stay mad with him, not if he ever wanted to get laid. Who knows what would happen if he were to ridicule James for his lack of control? Besides, it only meant they’d need to make sure they practiced more. And Severus was only too eager to help James practice.

“Yeah, you’re right”.

Severus had to fight to urge to remark that he was always right. He managed, just barely. “You know there’s other stuff we could do while we wait. I mean, you kind of owe me”. Severus smirked, thrusting his hips up just enough to make his point.

“Yeah? I guess I do.” James grinned, bending down to kiss him once more.

Severus merely sighed in pleasure, letting James leisurely explore his mouth before he moved onto other things. More sensitive things. A few minutes later found Severus shuddering his own release

into James' mouth. Much to his surprise, the other boy didn't seem nearly as grossed out as he would have expected. Especially considering he used to like a girl.

The two lay there panting a few minutes more, both waiting until they could at least hope to get it up again. Fortunately, being that they both were teenagers and virgins at that, it really didn't take long before they were both raring to go once more.

"Are you sure?" James asked, reaching for his wand in order to cast the necessary spells.

"I'm sure. Just...be careful yeah?" Severus replied, he was noticeably nervous by what was about to occur.

"Of course. If...if anything feels weird or it hurts I want you to tell me okay? I don't want to hurt you. Only I haven't exactly done this before so I'm kind of making it up as I go". James let out a weak chuckle that Severus returned.

"Same here. I don't have to tell you where it goes though do I?" Severus teased, laughing as James made an attempt to swat at his head.

"I'm not that much of an idiot you know". James couldn't help but grin as he stared down at Severus. The sight of his naked, wriggling boyfriend was one he was all too happy to take in.

"I know. And I know you won't hurt me. Not on purpose anyway". Severus smiled softly. James returned it with a somewhat nervous smile of his own.

"Never. So...you ready?" James asked.

"Yeah. You know the charm?" Severus asked.

"Yeah". James demonstrated his knowledge of the spell by waving his wand and muttering a quick word. A second later his wand conjured a slippery, clear substance which James used to coat his fingers and cock.

"Are you sure you don't need me to-?" James started only to be cut off once more.

"I did it already. If you really want to you can stretch me yourself but I'd really rather get to the main event". Severus answered impatiently.

"Y-yeah" James stuttered, distracted as Severus moved onto his hands and knees and giving James a very nice view indeed.

"Uh here, this should help" James grabbed a nearby pillow for Severus to rest on.

"Thanks" Severus mumbled. It was only now as he lowered his head and raised his behind that he became aware of just how exposed he was. From his exposed opening to his cock and balls being pressed against the mattress, Severus really was put on display for anyone to see. Worse still with his head down, he couldn't see James' reaction to this newly exposed state. Severus had never been quite as nervous as he was now.

"Gorgeous". Fortunately, James was too distracted by the sight to realise just how vulnerable his boyfriend was feeling. His apparent lack of a filter also meant he was liable to blurt out the first thing that came to mind. Which for Severus' sake, was quite comforting indeed.

Severus blushed at that, raising his head and turning in order to meet James' rather fixated gaze on his arse. His blush only deepened as he watched James fondle himself, giving himself a few

leisurely strokes as his dick rose to attention.

“Getting cold over here” Severus complained, only to gasp as James finally entered him. Well his fingers at least.

“Then I’d better warm you up hadn’t I?” James grinned, finally snapping out of his daze.

Severus merely moaned in response as he felt James’ fingers breach him, pushing into his body and wriggling around inside him. It wasn’t until those fingers brushed a particularly sensitive spot that Severus finally made his desire known.

“James, please! Don’t tease!” Severus moaned out, panting as James aimed for that spot again. It seemed he was fixated on having Severus as a trembling mess before he finally claimed him.

“Okay. Just relax all right?” Severus didn’t even bother responding to that. He knew it all already.

Of course what you read in books and what you feel in real life are two very different things. It was something Severus quickly learned as he felt himself lose control of his body in the most delicious of ways. From the trembling of his thighs and legs to the way he panted for every breath, not to mention the jolts of searing pleasure that seemed to engulf him, for the first time in his life, Severus had no control over himself. And he bloody loved it.

Severus’ breath hitched as he felt something hard and wide nudge at his entrance. Forcing his body to relax he shifted his hips slightly to better allow the intrusion to take place. With deep breaths he waited for James to slowly push in, reassuring the other boy all throughout.

“Fuck!” James panted out. He was barely holding back; the way Severus’ muscles seemed to just suck him in deeper and deeper, made it really hard to think straight.

Severus, being the cocky little shit he was despite his own efforts to hide it, couldn’t help but clamp down around James’ cock. Just to see his reaction of course. It was actually quite the miracle that James didn’t orgasm right then, something that surprised the both of them.

“I told you, all you needed was to get desensitised”. Severus panted out, moaning as he felt James force himself in just that little bit deeper.

“I’m gonna...make you pay for that” James panted, finally in deep enough to start thrusting his hips gently.

For all his bravado, Severus was struggling with the sensations he was experiencing. The feeling of a warm, pulsating cock forcing his way inside him was unlike anything he’d ever experienced. Oh it hurt of course, there was no way it couldn’t at least a little. Muscles he didn’t even know he had felt as though they were being stretched to the limits, leaving behind a burning pain that really wasn’t comfortable. But the pain was easily dampened as James’ cock brushed against his prostate every so often.

Of course being virgins, well sort of, the two hadn’t developed quite the right rhythm to make it really great. As such, Severus found himself experiencing mind-blowing pleasure one moment, then nothing but the uncomfortable stretching that came with having a cock up his arse. It was hit and miss to be sure, but it did make Severus all the more eager to experience those moments whenever they came along.

James on the other hand was having the time of his life so to speak. And why wouldn’t he be? After all he was getting pretty much all of the pleasure and none of the pain that Severus was experiencing. But luckily for them both, James had the forethought to wrap his hand around

Severus' dick. Lucky for Severus as it would ensure he was more focused on the pleasurable side of the act, and lucky for James as it would ensure that Severus was kept happy and content. Enough so that he'd want to let James do it to him again. Many times over if James was lucky.

Soon enough the two settled into a rhythm. A bit of a clumsy one yes, but it would get better with practice. It took some careful manoeuvring on both parts, before their rather awkward movements became smoother and better timed. But eventually the two began fucking in earnest, too lost in their own pleasure to care about the sight they made. And apart from their soft moans and grunts, not to mention the steady rhythm of flesh slapping against flesh, they were surprisingly quiet.

Of course such quiet didn't last long. All it took was Severus to unexpectedly lose control, which was kind of the point but it would no doubt annoy him once he recovered, for him to let out a loud moan. Seconds later had James shouting out his own pleasure, the sensation of Severus' hole tightening almost impossibly around his dick, proved to be his undoing.

The two boys lay there panting, James half collapsed onto Severus' back as he came with a shout. Severus on the other hand, could do little more than pant as he found himself pretty much pinned to the mattress.

"You can get off me anytime you know" Severus grumbled, once he caught his breath.

"S-sorry" James let out a breathy laugh. Rather than pull himself up, or do anything that would count as actual effort, he merely rolled over with a groan, landing beside Severus.

Severus, like James, was too tired to do anything more than yank the now spoiled pillow out from under him, tossing it on the floor. With a groan he too flopped down onto his bed, moving only when he felt James reach out to tug him closer to him.

"Mmh, love you Sev" James mumbled against his neck.

Severus shifted uncomfortably at the ache in his backside, wincing as he felt something leak out of him. It was messy and uncomfortable to be sure, and yet Severus couldn't the smile off his face. "Love you too James" Severus mumbled back.

As strange as it sounded, Severus was more embarrassed at that little admission than he had been when right before they had sex. It may not have made sense to be embarrassed at such a thing, but for Severus, admitting his feelings wasn't something he felt comfortable with. But seeing as how he had just lost his virginity to his boyfriend, well it seemed like a pretty good time to admit it.

Now as with every clichéd story out there, once the two had fucked and spent their seed, they soon fell asleep. Still wrapped in each other's arms, sheets tangled around their naked bodies and ignorant to everything around them.

Well they may not have lasted long, but hey, they still had the rest of the week to practice.

## Chapter End Notes

I was tempted to continue this but I thought this would be a nice place to end.

I hope you all enjoyed this and please review! I'd love to know what you thought about it.





# Chapter 17

## Chapter Notes

Thanks again to everyone who reviewed the last chapter. I hope you all enjoy this one just as much. Again there is a fair amount of smut in here so if you're not interested then I advise you to look away now.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

James blinked sleepily, rubbing his eyes with the back of his hand as he waited for his brain to catch up with his body. He didn't need to wait long before last night's memories came flooding back, causing his smile (not to mention other things) to grow. James turned over, dopey smile still in place as he watched Severus sleep. The other boy's light snoring filling James up with all sorts of sappy feelings that could only be attributed to new love.

'He loves me' was James' first realisation. Last night he hadn't been too focused on their mutual confession, still feeling the aftereffects of his last orgasm of the night. 'He bloody loves me' he thought again. His grin stretched almost impossibly wide.

Not content with just lying there, his boyfriend asleep and pressed firmly against him, James took action. After untangling them both from the sheets, James wrapped his arm around Severus' waist. Waiting to see if the movement would wake him, James frowned a little before a new idea came to mind. Since Severus was so set on sleeping, James would see how much he could do to him before he woke up.

No actual penetration of course. James felt rather smug in thinking Severus would be rather sore when he awoke. A thought which caused him to feel somewhat ashamed. Here he was relishing in the thought of his boyfriend being too sore to walk, too sore to do much more than lay in bed all day with him.

At first it sounded like the best idea James had ever had, but then reality quickly reared its ugly head. Namely that if Severus was too sore to walk, he'd be too sore to do other things. The kind of things that made James feel all kinds of happy. A little later another thought popped into his head, namely that Severus would be in pain. Maybe not a lot of pain but he'd be sore, maybe even very sore. James, as he was all too eager to brag, wasn't exactly lacking for length or girth. A fact Severus was now well aware of.

"James?" Severus mumbled, voice thick with sleep as he opened his eyes.

Not expecting to see his boyfriend actually awake, Severus was surprised to see him awake and staring at him with a dopey grin on his face. Nothing different there then, but still it was enough to get Severus to blush. Something James was particularly happy with.

"Morning. You okay?" Well there went his game. But then again, having Severus awake only left them with countless new games to play. Ones involving each other and hopefully taking place all around the manor. After all they did have a lot of rooms to christen before the holidays were up.

Severus winced, shifting to better see his boyfriend, only to be reminded of last night's activities in a decidedly more unpleasant way than James. "A little sore" he admitted, "and I'd really like a

shower” he added.

“Want me to carry you in?” James asked, all too eager to see his boyfriend naked and dripping with water. Not too different from the state he was in now, just cleaner and with any luck hornier than the night before. James certainly was at any rate.

Severus was torn between feeling outraged at the insinuation that he needed help to walk and embarrassed at the realisation that he very well might need help. But still Severus could see that James was trying to be helpful and not smug. Had it been Malfoy in his place, Severus knew the bastard would have been gloating about his prowess and his prick. But James, he wasn’t doing the former although last night he had done the former, if unintentionally. But James wasn’t Malfoy, or Christophe for that matter. Severus knew he could trust him not to be like them. He really was just trying to help.

“I can manage”. Severus answered, letting James pull him into their first kiss of the morning.

“What time is it anyway?” Severus asked once the two had parted.

“Tis 9 o’clock in the morning little master”. The two boys shot up at that, Severus wincing as the movement reminded him of the ache in his arse.

“Drippy! What are you doing in here?” Severus hissed, clearly embarrassed.

The elf just gave him an unimpressed look, a vial clutched tightly in her hand. “Lord Snape told me to give this to you when you’d both awoken. It’ll take your pain away. He said you’d probably need it seeing as it’d be the first night you two would be alone together. He also said to tell you that practice makes perfect and he expects you’ll both be well practiced before Master Potter leaves”. With that Drippy handed him the vial, watching him sternly until he downed its contents. Drippy then waited for him to hand back the vial before disappearing with a loud crack.

Severus merely groaned in humiliation, James still too stunned to be of much help. On the plus side though it seemed the potion had done the trick, his arse no longer ached.

“So your grandfather wants us to practice does he?” James finally asked, his stunned expression changing into one that could only be described as truly perverse.

“Shut up” Severus grumbled, finally getting out of bed.

James merely lay back, enjoying the sight of Severus’ arse as it swayed and clenched with every step he took. Eventually though James grew bored of just watching Severus move around the room. Having already had a taste of his boyfriend, James was all too eager to have another.

“You coming?” Severus asked him, looking over his shoulder as if to allow James to continue his ogling.

James’ response was immediate, that had clearly been an invitation and he was all too eager to accept it. James surged from the bed, moving faster than Severus had ever seen him do. Yet rather than drag them both to the bathroom, Severus found their bodies pressed together once more. Severus had no time to think before he found himself yet again, with James’ tongue brushing over his own. All he could think to do was moan and groan, too caught up in the rush of hormones and lust that enveloped them both. Needless to say such actions carried their own share of problems, two especially hard and leaking problems to be precise.

It was with a heavy heart that Severus forced himself away, still panting as he did his best to focus on not releasing all over his very expensive antique rug. James it seemed didn’t find that very

agreeable and with a whine made to reattach his boyfriend's mouth with his own.

"J-James wait! I can't...I'm about to..." Severus struggled to think.

It turned out having your attractive, horny and very much naked boyfriend pawing at you like an animal in heat, made it rather difficult to say no. Particularly when Severus wanted it just as much as James did. He just didn't want to have to clean up the mess.

Normally that was a house elf's responsibility, the things they knew about their master's lives would be enough to start their own gossip magazines, but Severus knew for a fact he'd be made to clean it up himself. Drippy had been there for him since that very first day he'd arrived, he owed her a lot. He couldn't bring himself to ask her to clean up his semen; it was like asking your mother to do it. Actually asking her that is, not just having her come in and do it anyway. Not that he'd know of course, his mother was long dead.

"Why not?" James whined, yes actually whined.

Severus couldn't help but grin at that. "I thought you wanted to have me in the shower? All that hot soapy water running down over the both of us, you having me against the wall. I thought you wanted that too?" Severus asked, his voice lowering to barely above a whisper as he moved to kiss James' neck.

"Y-yeah? That sounds...mmm...that sounds good". James panted, reaching his arm around to give Severus' arse a quick squeeze.

Severus yelped, flushing as he felt James' hand on his arse while the other tightened around his waist. "James!" James only chuckled at his indignation, silencing him once more with a harsh kiss that left them both verging on the edge.

"Well come on then, you said you wanted a shower" James grinned cheekily, pulling his hand away from his arse but refusing to remove the one around his waist.

Severus led them both to the en suite, trying desperately to ignore the way James' fingers seemed to wander. It was only as Severus turned on the taps that he felt a finger slowly breach him, causing his breath to catch in his throat. He turned slightly, watching James who seemed to be watching his every reaction closely. It wasn't until James was up to two fingers that he brushed his prostate, sending Severus over the edge and catching him before his legs failed to support him.

"Ah, James!" Severus hissed, James chuckling behind him as he continued to gently probe him.

"Sorry, you just looked so good like this. Besides we're already getting cleaned up, thought it'd be nice to get properly dirty beforehand. You look really good like this". James smiled teasingly, although it was obvious by the way he shifted, that he wasn't far from contributing his own mess to the sticky puddle on the bathroom floor.

"Jerk" Severus scowled half-heartedly, only to gasp as James once again brushed his prostate.

"Hey I'm getting better already. Guess your grandfather was right, I did need practice". James grinned, sounding way too pleased with himself.

Severus only groaned. "Please don't mention my grandfather when you have your fingers up my arse".

James made a face at that. "Urgh, I didn't mean it like that but now I can't get the image out of my head". James glanced down at his cock; it seemed the thought of his boyfriend's grandfather was

enough to get it to retreat.

Severus followed the other boy's gaze as best he could; a lecherous smirk crossed his own face as he watched James pout over his softening dick. "Why don't we get in and I'll see about getting you back up?" Severus gasped as the fingers were abruptly pulled out of him, causing a strange sense of emptiness he'd never before encountered.

"I fucking love you" James growled before pushing the smaller boy into the shower, following him in straight after.

"Love you too" Severus murmured. A brief moment of hesitation passed while the two of them allowed the water to cascade over their bodies.

"So uh, are you going to...well you know". James gave a pointed look towards his crotch, waiting for Severus to get the hint.

"I said I would, didn't I?" James gulped as Severus shot him a mischievous grin before dropping to his knees.

James opened his mouth as if to reply, but soon found himself unable to do anything that required thinking. All that followed was a long hiss as he felt a warm, wet tongue brush against his tip, followed by a series of harsh panting and moans as he experienced his first real blowjob. Even when he'd dated Lily he hadn't even gotten a handjob from her. But with Severus, well, he'd gotten to do pretty much everything with him. James grinned at that. It seemed good things did indeed come to those who waited.

Soon enough James found himself at full mast, trying desperately to hold off his release. It was a difficult choice; cum now and watch his boyfriend swallow his load, or fight the urge and get to fuck his boyfriend right there in the shower stall. It was a tough choice yes, but James knew it was the right one.

Oral versus anal, starter versus main course; the two just couldn't compare. For James it was like eating out at a fancy restaurant. You started with the starter and moved onto the main, not the other way around. You had something that would excite you in the beginning and then moved onto what you were really interested in. It was the same for sex. Sure he loved the feeling of thrusting into a warm, wet mouth, but it just couldn't compare to the tightness of his boyfriend's arse, or the way it clenched and pulled him in with each thrust. It was just so much better. But still he couldn't deny he bloody loved blowjobs, now that he'd finally gotten to experience one. And a bloody good one at that.

'Fuck, what I wouldn't give to wake up to this' James thought. He stared down at Severus with lidded eyes, clamping his fingers down as he felt his orgasm draw near.

"I'm ready" James panted out. Severus merely smirked, letting James tug him off the shower floor.

"Then let's get on it with it". Perhaps not the most exciting or graceful thing to say, but the two of them were too far gone to really give a shit.

"Wait I don't have-" James began, only to be cut off as a bottle was thrust against his chest.

"Apparently my grandfather really wanted me to get laid. He put that in here when I was in third year". Severus informed him as James busied himself with opening the cap and pouring the contents into his hand.

"We'll have to thank him then". James grinned as Severus swiped some of the lube from his hand,

moving it to coat his boyfriend's dick.

It was sloppy work at best, both boys too eager to get to the main event. Besides if they stayed in the water too long they'd only go all wrinkly and neither of them wanted that. After a few minutes of awkward fumbling, both boys trying to figure out the best angle, James gave into temptation. With a quick movement he had Severus' legs wrapped around his waist, one hand supporting the boy and the other guiding his cock to his entrance, so helpfully held open by Severus' fingers.

"Fuck!" Severus hissed, James grunting his agreement against his neck as he slowly pushed in.

Severus panted as he felt the head press against him, wincing as it pushed him open wider and wider until it finally disappeared inside him. With a sigh he relaxed as much as possible, grateful for the way James was so obviously holding himself back just for him. It was enough for a burst of warmth to erupt in his chest, the idea that James so obviously cared about his comfort was something Severus had never really experienced before. Not from a potential lover at least.

Lucius and Christophe had been very much the same; cruel, manipulative and uncaring as to how he felt about the situation. But James, he actually cared about him. As something more than just a convenient hole to fuck, something Severus knew for a fact was what the other two had seen him as. When they'd claimed to have loved in, making sure no one was around to hear them, Severus never truly believed them. But when James did it, well it was the first time in his young life that Severus thought he might actually believe someone loved him. Someone who wasn't a friend or family that is.

"Have I hurt you?" Severus blinked; surprised at the way his eyes seemed to burn. As though he were about to burst into tears. James' worried face was the first thing he noticed. The way his eyes seemed to burn into his own, the fear inside them clear even through the haze of the spray.

"No. You didn't hurt me". Severus said, oddly subdued by the emotions that had overtaken him briefly.

If James knew something was wrong he didn't call him out on it. Instead he only pressed their lips together once more; a sweet chaste kiss that instantly lightened the mood. Then as soon as it was done he gave a particularly hard thrust, one guaranteed to keep Severus incoherent and incapable of any other thoughts that weren't 'harder' or 'deeper'.

"J-James!" Severus cried out, it was the first real noise he'd made since they'd began.

'Finally!' James thought to himself, relieved to have gotten his boyfriend to scream his name. He'd been worried at first; they were both still too new to sex to be able to tell each other what they wanted. Too embarrassed to admit to all the filthy little desires running through their heads. But for James, one of his biggest desires was to have Severus exactly as he was. Mouth agape, head thrown back, stark naked and crying out his name in absolute ecstasy. The water soaking his skin only made the image all the more better. James rather liked trailing the droplets with his eyes, imagining himself doing it with his tongue.

Eventually though all good things must come to an end. On the plus side it took them longer this time for them both to reach completion, James once again tugging Severus off to ensure he came first. Whether out of politeness or for the feeling of smugness that came with being the last one to lose control, James would never admit. But luckily for him, he'd left Severus too dazed to do anything that even resembled thinking. Had he not, well the smug little smile that had briefly flashed across his face may have gotten the other boy's attention. Not necessarily for the better.

It was probably a good thing Severus' grandfather was so rich. Had he not been the two may have

been forced to end their tryst rather early, distracted by the water's rapidly cooling temperature. But since he was so rich, the water remained as warm as it had been when they'd first gotten in. Something Severus was grateful for as he felt James once again pull out of him. The ache in his arse seemed no different than last time, although the feeling of James' still warm semen leaking out seemed even stranger than before. Perhaps because he was still being held upright, although not without some obvious effort. With his legs spread wide and his back held firmly against the tiles, well there was no other direction for it to go. Gravity and all that.

As much as James would have liked to keep him there, in his arms and nice and open for him to dive in once more, he just didn't have any strength left. He wasn't quite sure if it was from an admittedly rather powerful orgasm, it seemed delayed gratification really did make things better, but James was good and knackered by the time they'd finished. Of course there was no doubt he'd be up and raring to go within the hour, but for now he was all set to go back to bed. Or maybe even just lay in front of the fire, Severus in his arms. It was an appealing idea, especially since he could have sworn he'd seen a bearskin rug in there. He'd always wanted to do it on a bearskin rug. Merlin knows why but he did. Now all he had to do was convince Severus it was the best idea ever.

As tired as he was, James carefully set Severus down, steadying him as he was forced to stand on shaky legs. "Careful, I've got you" James grinned, chuckling slightly at the rather dark look Severus sent him.

"It's your fault I'm like this you know" Severus scowled. It really was embarrassing just how weak his knees felt, as though he really was some swooning maiden.

"Oh I know. Bloody amazing is what it is". James pressed against him once more, his now flaccid dick pressed against the other boy's thigh. A movement which caused Severus' breath to hitch oh so slightly.

The two just stood there panting, with James supporting the smaller boy until his legs regained their strength. Eventually they moved once more, Severus to grab at the nearby shampoo and James to do the same with the soap. There was no need for words as Severus poured some into his hand.

"Head down". Well maybe just two.

James lowered his head obediently, groaning as he felt the boy's fingers tangle into his hair. Severus, liking what he heard, made an effort to keep him groaning. He gently massaged his fingers in the taller boy's scalp, eliciting increasingly filthy sounds which only served to once again arouse them both. After a few minutes the task was done, Severus holding the bottle out and accepting the soap in return.

While Severus had been gentle and caring as he washed James' hair, James had become too aroused to care about going slow. Instead he captured his boyfriend's mouth in a truly filthy kiss, tangling his fingers in his hair and rubbing the creamy substance in thoroughly. Severus it seemed was only too eager to respond, smirking as he retaliated by letting his fingers trail across James' chest. Only a second later James found himself biting back a yelp as he felt Severus cup his balls with one hand, the other trailing to circle his own entrance.

The thought of bottoming hadn't really entered James' mind before then. Everyone kind of assumed Severus would be the one to, seeing as how he was the one capable of giving birth. Something James had assumed was true, something Severus hadn't denied. But the feeling of slender fingers gently probing him, not pushing in exactly just catching against his rim, rather than terrify him or gross him out, it almost excited him. It was something they hadn't done yet and if James was honest with himself, if Severus seemed to like it so much then he'd quite like to see

what all the fuss was about.

Later though. Right now he really did want to get clean.

Of course as with most teenage boys, they ended up rather distracted. Indeed they both found themselves shuddering at least once more, as they explored each other's bodies under the guise of applying soap. Eventually though they grew sick of just standing there, feeling each other up as the water pounded against their backs. They'd much rather do such things with a horizontal surface to lie on.

Although it took them a while to stop pawing at each other, they were two teenagers who believed they were in love after all; Severus eventually pulled himself from James' grasp. If only because he'd long grown sick of the water hitting his back.

"You know we could get out of here. Maybe continue this somewhere else" James suggested as Severus pulled away from him.

"Y-yeah? Sounds good".

Severus couldn't help but berate himself for how quickly he was losing control of himself. Oh sure he was a teenage boy discovering sex for the first time, but he knew better than to act so wanton. He was smarter than most boys his age; he'd always believed himself to be more mature. Yet here he was giving into his desires so easily, just because his boyfriend tossed a few smiles and kind words his way.

Whether James knew the power he held over Severus, Severus wasn't sure. But one thing he could be sure of was that he didn't like just how quickly, James could convince him to give in. It was enough to trouble him, enough to put a slight frown on his face while James' back was turned. Yet the moment James turned back around, waiting for him to follow him out, his easy smile was enough to convince Severus that things would be okay.

"You still in there?" James' teasing voice snapped him out of his thoughts.

Severus merely grinned "just thinking about things".

"Oh yeah? What kind of things?"

"Well...I saw you looking at the rug in front of the fire. I was wondering if you wanted to do it there next. You know...if you wanted to". It was really quite impressive just how quickly Severus could come up with a lie on the spot.

"Y-yeah? I think that's, uh I mean...yeah. We could try it there" James stuttered. Apparently Severus was more observant than he seemed.

There were a number of reasons as to why James claimed to love Severus so much. There were of course the more superficial ones; he was his age, smart and attractive. But there were also the less obvious ones; the way he observed things others didn't, the way he gasped and moaned as they made love. But most of all, James loved the way Severus seemed to share his kinks. In his eyes, as they say, it was...

'Bloody brilliant'.



Hope you all enjoyed it!

Please review and let me know what you think!

KB

## Chapter 18

### Chapter Notes

Since I'm off this week, I've been trying to get everything updated at least once. So I'll probably be updating my South Park fic and then my new story. Just to give you guys a heads up.

Please check out my new story! It's basically a SSMarauders pairing (minus Peter) taking place in an AU where Severus, sick of everything, just ups and leaves Hogwarts.

Massive thank you to everyone for your comments and kudos. I can't believe I've gotten over 300 kudos so far! So thank you and I hope you like this update!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“James?”

“Mmrhm” James mumbled, head pressed against the pillow.

“They’re gonna be here in an hour. You’ve got to get up, come on”. Severus coaxed.

“We’ve got an hour”. James grumbled. “What could we do in an hour I wonder?” James raised his head, hair askew and a mischievous grin on his face. “Twice” he added for good measure.

Severus however, didn’t seem very impressed. “Well, you could get a shower for one. Maybe eat some breakfast, or should that be lunch?” Severus wondered aloud. It was already past noon.

“Huh? You’re kidding right? You don’t want to, well you know” James gave a pointed glance to his crotch, grinning at the flush that spread across Severus’ cheeks.

“Pervert” Severus grumbled. Although he couldn’t stop the grin that spread across his face. “Get dressed” he added, yanking the covers back.

“Urgh fine” James scowled, yelping as the cool air hit his bare skin. “Hey!” James whined, Severus just laughed at him.

“I thought you’d be happy that they’re coming over. I mean they’re your friends aren’t they?” Severus asked, sitting down on the bed as he watched James strip. Clearly modesty wasn’t a big issue between them.

“Course they are. But if I had to choose between seeing them and shagging you, well”. James grinned at him.

Severus looked away, embarrassed at just how much James’ words affected him. As much as he loathed to admit it, he really liked it when James said things like that to him. Not just the things relating to sex, which he had to admit were becoming increasingly frequent the more time they spent together. It was understandable, given the number of times they’d *done it* since arriving at the mansion. But it was the way James seemed to hold him in such high regard.

Now Severus was used to people vying for his attention. With friends like Sirius and enemies like Malfoy, he'd spent a lot of time growing up around attention seekers. He'd learned to just accept it. But people accepting him for who he was, not trying to make him into something else, well that he wasn't so used to. Even his grandfather had done it at one point, moulding him into the ideal pureblood heir. Which was actually pretty understandable, given his upbringing. It would have been cruel to give a child such as him all the luxuries in the world, dressing him up in finery and then throwing him into society without any guidance whatsoever. He needed to learn how to act, how to survive in high society. So he could forgive his grandfather for making him into what he'd become; a well-mannered, desirable individual.

Severus could admit he'd been bribed a little too. Augustus did after all have an extensive library filled with spells and potions texts designed to horrify even the most hardened of wizards. To Severus of course, it gave him knowledge that few others would ever possess. Certainly a nice thought to have.

Throughout his rather short life, Severus had always felt somewhat isolated. You know how it is, you could be surrounded by a sea of people and yet you'd be the loneliest person there. While Severus had a few close friends, people he genuinely liked and trusted, they were just that. Friends. Severus had wanted more; he wanted something he hadn't seen for many years. Love. Not the family kind of love, between a parent (or grandparent) and child, but real love between two strangers.

Now Malfoy and Christophe? Severus wasn't even going to think about what a disaster those two had been. Temporary insanity he was calling it. But it all worked out in the end at least. Rather than being tied to someone who only saw him as something, a tool to further their own career and social standing, he'd instead ended up with someone like him. Someone his age, someone nice (provided Slytherins weren't around), funny, attractive and genuine. Of course Severus chose to ignore James' rather obsessive behaviour when it came to quidditch. Nobody's perfect or so they say. But what he had with James, well it was sappy and probably something a girl would say, but Severus had to admit it was pretty much perfect.

"What are you smiling about?"

Severus blinked out of his daze, startling as he found James' face only inches from his own. "Just, you know Sirius coming over and all that". Severus tried waving James' questions aside.

"What else?" Damn. Sometimes James knew him better than he knew himself.

"I...oh don't make me say it" Severus grumbled.

"Go on" James encouraged. He leaned further in to sneak a kiss, just something soft and sweet. A far cry from their usual frantic encounters, which left them both hard and panting.

"You. I was-" Severus let out a sigh. "I was thinking about you and I smiled. Happy now?" He probably should have been expecting the kiss; he really should have expected it by now. He knew what James was like.

"Good" James panted out as he paused for breath. "I was thinking about you too" he admitted, diving in one last time.

"Just, get dressed" Severus pushed James off him. As happy as it made him to have his boyfriend on top of him, making him feel all warm and achy in a good way, now wasn't the time.

'Later though' Severus decided. 'Definitely later'.

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“So you think they’ll be up when we get there? I bet they’ll still be in bed, either all shagged out or right in the middle of it. Think we can catch them in the act?” Sirius asked, not really looking for an answer.

Remus just sighed at his friend’s behaviour. “You’d better hope they don’t find out about you saying shit like that. They’ll murder you in your sleep”. Not that he expected Sirius to listen. When did he ever?

“Hey that’s what I’ve got you for now isn’t it. You’ll have my back, right Moony?” Sirius turned to him, signature puppy pout in place. The one that ensured he got off scot free every time.

Remus looked away, refusing to answer. Although he couldn’t help the embarrassed flush that spread from his neck to his cheeks.

Sirius sighed. Oh sure he’d gotten the last word in, that was always a plus, but Moony had been acting strangely lately. Aside from the whole werewolf thing that is. “Hey Moony? We good?” Sirius asked. He’d never really been one for waiting.

“Yeah Padfoot. We’re good. Just, stop trying to piss them off so much, yeah?” Remus asked. It would be nice to visit Severus without Sirius making an ass of himself for once.

“For you mate? You got yourself a deal”. Sirius grinned and with that, whatever tension had formed between them, dissipated just as quickly.

“You guys gonna kiss now or what?” Peter asked with a smirk on his face as he tried to be funny. Of course being unaware of Remus’ feelings towards Sirius, his joke fell rather flat.

“As if Wormtail. Just ‘cause Prongs is bent doesn’t mean I am too” Sirius scoffed, unaware of the impact his words had on Remus.

Of course Sirius wasn’t exactly being truthful. He had in fact fooled around with a few guys before. Nothing serious, but it was enough for him to realise he wasn’t completely straight. Something that would undoubtedly piss his parents off even more, seeing as how he wasn’t dating Severus liked they’d hoped. But still, he was pretty sure Regulus was straight. So there was still a chance the Black line would continue. So yeah, he didn’t really have a preference for gender. As long as they were fit he’d shag them. With those that possessed more than two brain cells, provided they met his requirements for attractiveness, he’d even go out with them for a while. Give them the honour of claiming they were dating the legendary Sirius Black, a fine prize indeed.

Still, Sirius had an image to protect. He had to be seen as the ladies’ man, the guy every girl wanted to date and every guy wanted to be. It wasn’t just his pride that demanded it, his parents did as well. To them it showed them he was exploring his options, choosing a partner worthy of the Black name. He may have only been fifteen, but considering the war and everything, it was necessary for him to settle down and start a family as soon as possible. The survival of the Black name depended on it. Well sure there was Regulus, but come on it was *Regulus*. He still crawled into his bed at night when he had a nightmare. At home of course, not at school. Although that would be a pretty impressive feat.

Remus on the other hand, ignorant to Sirius’ inner ramblings, was working on keeping himself calm. He and anger usually didn’t work out so well, what with the wolf and all. But still finding out he never even had a chance was pretty devastating. Not that he let anything show. He’d had far too much practice in life being able to hide his pain. There were times he’d even managed to fool

himself into believing everything was okay.

“Moony you okay?” Peter asked as they climbed out of the carriage.

Say what you liked about Wormtail, but he was a perceptive little bugger. When there wasn't any food around of course. When that happened he usually found himself too lost in the smells, the tastes of sweet and savoury, to pay attention to his surroundings. Quite possibly a result of his animagus form. Of course it wasn't all bad; he'd certainly gotten better at noticing when people were hiding something. Like Remus for example.

“Yeah just, maybe I'm getting a headache” Remus muttered. He rubbed his hand across his forehead.

“You sick Moony?” Sirius asked, finally noticing the state his friend was in.

‘Weird’ Sirius thought. ‘He was fine a few minutes ago’.

“Nah, I probably just need to get inside. Out of the sun you know?” Remus gestured to the bright sun they were walking under.

“If you say so”. Sirius patted him on the back, frowning at the way he tensed beneath his touch.

“We're here” Peter piped up, much to Remus' relief. He really didn't want to answer Sirius' questions and he knew he was bound to have a few. He just had that look on his face. The one that said he was going to be in trouble. Remus that is, not Sirius. For once.

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“They're here” Severus called, frowning as he heard a string of expletives in response. “James?” For a moment Severus was worried, but it soon gave way to annoyance. “What did you break now?”

“Hey I resent that!” James complained, exiting Severus' bedroom. “I'll have you know I didn't break a thing. Just bashed my arm is all”. James held up his arm as proof, a small red mark already forming. “Kiss me better?” James asked with a cheeky grin.

“Isn't it kiss *it* better?” Severus gave him a dubious look.

“My way's more fun” James grinned.

Severus smiled at that, leaning over to give him a quick kiss. This time however he was prepared for James' attempts to deepen the kiss. Pulling back before the other boy had a chance to carry out his plan.

“Later, okay?” He turned his head in an effort to avoid the hurt look he just knew James was sporting. He could be a right manipulative bastard like that. Didn't mean he loved him any less.

“Fine” James sighed.

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“Finally! Took you long enough”. Ah, Sirius. Always loud, always brash and always annoying. Severus really had missed him.

“Hello Remus”. Severus greeted with a smile, ignoring Sirius altogether. “How've you been?”

“Good”. Remus glanced over at the very put out Sirius beside him. He had to smother a grin at the face he was making.

“I have a few books you can borrow if you like?” Severus offered, earning a genuine smile from the boy.

“Yes, thank you. I brought that book I wrote to you about. You said you wanted to read it”. Remus responded, Severus smiled in turn.

“You remembered. Thank you that’s-” Severus found himself being interrupted.

“Oi! Where’s my hello?” Sirius whined, arms held open as if ready to give a hug.

“It was revoked when you started going on about catching us in the act”. Severus gave him a pointed look.

“Wha-? How the hell do you know about that?” Sirius screeched, his mouth agape. He wasn’t the only one.

“I didn’t”. Severus smirked. “But now I do” he added. Sirius was left to splutter.

While this was going on, Peter stood silently as he watched his best friends interact with the stranger. From the way he acted with Sirius, he could tell they were close. Like brothers even. They had the teasing each other part down at least. Taking a good look at him he could see why James wanted him at least. He wasn’t ugly by any means; James wouldn’t have looked twice at him if he was. Based on what Remus had told him he was also smart, which he had to admit he was a little relieved by. He actually hoped to pass his classes and being friends with James and Sirius wasn’t making that easy. The two focused more on having fun and screwing around than they did on actually working. And there were only so many times he could study with Remus, before going crazy.

“Peter right?” Severus asked him, Peter blinked in response.

“Y-yeah. You’re Severus”. He replied, more of a confirmation than anything.

“Peter or Wormtail?” Severus asked. “Which do you prefer?” Severus added upon noticing the confused look sent his way.

“Oh uh, either’s fine I guess”. Peter trailed off uncertainly. Since when did he know about their secret?

“How the hell did you know about that?” James asked with wide eyes. Sirius was in a similar state beside him.

“Remus told me. I suspected for a while actually, but I finally got him to admit it a while back”. Severus gave Remus a slight nod in support.

“When were you going to tell us you knew?” James asked, Sirius nodding beside him. At the look Severus sent his way, James suddenly had second thoughts.

Rather than get upset, something the two were obviously expecting, Severus merely smiled. “I wanted to know what you looked like lying. Now I know what to expect for the future”.

Severus chuckled as he left the two gaping by the doorway. “If you want there’s cake in the lounge. Drippy made it special”. Severus informed Remus and Peter, the two more than happy to

follow him.

“Shouldn’t we wait for them?” Peter asked nervously.

“I’ve known Sirius since I was five; he’s been here a lot so he knows his way around. And James, well he has been here the last few days”. There were some things Severus felt should be left unsaid. His sex life being one of them. He was just happy Remus hadn’t said anything yet. Although judging by the way he wrinkled his nose when he first saw them, he knew more than he wanted to. It was probably why he hadn’t said anything yet.

“Oh”. Peter felt a little foolish at that. It was pretty obvious.

“So what’s your favourite?” Severus asked, gesturing at the platters of cakes and sandwiches spread across the table. “I’m guessing yours is anything with chocolate?” Severus glanced at Remus, who only smiled sheepishly.

Remus grinned as he grabbed the most chocolate laden cake on the table. With three kinds of chocolate, covered in chocolate sauce, chocolate decorations and cream, Remus was all too eager to devour it. If only he could find a napkin.

Peter made a grab for a strawberry cake, the same one Severus had gotten. After a moment’s pause he also grabbed two sandwiches; one ham and the other chicken. Well it was free food after all and he was bloody starving.

“Oi! Leave some for me” Sirius complained. He and James entered the room, their eyes lighting up at the food on offer.

Severus merely shook his head in fond exasperation, passing over a plate he’d already prepared, full of Sirius’ favourites. James meanwhile was left to grab his own, a fact that didn’t go unnoticed.

“How come you made him a plate? Where’s mine? I thought boyfriends were supposed to do this sort of thing for each other?” James complained. He wasn’t upset by any means, but I gave him a good excuse to demand something from Severus. “Now you have to make it up to me” James decided. A smug grin spread across his face.

“You’re not having sex in front of us”. Surprisingly enough it was Remus this time, although judging by the look on Sirius’ face he’d only just beaten him to the punch.

“You’re right, we’re not” Severus confirmed. He gave a wary glance over to James.

“Give me some credit, I only wanted a kiss”. James whined, sullenly reaching out to grab whatever looked good. Judging by his plate, a lot of it looked good.

Severus only rolled his eyes. While he’d grown used to James’ increasing interest towards him, he didn’t feel too comfortable expressing it in front of his friends.

‘Their friends’ his mind supplied.

“If I give you one, will you stop complaining for the rest of the day?” Honestly, Severus didn’t think it’d work.

James on the other hand was all for it, putting his plate down and reaching across to smash their lips together.

“I think I’m gonna be sick”. You could always count on Sirius to ruin the moment.

“If it helps, just think. If your parents had it their way you’d be in his place”. Severus offered, smirking at the twin looks of horror on their faces. “What?” He asked, all too innocently. “I said *if* it helps”.

“I think I see why you like him so much” Peter whispered to Remus, receiving a muffled laugh in response. Fortunately the commotion of the other two drowned it out.

‘You have no idea’ Remus thought to himself.

## Chapter End Notes

Please review and let me know what you thought!

KB



## Chapter 19

### Chapter Notes

Thank you for all your feedback so far. I hope for those of you who are still reading this that you like this chapter. For the record this chapter contains SiriusRemus, so just a fair warning if you really hate that pairing.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Severus sighed as he listened to the professor drone on. While he normally enjoyed school, or at least tolerated it more than many of his peers, today his mind just wasn't set on schoolwork. Rather it was set on a problem he was having, kind of a big problem at that. No he wasn't pregnant, Merlin forbid. Although considering how often he and James had done it during the holidays, they wouldn't see each other for a few months after all, it was only thanks to his grandfather's charm that he remained that way. No matter what anyone claimed fifteen was too young to start a family, even if they were living in a war.

No, Severus' problem was different. It was James related; all his problems nowadays seemed to be James related one way or another. The problem wasn't with James himself but with Christophe. You know the jerk that pursued him, molested him and as soon as he got word he had a boyfriend, dumped him for another boy. Actually when you think about it like that, that doesn't really sound so bad. It almost makes him sound like a gentleman. At least it would if you ignored the reason why he dumped him, aside from the whole him getting a boyfriend thing.

You see Christophe was kind of possessive, kind of arrogant and most assuredly an asshole. And all those traits meant he had a very high opinion of himself. Of course since he had such a high opinion of himself, he believed he was entitled to only the very best, in everything from food to friends and even in romance. It was in his endeavours for romance, or rather his desire to have sex and lord it over his friends, that he developed a list of criteria his lover had to have. They had to be attractive (obviously), in great physical shape (no fatties), have some degree of intelligence (for those that lacked this, he only screwed them before moving on) and of course they had to be untried before he got to them. By that I mean they couldn't have kissed another, blown another and certainly not slept with another. Although he could be lenient about the first, if only to prove how much better he was by comparison. But that last, that was definitely the most important.

So when Christophe heard about Severus' new beau, well suffice to say he wasn't pleased. Not even in the slightest. In his eyes that meant the boy was already sullied, even if they'd done nothing yet. He'd already allowed himself to be touched by another (apparently he'd never been informed about Lucius), which in Christophe's eyes made him used goods. Oh sure he could have taken him anyway. Considering the events leading up to them getting together, it was highly unlikely they'd done anything more than kiss. He would have taken pleasure in making Severus his; his property, his boyfriend and soon enough the bearer of his child. But then things changed.

You see Christophe had always had a bit of a wandering eye. It hadn't taken more than an hour after he'd heard the news, to find a brand new toy to play with. A sweet lad really, very shy but with enough of a bite to him to keep him interested. Of course he was attractive too, almost as much as Christophe himself. Almost. He'd met him the day before school started, in a bookshop of all places. Wizarding of course, Christophe wouldn't dare sully himself with anything muggle. As

it turned out he too was a student at Beauxbatons, in Christophe's year no less. Only it seemed he was in the Unicorn house, something that pleased Christophe immensely. Why it was almost a guarantee of his innocence, not to mention his loyalty.

The boy and Severus had a lot in common it seemed. They were both quiet, avid readers with fierce intelligence. Of course his new boy was a pureblood; Christophe wasn't ready to accept anything less. He'd only been willing to do so for Severus, for his natural ability to bear a child. Of course there were other ways around that. Other decidedly more illegal ways that involved consuming potions of questionable content. But Christophe was willing to wait a few years. With any luck, someone would invent a safer alternative for men to carry children. That wasn't to say he wasn't prepared to impregnate a pureblood girl and get his heir, but his tastes had always been more towards males. And his new boy would look so very nice all heavy with his child. He was sure of it.

Now as I mentioned before, Severus was having a problem with Christophe. The other boy had been watching him in potions class, just watching. He wasn't leering or anything like that, he just stared. It really creeped him out. Of course it didn't help that Christophe's new boyfriend was also in their class. Pressed against Christophe's side, arm wrapped tightly around his waist and fingers splayed across his belly. Almost as if something was growing in there. But of course that was foolishness, wasn't it?

It posed an interesting question; after all it wasn't like Severus was the only young male with Prince blood running through his veins. It was something that Severus vowed to ask the boy, if he could ever get him alone that is. The last thing he wanted was to be treated like some jealous ex-lover.

"Class dismissed!" Their professor called out.

Severus quickly packed his books away, grinning as one of his friends groaned loudly with relief.

"Yes thank you Chase, I'm sure we're all happier knowing how much more...relieved you feel". Their professor commented, causing many of the students to giggle and titter in response.

Severus shook his head, smiling in amusement as he exited the room and headed for the dorms. As it was the last class of the day, he was looking forward to writing some letters. To his grandfather obviously and of course to James. Or at least that was the plan.

"Severus". Christophe's voice caused him to halt in his tracks. Severus briefly closed his eyes, taking in a deep breath, before turning to face the cause of his most recent problem.

"Christophe. May I help you with something?"

Christophe only smirked, although it seemed to lack his usual cockiness. "In a manner of speaking. I thought it might be nice to have a little chat. You know like we used to".

Severus tried in vain to ignore the memories that rose to the surface. Where being stopped in the hallway would end up with Christophe's tongue down his throat and hand down his trousers. Their little chats, or so Christophe termed them, were really only excuses for a bit of fondling. Of course at the time he hadn't been complaining, but now things were different.

"Not exactly like we used to I trust? I do have a boyfriend, I'm sure you remember". Severus felt a bit of smug satisfaction at the flinch Christophe gave at that little reminder. It seemed he wasn't as over him as he claimed to be.

"As do I. A rather sweet little boyfriend I must say". Christophe smirked back, thinking of his own

lover currently recovering in bed. He'd never been a fan of charms and it hadn't taken much to convince the boy to skip their last lesson.

"I'm sure" Severus smiled, a most dangerous smile indeed.

"Perhaps we should move someplace quieter. One of the classrooms maybe? Everyone should have left by now and I'm sure you'd rather we kept this to ourselves. You know how everyone here tends to talk". Christophe didn't give Severus a chance to respond, choosing instead to lead him to a nearby empty classroom.

Once inside he turned to the younger boy, the smile slipping from his face in an instant. "I see you've already bent over for him then, that little boyfriend of yours" he sneered. There was no need to exchange false pleasantries; no one was around to see them.

"During the holidays actually. I see you bent over long before I ever did" Severus shot back.

"So naïve, as if I'd ever be the one to bend over. That's what you're for". Christophe smirked cruelly before pausing. "That's what he's for" he amended.

Severus smirked at that, it seemed Christophe still hadn't gotten over the idea of the two of them together. "It's too bad, James tried it for me. He seemed to like it. I find it gives us so much more options. We'll never get bored".

Christophe chuckled at that. "Well I suppose when you're knocked up and unable to get off the bed, at least he'll be able to get off. I can see it now, him fucking himself on that puny dick of yours while you roll around like a beached whale. Belly so big you can't see over the top of it". It seemed Christophe was determined to humiliate Severus. Well so much for a nice little chat.

Severus though was prepared for such a response. He'd known Christophe long enough to recognise when he was losing control. "You're right" he smiled sweetly, though his eyes remained cold. "I'll be there, flat on my back with my legs spread. He'll be above me, giving me a kind of pleasure you never could. And just like you said, our child will be inside me. Growing bigger and bigger with each day. Just think; it's everything you said you wanted. Only I'll be doing it with him. Not you". Severus sneered, stepping back as he prepared to leave.

"Oh and for the record, compared to James you don't measure up. How does it feel to be dwarfed by someone younger than you?" Severus asked; giving a pointed look to Christophe's growing bulge. It seemed he'd been affected by Severus' little fantasy. By quite a bit in fact.

"You little-" Christophe snarled at the insinuation, scrambling for his wand as his anger clouded his judgement.

Severus however hadn't bothered to stick around. In fact he'd left the room in a hurry, taking advantage of the older boy's stupor as he headed towards his dorm. At least there he knew he'd be safe.

As he made his way back to his dorm, making sure to avoid his usual route, Severus began plotting. He had hoped, a rather foolish hope as he now knew, that Christophe was willing to be civil. Okay so Severus could admit he had baited him a little, though he'd only been reacting to the vulgar insinuation the older boy had made. It was just the sheer arrogance of the boy, the way he still considered Severus as property, that made Severus want to punch him. Something he regretted he hadn't done already.

"Wanker" Severus muttered under his breath, a string of expletives soon following.

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“So when’s your next date? You two got anything *special* planned?” Sirius asked, nudging James playfully.

“Knock it off Padfoot”. James grinned shoving him lightly. “If you must know, he’s trying to convince his grandfather to let him come back to England for a bit. So he can meet my parents”. Sirius whistled at that.

“Wow, you are serious about him. You know I wasn’t completely sure you two would hit it off, but here we are six months down the line and you’re talking about him meeting your parents. I mean he’s already met them once, but this would make it official”. Sirius teased.

“Yeah, it would” James grinned. “So what about you. Anyone new in your life, you haven’t told us about?” James asked, grinning as Sirius deliberately avoided his gaze.

“Nope, no one new” Sirius shook his head.

“Really? Funny, because Sev told me you did. He said you told him”. James smirked, giving Sirius a pointed look which he tried to ignore.

“Lies, he’s lying. He’s just having you on mate”. Sirius laughed, clapping James on the back while cursing his boyfriend in his head.

“Mm-hmm, so how long have you liked him?” James asked. He wasn’t letting him out of it that easily.

“Who? I don’t know who you’re talking about. Nope, I really don’t”. Sirius shook his head.

“Moony?”

Sirius laughed nervously. “Come on mate you know I’m not in love with good old Moony. I mean the very idea of it is just...is it...is it really that obvious?” Sirius asked worriedly.

“Uh-” James started only to be cut off.

“I mean yeah he’s my mate and yeah I’ll always be there for him. I can’t just leave him alone now can I? We’re a team you know? Us four, we’re the Marauders. We’re practically a family. I just... what if he says no? What if it breaks us up?” Sirius sighed, throwing his hands up in aggravation. “Ugh! Why does this stuff always have to be so hard!? Why can’t I just go up to him and say, hey Moony you want to go out sometime?” Sirius complained.

“Okay”. A quiet voice spoke behind him, causing Sirius to freeze in his tracks.

“I tried to tell you” James said.

For once it seemed Sirius was unable to speak.

“Y-you...he...but I-?” Sirius babbled, pointing to each of them in turn. “You!” Sirius finally hissed at James. It seemed that rather than facing his problem, he chose to target James. “You planned this, didn’t you? Was Sev in on it? I’m gonna kill him, I swear I’m going to get that little shit!”

“Hey! Don’t talk about him like that, we didn’t plan anything! It’s not our fault you’re a coward” James protested.

“Oh yeah? Well I-”

“Will apologise for being a dick to your best friend, apologise to Severus for accusing him when he isn’t even in the country and if you were serious, I’ll be seeing you in Hogesmade at the weekend”. Remus interjected. He only glared as Sirius turned to confront him. “Deal?”

“Mate I’m always serious. Hell it’s literally my name”. Sirius smirked; it had always served him well in the past to hide behind false bravado. After a moment’s pause, when he noticed Remus didn’t seem impressed, Sirius gave a heavy sigh. “Deal, sorry Prongs”.

“I really didn’t plan anything you know. But hey, you got that date you wanted”. James grinned sheepishly.

Sirius brightened up at that. “Hey yeah I did. So how’s about it Moony? Saturday at noon?”

Remus blinked at that. It always surprised him just how quickly Sirius’ moods could change. With a sigh he nodded. “Yeah” he smiled. He suddenly found himself growing shy.

“Cool. So uh, you wanna hold hands or something?” Sirius asked. Hey it’s what he always did when he’d gotten a girlfriend, not that they ever lasted long.

Remus laughed softly at that. “Hold hands? What are you a girl?” Remus gently shoved his shoulder in a playful fashion. It proved enough to break the awkward silence that had begun to form.

“Hey! I resent that!” Sirius protested, shoving back in turn.

The two soon found themselves in a playful shoving match, as James watched on in a mix of amusement and disbelief. “You guys are crazy. I’m going back to the dorms” he stated, shaking his head as he left.

“Wha-hey! Wait up!” Sirius called, jogging to catch up with him. Remus was close behind.

“Hey now all we need to do is find someone for Peter. Then we can have a real Marauder wedding” James said, as if a moment of brilliance had struck him.

“Prongs I think you need your head examined”. Sirius scoffed, laughing as James began to protest.

As the three of them made their way to the dorms, Sirius glanced at Remus. Remus soon found himself glancing back in turn, freezing as their eyes met briefly. With a shy smile he turned his head away once more, allowing his hand to unclench and extend it just a little. It wasn’t until he felt warm flesh meet his own that Remus finally let out the breath he’d been holding.

‘He was right’ Remus thought to himself. ‘Damn it now I owe him a galleon’.

But still, it was worth it.

## Chapter End Notes

I felt it was only fair that Remus got a little attention. I’ve also been trying to move this along since this is already chapter 19 and they’re still in school. When I started this I hadn’t even planned to make this 5 chapters let alone 19. But since there’s hardly any long JPSS fics, I’m happy with it so far.

Please review and let me know what you think.

KB

## Chapter 20

### Chapter Notes

I can't believe I have over 90 comments and over 350 kudos so far. Thanks so much to everyone for this!

I know this chapter has a lot going on without as much detail as i'd usually write, however I wanted to focus more on their lives as young adults. I think I've spent too much time with them still in school as it is. But this does mean there'll be a pregnant Severus appearing very soon. So I hope you all look forward to that.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Three years had passed since James and Severus had first gotten together. Having just turned eighteen, Severus was in his final year at Beauxbatons, with James having graduated the previous summer. Much to the surprise of many, the two had remained together as strong as ever. Not that it was a surprise to those that really knew them. They worked too well together; James was laid back enough to keep Severus calm and relaxed, while Severus was serious enough to push James into receiving far better marks than he'd expected to get.

There were those that tried to separate the two; individually they were highly desired for not only their wealth but also their bloodline. While Severus was a halfblood, a fact many were all too eager to conveniently ignore or forget, he was highly intelligent. Not even out of school, he'd already received offers to continue his studies with some of the world's most esteemed scholars and wizards. The perks of being a pureblood, or so people told him. Of course his ability to carry a child was another reason for his popularity amongst the pureblood mothers. Each of them seeking suitable brides or husbands for their sons. In fact it was this ability that allowed these mothers and fathers to ignore the little problem of his lineage.

James too was highly desired. With his good looks, charming personality (until their backs were turned), athletic body and quidditch ability, it wasn't hard to understand why so many fawned over him. Of course he was aware of this. It was hard to ignore when a particularly busty seventh year would plaster herself to his side, batting her eyelashes so frequently he wondered if she had some sort of condition. But James simply took it in stride. From an early age his parents had warned him what would happen as he grew older. Where friends would become enemies and girls would surround him in hopes of securing his wealth for themselves. Gold-digging whores his mother had termed them. It was quite possibly the only time he'd ever heard her swear in his presence.

Now James was no idiot. He knew perfectly well why he was suddenly receiving so much attention. But it made no difference to him. He felt quite proud of himself for what he'd done. Attaching himself to Severus almost as soon as they'd met, securing his love and loyalty and making sure everyone knew the smaller boy was off limits to them. For while his classmates had been busy preparing for their OWLS and whining about their parents, he'd been busy securing his future. And look where it had gotten him. A gorgeous boyfriend that everyone wanted, some of the best NEWT results of his year and soon enough a family to call his own.

While many boys his age may have feared the future and what it held, James was looking forward to it. The war had only gotten worse over the years; people had grown more scared and fearful for what the future would hold. While James was sure he'd come out of it unscathed, he didn't want to

risk missing his opportunity to raise a family of his own.

As for Severus, well with Christophe gone he was enjoying school a lot more than he had. Soon after graduating, Christophe had apparently dumped his boyfriend to marry a pureblood girl. Rumour had it they were expecting their first child. Although it seemed there had been doubts as to who the child's father actually was. It seemed the two were just a little too alike.

As for Christophe's ex, according to the rumours (which Severus adamantly denied listening to) he'd inherited quite a large sum from a distant relative. While no one was quite sure how he ended up inheriting it, Severus had a pretty good idea judging by the little thank you note he'd received. Who knew *felix felicitis* could be *that* lucky. Although to be fair, the clue was in the name.

As for the whole Lucius debacle, as much as Severus had wished it, it hadn't simply gone away on its own. The trial concerning Lucius' attempted murder, not to mention the dark mark he now bore, was naturally one of the most talked about events throughout the boys' sixth year. It had taken months before the trial could even begin, with the Malfoy's doing absolutely everything within their power to delay it as much as possible. In the end thought their efforts were for nought.

As the boys were minors, they were not expected to attend, something Severus was very relieved by. As was his grandfather. Instead their memories of the night were used in evidence, alongside the testimony of Minerva McGonagall who confirmed the Malfoy heir bore the dark mark. Just that little bit of information was enough for the press to go wild. For a solid week it was all anyone could talk about, mainly because it was all the newspapers would report on. As time went on it was still frequently reported in the papers, but as the trial went on, soon all of England was made aware of Lucius' crimes. Attempting to murder the Black heir, attempting to rape the Prince heir and of course attempting to grievously harm the heir to the Potter line. Well no one could say he didn't have ambitions.

During this time, Severus had never been more relieved to reside in France rather than England. It meant he didn't have to read the gossip. He didn't have to listen to some of Lucius' supporters accuse him of being a slut and a tease. Which okay, the last one might have had some truth to it if he was being completely honest. However James and Sirius had seen fit to send him clippings of some of the more scandalous articles. It truly amazed him that in the span of a week, he'd gone from being pregnant and expecting twins and then triplets, to already having born at least three children with Lucius, prior to the attack in which he was pregnant yet again. You'd think he'd remember having so many children, especially with a man who'd made that his primary goal in life. On the plus side he'd never run out parchment to line Archimedes' cage.

Now Severus knew the chances that Lucius would get away with what he did were slim. There were just too many witnesses and too much evidence for the Ministry to justify letting the young man go. But still Severus worried. Severus was well aware that the British government wasn't as powerful as it liked to think. No, its real power came from those that lined its pockets. From families like the Malfoys that had already planned the next three election results in advance. But there was one thing Severus hadn't considered. Not the public outcry, no that he had expected. After all, Lucius had attacked a group of underage boys unable to legally use magic to defend themselves. It was only natural that there'd be some backlash. No what had surprised Severus was the support they'd received. Support from families with even greater wealth and influence than the Malfoy's possessed.

It shouldn't have come as a surprise. Lucius had attacked the heirs of three prominent families, and of course Remus who was happy to remain in the shadows. The last thing he wanted was a bunch of reporters asking questions about his past.



Logically it made sense to Severus that some of the more prominent pureblood families would offer their support. But having grown up around Lucius, he'd come to believe that the Malfoys were untouchable. While he knew that the Prince family was influential in its own right, he'd never really understood just how many allies his grandfather really had. Not to mention those that were loyal to both the Black and Potter lines. The Black family in particular had provided some particularly strong allies. Not surprisingly some of those allies were closely tied with the Malfoy family as well. After all the two families had remained in the same social circles for many years. But when comparing the family heads against each other, well it was like comparing a kitten to a tiger. For all their money and power, nothing assured an ally's loyalty better than fear. And Walburga Black had always been a master of inciting fear in others.

It didn't come as much of a surprise when Lucius' verdict was given. If anything it was a little too lenient. A minimum of ten years in Azkaban, though it was likely that with his lawyers he'd be out sooner. Though Severus supposed he should be glad the man had received as long a sentence as he did. After all he hadn't actually killed anyone. No one could be sure just how close he was to the Dark Lord, so they didn't know if he was a mere grunt in his army or one of his more trusted followers. To the Dark Lord, his respect wasn't merely guaranteed as a result of what family his followers came from, it was always earned. Lucius could only be tried on what was fact, not on what was conjecture. For attempting to murder at least one minor, it guaranteed several years in prison. For attempting to rape another and harm two more, his sentence was increased. And for his association with the Dark Lord, another couple of years were added.

Severus supposed he should be grateful that the man received what he did. He was sure that someone, somewhere within the Ministry, felt it was a fair sentence. But it did little to alleviate his fears at just how quickly those ten years could pass by. He only hoped by then he'd have nothing to fear from the man.

Since the trial and Lucius' subsequent arrest and incarceration, things had become a lot simpler for Severus. Something he had to admit was a great relief. Oh sure he still had people asking him about it, he still had reporters hounding his grandfather for an interview, but on the whole he was happy.

Severus had also become very busy. Having interned at one of Paris' finest wizarding hospitals, as required by the Beauxbatons curriculum, Severus had finally decided on his future career. While the idea of healing did interest him, he found himself more drawn by the research side of things. Creating new spells and potions to help fight against the countless diseases and conditions, that walked through the doors every single day. Of course he couldn't simply apply for a job straight after graduating. It would require a Mastery at the very least, which his grandfather had so helpfully lined up for him.

Then of course there was James. Of course Severus had told James of his plans; it would have only complicated matters if he'd chosen to keep it hidden. Not that it really changed anything. James had recently begun training to become an Auror, something that secretly amazed and terrified Severus at the same time. While Severus' safety would be assured, working behind closed doors with security at every corner, James' wasn't. There was a reason there were always vacancies for Aurors with each graduating class. Every year without fail a handful would fall in the line of duty. But in recent years that number had been increasing. It was to be expected with the war and all, more and more were turning to aid the Dark Lord. But it didn't make it any easier for those involved. Families had to be informed, funerals had to be held and with every death the country's morale would weaken just that little bit more.

It didn't stop James of course. Nor Sirius for that matter although his mother damn near killed him when she'd learned of it. It was only thanks to Regulus' intervention that his brother remained

intact, with all his limbs attached. Though he had received a right walloping for it when he'd returned from school.

As for Remus and Peter, well Remus had never expected to have much of a life outside of Hogwarts. As he was a werewolf, his options had been limited from the start. For a long time he'd seriously considered hiding in the muggle world, hoping he'd be lucky enough to avoid the worst of the war. Naturally Sirius wasn't having any of it. James too for that matter.

Much to everyone's surprise, much like with James and Severus, Remus and Sirius were still together. Sirius' mother of course had been firmly against their relationship. She refused to allow her eldest son to settle with what she referred to as a mangy mongrel. At least until the boys' marks came in. Upon learning that Remus' marks were among the highest in his year, and that he'd been tutoring Sirius whose marks almost rivalled his own, she'd come to tolerate his presence. Just barely. The boy himself, she had no great problem with. He needed a haircut yes and he desperately needed new clothes, but he wasn't a hopeless case. Not like those poor unfortunate sods Crabbe and Goyle. But she couldn't bring herself to look past the monster he harboured within himself. While Remus was a shy and kind lad, the monster within him wasn't. Not even close. And Walburga had already come close to losing her son once. She didn't want to risk losing him again to the bite.

It seemed however that Walburga was willing to divert her attentions to Regulus. Ensuring that a good match was made for him, with a lovely pureblood girl of her own choosing. However she couldn't break herself of the habit of watching the moon's cycle like a hawk. Demanding Sirius come visit her whenever the full moon approached. At least then she could be sure he'd be safe.

So with his mother's (almost) blessing, Sirius had demanded Remus live with him, in his own little apartment in the heart of London. Try as he might (and he did try), Remus could think of no way to get out of it. And so the two ended up living together soon after graduation.

As for Peter, he had surprised many by choosing to study for his Mastery in transfiguration. While many thought it was an odd choice for the boy, the Marauders (and Severus) knew that his animagus ability proved he was more than capable. After graduating Peter returned home, saving up until he too could join his friends and move out. Into Remus and Sirius' apartment building no less. It certainly made things easier by any means. Whenever Sirius' mother demanded he visit, Peter was around to keep an eye on Remus. Helping to transport him to a safe house where he was free to transform and give into the wolf.

James too had his own place. But instead of an apartment, his parents had bought him his own little house in one of the nicer districts of London. A place to raise a family, he often thought to himself. Of course with Severus still in his final year, James didn't expect him to move in until the end of the year.

At least he hoped.

With everything that had happened, James knew that he would have to fight to get Severus to live with him. It wasn't he himself that was the problem, but rather where he'd chosen to live. Severus hadn't returned to London since that fateful day all those years ago. So it was understandable that he was reluctant to move away from the safety of his grandfather's home. Of course James had the Potter manor to fall back on, but the last thing he wanted was he and his boyfriend to live with his parents. And James wouldn't inherit the manor until their deaths.

Of course James had been willing to move to France for Severus' sake. But there were virtually no vacancies within the French Ministry's Auror department. The school systems in both France and England were ever so slightly different; meaning the deadline for most job applications had already

passed by the time James had graduated. So James had decided to remain in England, at least there he could be guaranteed an income. He refused to do as some of his classmates had chosen to do, living off their parents money for as long as they were able.

So instead James began to save. Joining the Auror training programme wasn't particularly well paid at first, but with his parents paying most of his bills, James was able to do what he'd wanted to do for years now. He began saving for their future family. Of course James was willing to wait a few months at least for Severus to finish his final year. For what may have been the first time in his life, he'd been forced to research a number of contraceptive charms and potions. Severus was adamant he wouldn't get pregnant while still in school. Even though the image of the smaller boy in his school uniform with a swollen belly, made James all kinds of happy. Thankfully James had enough sense to realise Severus might not share that particular fantasy. Although it sure didn't stop him from thinking about it.

Severus meanwhile was determined to finish his last year of school with stellar results. His career depended on it. He outright refused to become what society had expected him to become right from the start; a housewife (or husband) whose only job was to have babies and dote on his husband. There would be no doting of any kind as far as he was concerned. If he was the one getting knocked up, then he was damn sure he'd be the one getting doted on. He refused to have it any other way.

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"Well we did it, we're finally free". Mathieu cheered, taking a swig of the bottle of firewhisky he'd smuggled in.

"You are maybe, I've got my mastery after this, remember?" Severus smirked, grabbing the bottle and taking a swig for himself.

"Oi, are you sure you should be drinking that? You're not supposed to drink when you're pregnant" one of their classmates said, before grabbing the bottle out of Severus' hands.

"I'm not pregnant you dick! Give me that!" Severus scowled.

Severus watched as one of his classmates stumbled over towards the stairs, laughing as the boy tripped on the very first one. The other boys were already in a similar state.

"Yeah but you're gonna be soon enough yeah? I know that boyfriend of yours can't wait to have kids". Another teased, stumbling as he tried to avoid the cushion that was thrown at his head.

"Oh yeah? Who told you that?" Severus reached for another drink.

As if on cue the group of lads all pointed at Mathieu, before a barrage of cushions were tossed in his general direction. Each missing spectacularly, and in one case almost landing in the fireplace.

Too drunk to care, Mathieu just laughed. "Well it's true. Besides we all know you'd have cute kids and I want to be an uncle already damn it". Mathieu hiccupped.

As much as Severus wanted to deny it, he had to admit it was true. "Yeah, they would be cute". He reached for the bottle once more.

He was bound to regret it later, tomorrow they were all leaving for home for the last time. And travelling with a hangover was bound to be a nightmare. But Severus couldn't bring himself to care.

He'd done it, he'd graduated. Now he was about to start the next chapter in his life and he just couldn't wait. And he'd be doing it with the man he loved. Not that he'd admit it out loud of course. He didn't want the lads thinking he couldn't handle his drink. Although it was clear a few of them clearly couldn't.

Luckily for Severus, he'd planned ahead. Waiting for him, once everyone was asleep, would be a freshly prepared hangover potion. Well he had made it himself after all. It was only fair that he got to be the one drinking it. Besides, he wasn't the one who'd snuck in that bottle of firewhisky.

## Chapter End Notes

Obviously I have sped this chapter up considerably, however I personally like this chapter better compared to the last one.

As always please review. I'm on holiday this week so I may be able to update earlier than usual. And for those reading Breaking the Mold, I'll be updating over the next couple of days.

KB

# Chapter 21

## Chapter Notes

This is really late, so sorry for the wait. I had to re-write this at least twice because I couldn't make my mind up how I wanted the chapter to go. Anyway this is a little short, around 2500 words or so, but I think where I ended it was a nice place to stop.

I'd just like to give a HUGE thanks to al those who have given this story kudos. I've almost reached 400 kudos which is just amazing! Also a HUGE thanks for all your reviews.

I hope you all enjoy this chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

To say Severus was pissed was an understatement. At just two weeks shy of graduating with his masters', he'd done exactly what he hoped he wouldn't do. He'd gotten himself knocked up at nineteen; he was now just another bloody statistic. It wasn't so much the fact that he was pregnant that had infuriated him so, but rather that it meant he'd have to share half of his winnings with James.

You see it had been a long standing tradition for friends and family to place bets on when they'd start a family. Intentionally or otherwise. Severus had been sure he could keep James at bay for the year it took to gain his masters. And for a long time it had been. Until Christmas that is. James had pulled out all the stops; dinner by candlelight on Christmas Eve, spending Christmas together for the very first time with their families. James had even proposed, which Severus was rather embarrassed to admit he had accepted with tears in his eyes. So it didn't come as much of a surprise that when their families retired for the night, Severus was rather adamant that James receive a present all to himself. Giving himself as a present may have sounded a bit tacky to some, but Severus never had been one who liked shopping all that much. Unless it was for books. It didn't matter anyhow, because James made it quite clear how much he enjoyed his present.

They spent the next day in bed; Severus because he kind of had to and James because he wanted to. If anyone had asked, they'd have both said it was the greatest fuck of their lives. Only James might have gone all sappy and called it making love. It really shouldn't have come as a surprise, with the amount of times they'd done it, it would have been more of a feat if Severus hadn't ended up pregnant. But still Severus couldn't help but worry.

He was only nineteen, still a teenager. While people had always expected him to get pregnant while he was still young, Severus had always thought he was smarter than that. How would he support a child? He didn't even have a proper job yet. The only thing he wasn't worried about was telling James. The randy sod was bound to be absolutely ecstatic about it.

"James? Can I talk to you?" Severus entered the bedroom, rolling his eyes as James mumbled something from beneath the blankets.

"Whaazzit?" James yawned, reaching for his glasses as he managed to drag himself upright. "Something wrong? Were you sick?" James frowned in concern, pushing the blankets aside as he padded over to him. Not at all concerned by his nudity.

Severus tried hard not to flush as he caught sight of just what had gotten him into the situation in the first place. He failed miserably and judging by James' rather lecherous grin, it hadn't gone unnoticed.

"I'm pregnant". He'd had a whole speech planned out about how he was going to admit it. But apparently his mouth hadn't gotten the message. Though Severus was pleased to notice how James had just gone still, his eyes wide in disbelief.

"Y-you're-?" James stuttered out, eyes zeroing in his flat belly.

"Pregnant? Yes. And if you ask me if it's yours, so help me I'll-" Severus never got a chance to finish. It was rather hard to be angry when his fiancée's tongue was halfway down his throat.

"You're not just pulling my leg are you?" James asked, panting harshly as he came up for air.

Severus merely kissed him once more. "Don't be an idiot" he murmured.

"Does anyone else know?"

"My grandfather's probably figured it out by now. I think he knew before I even did, he's been giving me these funny looks the last week or so". Severus admitted quietly.

James smirked at that, "oh yeah?" Suddenly he sobered. "We need to move in together, how soon can you pack?"

Severus stiffened at that. It had been a longstanding argument between them about where they'd live. Severus, at James' insistence, had agreed to visit his home in London. James had been sure it was right for them, but Severus just couldn't shake the feeling that something was wrong. Perhaps it was a reaction to what had happened all those years ago. His fear still remained even to do this day, although Severus did his best to hide it whenever he visited England.

"James I-" Severus trailed off uncomfortably.

"What is it?" James asked, although he had a pretty good idea about what was wrong.

"I just can't. Not there. I'm sorry; I know you've put a lot of work into it but I-"

"Hey, it's okay. You don't feel safe there. I know, I get it, I really do". But James didn't get it, not really. He only said as much to ease Severus' concerns and they both knew it. "I actually have something to tell you as well. I was going to wait but, well this seemed like the best time. I got offered a job in Paris. At the embassy. It's to improve our relations with them or something, I wasn't really listening, but it means we can go to France together. That's what you wanted, yeah?" James asked.

Severus remained quiet for several minutes. Then finally he nodded slowly. James liked to think it was because he was so overwhelmed by emotion. Although truthfully, it had more to do with the morning sickness Severus had been passing off as something he'd eaten for a week now. "Yeah it is" he finally spoke, letting James draw him into a hug.

"You're not gonna puke on me are you?" James asked as he held him close. He probably should have expected the hit; it wasn't exactly the most sensitive thing he could have said. But he still ended up doubled over, groaning at the sudden pain in his belly.

"Jackass". Severus stormed off, their happy family moment apparently forgotten.

“Wait, Sev! Come back, I was only kidding!” James whined, still groaning as he forced himself to stand. “Oh come on, I thought the hormones weren’t supposed to kick in until later?” At least he had the good sense to duck that time.

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Augustus glanced upwards at the ceiling. Whatever had happened between the boys had apparently stopped. A good thing too, he’d been trying to read the same sentence for the last five minutes now.

“Grandfather, I need to speak with you”.

“You’re pregnant”. There was no question about it; Augustus was actually more surprised it had taken this long. “The night James proposed if I had to guess”. He did so love to see Severus squirm.

“Wha-? How did you-?” Severus gaped, a most unattractive look Augustus had always thought. He’d never been fond of people who gaped; slack-jawed idiots he’d always called them.

“Don’t gape like that. You’re a Prince” Augustus sniffed haughtily. It seemed he’d been spending a little too much time with his pureblood friends. Well with Severus distracted by his fiancée and now father of his child (or children); Augustus had to find something to occupy his time with. Not that it mattered. He could always ask the house elves to fill him on what he missed.

“James has been offered a job, here in Paris. We’re to move in together”. Severus glared at him. Augustus wasn’t sure if it was the pregnancy or his comment that had earned him such a look.

“Excellent. You can do so after the wedding. You’ve yet to show so it shouldn’t be too hard to disguise your pregnancy. I’d rather not give those vultures anything to gossip about. The last thing we need is for them to accuse you of having a child out of wedlock. Bunch of prudish ninnies. You’d think they’d never had a bit of fun before getting married”. Augustus trailed off, grumbling to himself as he stood abruptly.

“Grandfather?” Severus frowned at him as the man began muttering to himself.

“Hush now lad, we have lots to do and little time to do it. I’ll see you married in a fortnight, mark my words. Now you go and make up with that fiancée of yours. Nothing too strenuous mind you”. Augustus waved him off, giving him a pointed look to which Severus found himself blushing to. It didn’t matter how old he’d gotten, he simply couldn’t get over the embarrassment of his grandfather knowing the more intimate details of his life.

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“My grandfather’s gone mad”. Severus announced as he re-entered the bedroom. He froze at seeing his fiancée’s naked form lying in front of the fire, before rolling his eyes.

“I thought he’d gone mad last year?” James asked, turning over to look at him properly.

“Would you put some clothes on already? It’s already after ten”. Severus scowled half-heartedly.

“No, I’m cold. The fire will warm me up. And anyway I was thinking about the first time we did it here. Do you remember?” James smirked lazily.

“You wouldn’t be so cold if you’d get dressed like a normal person”. Severus didn’t bother answering the latter question.

“You didn’t answer me” James smiled teasingly, dragging him down to lay beside him.

“I remember” Severus answered, reddening as he remembered some of the more intimate details.

“Mmm I remember too. I remember how you looked, all hot and bothered like that. With that arse of yours on display, when you rocked back on my fingers. Merlin you were perfect, are perfect I mean”. James added hurriedly.

Severus only smiled at that. “You’re such a pervert. But I’ll admit, you certainly knew what you were doing”. James kissed him for that. “We’re getting married in two weeks. You’ll have it invite Sirius and the others”. Severus told him as soon as he was released.

“Wait what?” James blinked in confusion. “Why two weeks?”

“You’re the one who knocked me up. Can’t have a Prince having a child out of wedlock, that’s what grandfather said. Any longer than that and I’ll start to show”. Severus informed him, matter of factly. With a sigh he got up, ignoring James’ protests.

“Hey where are you going?” James asked him, pushing himself off the fur rug.

“I’m hungry”. Was all Severus would say. “You wouldn’t want us to starve now would you?” He rested a hand on his belly.

Try as he might, James found himself unable to take his eyes off the sight. There wasn’t even anything particularly erotic about it. There was nothing there to show for his efforts. Yet the mere knowledge that there was life growing inside there, life he’d helped create, well it set something off inside him.

“No uh, give me a minute yeah? I’ll just get dressed” James swallowed nervously.

Severus watched him enter the bathroom with a smirk on his face. ‘Interesting’ he thought to himself.

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“We’re having a baby”.

It’s funny how so few words could have such a big impact. Mere seconds passed before a woman’s squeal echoed through the room.

“Oh James, this is-” his mother reached up to hug him.

“I know mum”. James smiled softly, looking worried.

James had a right to be worried. Only a few days ago his parents had both been struck by an illness; Dragon Pox. While the name sounded rather silly, it was no laughing matter. Especially when his parents were getting on in years. They’d been in their fifties when they’d had him, a miracle in itself or so his dad often said. Of course wizards and witches typically lived longer lives and so had adapted to carrying children well into their forties without trouble. But into their fifties was certainly unusual.

The healers had assured him they’d be fine, even if it had been touch and go for a while. Though James still worried. The truth of it was, had Severus not told him about his pregnancy, things might have turned out very differently. He hadn’t been planning to return home until the week after, but hadn’t been able to keep the news too himself. It was just as well he hadn’t. Returning to see them



lying there, still and motionless, it was a sight that still gave him nightmares. Had he been any later, they might not have made it, he'd been told. Dragon Pox, especially to the elderly, had to be dealt with fast. Before the symptoms became too advanced. Even a day later and he might have lost them; it just didn't bear thinking about.

"We're uh, we're getting married in two weeks. They said you should be out of here in a few days, so plenty of time to find your outfits yeah?" James said quietly.

"Of course dear, but so soon?" His mother asked as his father looked on in silence.

"His grandfather's been organising it actually. Said he didn't want anyone to say we were having this baby out of wedlock. You know how people can get. And I...well I didn't want to wait anymore". James smiled at them.

"We'll be there son. I'll expect to see the two of you when we both get out of here. I want to see Severus before the wedding". His father told him, smiling softly.

"Yeah of course. I uh, I should be getting back. Just promise me you won't do anything stupid". James smiled teasingly, though his eyes betrayed just how worried he was about them.

"Cheeky bugger, I should be telling you the same thing". His father chuckled at the face James made. Like father, like son.

"We'll see you later dear; you tell Severus we said hello won't you?" James' mum asked, leaning back against her pillow once more.

"I will mum, love you". James leant over to peck her forehead, before turning to give his dad a quick hug. With one last smile he reluctantly left, their nurse hovering in the doorway as she waited for him to leave. "Tell me, how are they really?" James touched her arm before she entered the room, gaining her attention.

"Their conditions are stable. They are still a little weak but with some rest they will be as good as new. Don't worry; they're in the best of hands here. The worst part's over". With a smile, the nurse left him to attend to her duties.

James stood just outside the room for a moment more. He just needed time to breathe, to take it all in. Seeing them like that and comparing them to how they'd been just days ago, it was just too much for him to process. To think he'd come so close to losing them forever. To think that if it hadn't been for their news, they would be dead, it was enough to haunt him for the rest of his days. Taking a deep breath and wiping away the tears in his eyes, he continued down the corridor. And if the tracks still remained on his cheeks, or his lips trembled ever so slightly, people were kind enough not to mention it. There were just some things that didn't need to be said.

A thought crossed James' mind as he made his way out the building. Unlike all the other thoughts he'd had there, full of despair and fear, this thought was a nice one. One that filled him with warmth and even made him smile.

'If we could be even half as happy as they are together, we'd be the luckiest couple in the world'.

It was true, they would be.

So 21 chapters in and Severus is finally pregnant. Again, sorry that this is short but I promise the next chapter will be longer.

## Chapter 22

### Chapter Notes

I know this is probably a little late. But this is definitely longer than the last chapter so I hope that makes up for it.

Once again thanks for all your comments and kudos. You guys are seriously amazing!

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“I don’t know if I can do this”.

The room fell silent. Well to be fair there was only him in it and he had just stopped talking.

“Can I really go through with this?” He asked himself, wringing his hands nervously.

“It’s what you wanted all along”. Sirius’ voice cut through his thoughts. “Don’t even think about bailing now” he added with a frown. “It’s just nerves mate, just you wait. When you go out and see him there, you’ll have nothing to fear”. He placed a comforting hand on his shoulder.

“Yeah, you’re right. Thanks Padfoot” James smiled nervously. “I just, this is really happening. I don’t think it’s quite sunk in yet”.

“Yeah well, you did knock him up. You kind of owe him this, to make it official and all”. Sirius playfully nudged his shoulder, drawing a grin from the other man.

“Yeah I do. I more than owe him mate. I mean, we’re going to have a child. A real live child all to ourselves. And it’s going to be mine and his. Just us, no one else. Who else can say that? He’s giving me everything, I think I owe him even more than that”. It didn’t make him any less nervous though.

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“So you’re naming him after me yeah?” Mathieu asked as he finished straightening his own robes.

“What makes you think that it’ll be a boy? Better yet what makes you think if it were a boy that I’d name him after you?” Severus asked. It wasn’t his best, but he was too nervous to deliver anything truly cutting. It wasn’t that he hated Mathieu, far from it; they just shared a very strange sense of humour.

“Well you can’t name it after Black. Your kid will be tortured by his peers. I mean Sirius, seriously? Plus of course it’s gonna be a boy. You’re both boys and even with that freaky curse, Prince’s produce more boys than girls. It’s common sense mate, I thought you knew that?”

“Mate? Really? You’ve been hanging around Sirius too much”. Severus smothered a grin, albeit not very successfully. “And since when did you become the Prince expert?”

“Since you got yourself knocked up. Someone’s gotta know what’s going on with you and what to

expect. I figured you'd probably appreciate hearing it from someone your own age, rather than your grandfather. There are some things you should never have to ask your grandparents". Mathieu left it at that, grimacing at the thought.

"You're right about that" Severus grimaced. Flashes of the sex talk he'd been given years back, flashed through his mind. Disturbing wasn't quite the right word for it, horrifying was perhaps more suited.

"But you are naming him after me yeah?" Mathieu almost sounded worried; it sent alarm bells off in Severus' mind.

Slowly, almost calmly, Severus turned to Mathieu. "Do you have something to tell me? Something about, oh I don't know, a bet you might have made about my child?" At least Mathieu looked suitably terrified. That cheered Severus up slightly.

"Well uh, look you know you're my best friend. And what's a little bet between best friends?"

"Uh huh, how much?"

"50 galleons...about you having a boy. Another hundred if you name it after me". Mathieu answered carefully, eying the exit.

"How about twenty-five for you, twenty-five for me and I won't tell James what you were planning. I won't tell anyone in fact. It'll just be our little secret".

"W-wait do you know already? That you're having a boy?" Mathieu stuttered out. He wasn't foolish enough to try and haggle.

"I'm only a few weeks along, how could I know? But I do know the Prince's have one of the highest male to female birth rates out of any magical family in Europe. So it's a pretty safe bet to assume I am. But don't tell James. I mean it" Severus glared.

"Wh-hey I won't. But uh, any chance you'd let me have thirty? There's a new broom coming out and I-"

"Don't push it".

Well you couldn't blame him for trying.

-

"Mum! Dad!" James grinned, perhaps for the first time in the morning as he spied his parents hovering in the doorway. "Come in, come in. Do you need a cuppa? Do you want to sit? Here mum you look a little unsteady". Without them saying anything, James grabbed a nearby chair, guiding his mother into it before offering the same to his dad.

"We're fine, honestly sweetheart. How are you feeling?" His mother smiled at him.

"Nervous?" His dad asked with a chuckle.

"A little yeah" James admitted, still looking at them worriedly. "You sure you don't need anything? Because I can send one of the guys to get you whatever you need. It's no trouble, really".

"We're fine James. Our vitals are good, we don't have any more spot, and we're in the clear. We just have to get our strength back. But we can do that tonight, there's no way either of us were

going to miss our son finally getting married”.

“Wha-dad! I’m only nineteen, what do you mean finally getting married? You make it sound like I’m in my forties. Honestly.” James protested with a grin. Although secretly he was relieved, if his dad was joking around like he used to then he must be on the mend.

“Hey I was starting to wonder if you’d ever settle down. You kids have been together for four years now, it was about time you started thinking about your future. Especially with the little one on the way”. Mr Potter smiled softly, his hand trembling ever so slightly.

Noticing this, James grabbed his father’s arm, forcing him into the chair he’d pulled earlier. “Just sit down dad, save your strength for the ceremony yeah? I’m gonna need you at the front with me”.

“Alright, I see your point son. I’ll sit, I’ll be good”. Mr Potter acquiesced, although the face he made at ‘being good’ made it clear it didn’t sit right with him.

“A Potter being good? Well I’ll believe it when I see it” Mrs Potter smiled, drawing chuckles from the two men.

“Aww mum. You know you love us” James grinned, finally loosening up.

“Hey sorry to interrupt, but we’re starting. You’d better get out here mate”. Sirius popped his head around the door, dressed in fine navy robes embellished with the Black family crest.

“Right yeah, I’ll be right there. Could you take my parents and get them where they’re supposed to be? I just need a minute”.

“Sure no problem. Let me help you there Mrs P”. Sirius grinned charmingly, taking Mrs Potter by the arm and helping her up. “You need a hand Mr P?”

“I’m not that old Sirius, no matter what you boys might think”. Mr Potter smiled in good humour.

“Right you are sir. If you’ll both follow me, we’ll be starting any minute now”. Sirius was the picture perfect Black; charming and suave with just a hint of cheekiness to give away his young age.

James smiled as the three of them left the room. Once alone however the smile dropped and the nerves returned full force.

“You can do this. You want this, you know you do. Oh Merlin...what am I doing? I’m getting married, I’m nineteen and getting married. I’m gonna have a husband and a house. Fucking hell I’ve got a kid on the way. I’m gonna be a dad...I’m gonna be a dad”. James muttered to himself, sounding part crazed and part ecstatic.

James took one last deep breath. In an attempt to keep him from doing something stupid, like fainting, he tried picturing Severus. Severus smiling, Severus standing at the end of the aisle with him, even Severus with a baby bump. Although admittedly the last one caused him to giggle ever so slightly. Even though he’d had years to get used to the idea; the thought of Severus with a baby bump, his cock hanging low and his nipples all puffy, it still cracked him up. But at least he was careful not to let Severus see his mirth. He didn’t quite trust those pregnancy hormones.

Finally, James straightened up. Taking one last deep breath he left the room with a smile on his face. His mum always told him he had a great smile. He only hoped it was great enough for people not to notice his trembling hands.

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“Are you ready?”

Severus nodded once, fidgeting with his own dark green robes. All that bullshit about Gryffindors and Slytherins aside, Severus had always looked good in green. Even James had said so. Thankfully James was wearing black robes, no scarlet in sight. Well on the outside at least. It seemed he hadn't been able to resist the urge to have his lined with a dark red silk. Both were embellished with their own respective house crests as tradition dictated. To symbolise the two houses coming together or something like that. Severus hadn't really been listening at the time.

“Come on then lad”.

Severus smiled nervously at his grandfather, Mathieu hovering uselessly in the doorway, looking unsure as to what he was doing there.

‘Just breathe. In just a few minutes it'll all be over. Damn it why couldn't he have knocked me up after the ceremony? I could really use a drink’. Severus thought to himself as he made his way to the ceremony room.

As opposed to the traditional bride walking down the aisle entrance, the boys had decided together that neither wanted to play the girl's role. Even if one was carrying the other's child and the other spent more time in front of the mirror than any girl the other knew. This way, everyone's pride remained intact. Instead they'd decided to walk the aisle together, with their families walking ahead of them, taking the place of the traditional bridesmaids and groomsmen. Of course they couldn't have the wedding without having their friends up there with them. Most notably Mathieu and Sirius who had at one point been ready to come to blows, over who'd be Severus' best man. Thankfully Sirius had been placated when James told him he was going to be his best man, James wasn't taking no for an answer. It was just as well, Severus had been ready to hex them both. Had anyone bothered to ask, he was more than happy to blame his hormones. It was just about the only thing he had to look forward to until the child was born.

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“We are gathered here today to celebrate the union between these two fine young men. I understand you've both prepared speeches for one another?”

“I'll go first” James grinned nervously. “Sev, I've known since we were fifteen that we were meant to be together. You're the best thing that's ever happened to me, and even though we've gone through some crazy shit, I just want you to know I'll always love you. Always”. James smiled nervously, flushing slightly at the chuckles that echoed throughout the room.

“Severus, your turn”. The man smiled, Severus responding with his own somewhat shaky one.

“James, there's a lot I want to say to you. First of all...I can't believe you swore in front of the officiant”. The room broke out into laughter. “But I know you're just nervous, so am I. I uh, I know I don't talk about my feelings a lot; I'm not really that sort of person. But I do know I love you, more than I've ever loved anyone”. Severus paused, before adding in a teasing tone “almost as much as I love Connor and Jasper”. That gained a loud bark and meow in response. Once again the room filled with chuckles.

James chuckled at that, taking Severus' hand into his own. It wasn't exactly like he imagined their speeches to go, but it was one hundred percent them all the way. They may not have had much of a say about the wedding itself, but at least they'd been able to write their own speeches.

“Do you have the rings?” The officiant turned to the men standing to the side of the grooms.

“Here”

“Right here”

Simultaneously, both Sirius and Mathieu pulled out black velvet boxes. Inside were matching platinum rings. James had agreed that gold didn’t quite suit Severus and it was important to him that their rings matched. If only to make sure people understood Severus was his.

“Repeat after me, with this ring I thee wed”. It was James’ turn first.

“With this ring, I thee wed” James placed the ring on Severus’ finger.

“With this ring, I thee wed” Without waiting to be prompted, Severus did the same.

“Do you take this man to be your husband?”

“I do”. Severus shared a nervous smile with James.

“And do you James take this man-”

“I do”.

“Wouldn’t even let me finish”. That earned laughs all around. “Then without further ado, I am very pleased to announce Mr Potter and Mr Prince are now married in the eyes of the law. Congratulations to you both. You may now kiss and seal your union”.

They did just that, for a good five minutes in fact. Needless to say there was a lot of cheering from their audience. Not that either of them really noticed. So besotted with each other or more likely so desperate to get in the others’ pants, the Dark Lord himself could have attacked and they’d have been none the wiser. It was only thanks to Sirius coughing rather loudly and most certainly on purpose, that the two finally separated. With flushed cheeks they smiled, looking more than a little rumpled as Severus hid his face in the crook of James’ neck. Eventually though they forced themselves to move down the aisle, smiling and waving at family and friends who wished them the best.

“Thank Merlin that’s over” Severus muttered to James the moment they exited the room. They moved to a nearby room where they’d be waiting until the guests had been taken to the reception hall.

“You’re telling me” James agreed, wiping his forehead with the back of his hand. “Why do we need to wear these things anyway? I’d have been happy in jeans and a nice shirt. I know you’d have looked absolutely gorgeous in them. Or out of them...” James trailed off suggestively.

“Pervert. Don’t blame me; you’re the one who got me up the duff. Otherwise we could have planned the wedding exactly the way we wanted it. Jeans and all”. Severus smiled, kissing him quickly to cut off any protests. At least we can enjoy the reception, even if I can’t bloody drink”.

He was a little annoyed, but not as much as he had been initially. He’d come to terms with the fact he wouldn’t be getting plastered with his mates on his wedding night. Although it had taken him a while to come around to the idea. Instead he’d forced himself to look on the bright side, namely that at least he wouldn’t be waking up with a splitting hangover in the morning. Better yet he’d be able to make everyone else’s live miserable, making as much noise as he liked. It was a small consolation, but it was enough for now.

“Yeah, I probably could have timed it better. Not that I planned to get you pregnant-” James froze at the pointed look Severus gave him. “Well I did, but I was happy to wait a bit until you finished your mastery. But uh, well how ‘bout I don’t drink tonight either? That way we both stay sober and we can spend the whole night making fun of those who make total asses of themselves. Sound good?” Of course it wasn’t the real reason he offered, but he figured this reason was less likely to get him hit with a curse.

“Mmm that does sound good. And maybe tonight we can have a little fun of our own. Just you and me”. Severus smiled. Of course he knew what James had been hoping for, but seeing as he was hoping for the same, he saw no reason to call him out on it.

“Oh yeah?” James grinned, things were looking up already.

“Later though. We still have the reception to get through”. With that, Severus abruptly pulled away, smirking at James’ rather flustered state, unaware he looked pretty much the same.

“Uh yeah, right. I’ll just uh, I might need a minute”. James looked away, a tell-tale blush spreading from beneath his glasses.

“Okay, I’ll go see if Sirius is outside. Let me know when you’re ready to go”. With that, Severus exited the room, doing his best to hide his own flustered state.

Sirius wasn’t waiting outside just yet, giving Severus some much needed time to come to terms with everything. Just as he’d managed to calm himself, Sirius came around the corner, grinning widely.

“Sev! You guys ready? Everyone’s waiting for you two so we can get this party started”. If Sirius noticed the slightly swollen lips or the redness in his cheeks, he had enough sense not to mention it. Severus thanked him for that, in his head of course.

“Yeah, James I just-”

“Right here, sorry couldn’t find my wand”. James opened the door, looking remarkably composed.

“Right...I’ll just pretend I believe that shall I? You know if you two wanna have a bit of a snog I can wait right here, I don’t mind”. Sirius offered. While he had meant it in a supporting way, his two best friends had just gotten married after all; unsurprisingly neither of them took it very well.

“Is Remus at the reception?” Severus asked, cutting James off from whatever he’d been about to say.

“Yeah, he has Connor and Jasper with him as well. I swear he loves those bloody animals more than he loves me sometimes. Hell I’ve known them longer and they still prefer him over me. How is that fair?” Sirius began to rant as he escorted them to their reception.

“Maybe because he doesn’t promise them treats then fail to deliver?” Severus responded dryly.

“Oh come on! That was one...two...okay four times, but still! I made it up to them didn’t I? What about all that time we spent playing together? What about Padfoot? He and Jasper had a blast the last time they were together” Sirius protested.

“Yeah, over a year ago” Severus confirmed. “You pretty much forgot about them for a while to be with Remus. You can’t blame them for giving you the cold shoulder”. Severus grinned as Sirius huffed.



“But I-” Sirius fell silent, putting all the while. “I’ve just been busy, I still miss them. Like I’m gonna miss you two when you’re off shagging and popping out babies. I mean you’re gonna be in France while I’ll still be in England. I’m not gonna get to see you every day like I used to”. For a brief moment, Sirius felt a pang of hurt? No that wasn’t it, fear? Not quite, loneliness? Almost. Well whatever it was, he didn’t like it.

“Quit taking the piss Padfoot, like we’re gonna kick you out of our lives that easy. Besides, the baby’s gonna need godparents. We were gonna wait until it was actually born, but we were hoping you’d be one”. James asked. He knew he’d say yes, he had to. But still he couldn’t help the slight fear that Sirius would turn them down.

“Are you kidding me?” For a brief moment James felt panicked. “Yes, fucking hell yes! Merlin’s hairy balls, a thousand times yes! Fucking hell. I swear I’ll be the best goddamn godfather your kid has ever seen!” Sirius’s face lit up as he grinned from ear to ear. “Wait until Remus hears about this, wait is he gonna be one too?” That would have been the cherry on the cake.

“No, Mathieu is”.

Well so much for that. But still, Sirius couldn’t keep himself from smiling.

“Right, but still you have no idea what this means to me. I promise you I’ll protect this kid with my life. I swear it!” For a moment Sirius looked deadly serious. But that soon gave way to his need to broadcast just how ecstatic he was.

“Think you can hold off the celebration until we get to the reception?” James laughed as they finally reached the doors.

“Yeah of course mate. Anything for you two. But bleedin’ hell. Me a godfather? I’m lost for words” Sirius tried to smother his smile with his hands.

“And yet you’re still talking I see? Shall we go in?” Severus turned to James who slid his hand into his own.

“Yeah. Sirius?”

“Right yeah, sorry”. Sirius strode forward, throwing open the doors and announcing to the room “I’d like to present the newlyweds. Mr and Mr Potter-Prince!”

As the two entered the room, clutching tightly onto each other’s hand, they let the cheers from their family and friends wash over them. No matter what happened, they knew no that they’d always have each other.

## Chapter End Notes

I kept changing my mind about what to put in this chapter, hence why it’s so late. But still I hope you all enjoyed it. And don’t worry it’s not finished quite yet, although I am nearing the end.

## Chapter 23

### Chapter Notes

Okay so writers block combined with my new original fic are my top two reasons for not updating sooner. Anyway this is almost complete, I just have one more chapter to go, so I hope you look forward to it.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Fuckin’ love you” James grinned drunkenly. “Love you too little Sevvie” he crooned to his belly.

“How much did you drink?” Severus could kill Sirius; in fact he probably would in the morning. While he had no proof just yet, he just knew he was the one behind James’ intoxicated state.

“Dunno. We had the brown one then the red one, the yellow one then the green one and uh-” James fell quiet, thinking hard. “-was there a rainbow? I think there was a rainbow. Padfoot gave me a rainbow” James grinned widely.

“I bloody knew it” Severus grumbled to himself. “Come on James; let’s get you into bed, yeah? Into a nice cosy bed, maybe get you a glass of water? Or a jug? Come on, that’s it”. Severus tried to be nice, he really did.

“Sev, don’t feel so good”. Pregnant or not, Severus could be fast on his feet when the situation called for it.

“Drippy!” He called in something of a panic. In a flash his faithful friend was right there beside him. “Please just, please?” He gestured over to James who by now had slumped over, a pile of sick at his side. “I just need a minute”.

So much for James not drinking. But Severus couldn’t really blame him; it had taken some clever magic on his own part to make their guests believe he too had been drinking. And for those who seemed quite insistent, Severus had found suggesting he wanted a clear head for that night’s activities, to be very effective. Even if it did mean he had to put up with their leers and wolf whistles. He made sure to note their names down in the back of his mind, he was sure he could get his revenge on a good number of them.

“Of course” Drippy chirped, ushering James to the bathroom after vanishing the mess he’d made.

Severus sighed in relief, trying in vain to ignore the way his head throbbed. While he hadn’t drunk, for obvious reasons, the reception had taken a lot out of him. People he hadn’t seen for years kept demanding his attention. From his aunt and uncle, on his mother’s side of course, to James’ remaining relatives he was sure he’d never see again, each demanded he greet them, thank them for coming and stand there while they delivered various warnings and advice. The only upside was that he’d gathered quite a bit of intel about his husband, information he was sure would serve as potential blackmail material for years to come. Or at the very least until the baby was born.

There were however three very important people Severus had been more than happy to see.

Kingsley, Minerva and Poppy had all been present, not just at the reception but the ceremony as well. It had been his only real request. As the ones to deliver him to the life he lived now, full of wealth, prestige and above all love, he knew he owed them everything. The very least he could do was give them a night full of dancing, music and above all booze. Lots and lots of booze. Well it wouldn't be much of a party without it, now would it? Besides they were British, drinking was practically their nation's favourite pastime.

He had told them in the end, just before the night was over. About the baby that is. Although he was quite sure the women had already suspected as much, Kingsley however had remained absolutely clueless. Severus suspected he would have been happy to remain that way, judging by his rather uncomfortable reaction. But he could hardly hold it against the man. While he couldn't be sure if it was the idea of a man carrying a child, or that the little boy he'd rescued was old enough to be shagging teenage misfits, getting knocked up and having to rush into a marriage to save face, either way Severus was sure he'd come around. He'd better had, he was relying on using the man as a babysitter in the future. Like hell was he going to leave the baby alone with Sirius, not even Remus' presence would be enough to consider him it'd be safe.

"Master James is in bed, will you be joining him Master?" Drippy popped back in, her smile widening as she saw him resting a hand on his belly almost instinctively.

"I suppose I'd better had. Although if he tries anything I'm kicking him out of it, I'm just too bloody tired to do anything but crawl into bed and sleep. Oh and Drippy?" Severs grumbled half-heartedly, the day really had taken its toll on him.

"Yes Master?"

"Would you mind setting a hangover potion by the bed, on James' side that is? I'd really rather not have to listen to his moaning in the morning. I wanted a nice lie in".

"Of course Master, anything for you and your little 'un".

With that settled, Severus retired to bed. As expected, James was already beneath the covers, a bucket next to his bed in case of any accidents. Of course Severus could have offered him the potion then and there, the man was already clutching his head and groaning softly in pain. But Severus just wasn't that nice. As a matter of fact he took some perverse pleasure from seeing James suffer so, a little revenge for the broken promise between them. Honestly, the man had gone and gotten him pregnant, promised not to drink out of sympathy and then gone and done it anyway. If anything, he was lucky Severus hadn't deemed to make him suffer further. Such a kind and forgiving husband he had.

"If you're going to be sick make sure you do it in the bucket. Don't leave it for Drippy to clean up". Severus warned before snuggling into his pillow.

James' only response was a low, pain filled groan. Who said romance was dead?

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"How's your head?" He had tried hard to keep the annoyance out of his voice, really he had. But well, James had promised him. Even though he pretended it hadn't hurt him, he couldn't hide how much it had pissed him off.

"Fuck!" James whined, a low pitiful sound that could melt the coldest of hearts. As it was, Severus' had thawed to a mere lukewarm. "Urgh, what happened? What did I-did Padfoot do this? I get the feeling he's behind this. Oh fuck! I said I wouldn't drink, ugh. What the hell did he give me?"

“Drink this and do try to keep it down”.

Rather than fight, the slightest noise was already being amplified tenfold and James had no desire to contribute to it, James did as he was told. For what was possibly the first time in his life.

“M’gonna kill him”. James was forced to wait a few minutes for the potion to take effect. Just long enough for him to realise the state he’d ended up in. “M’sorry Sev, I didn’t meant it”.

Severus doubted James even knew what he was apologising for, judging by the sorry state he was in. it seemed unlikely that he remembered the previous night’s events’ clearly. “I know. That’s why I’m being nice and letting you have the potion. Consider this my wedding present”. As if it wasn’t enough he’d be carrying their kid for the next nine months or so.

“You’re too good for me. Y’sure you wanna stay with me?” Hungover or not, James still had it in him to tease a little.

“You’re an idiot. But sadly, now you’re my idiot. We got the licence to prove it. Now I’m stuck with you”. It wasn’t quite the love filled confession James would have liked to hear, but it wasn’t half bad.

“You love me”. It wasn’t a question, merely a statement of fact.

“Hmm, maybe I do”.

“Good, because I love you too”.

It was sappy and far more lovey dovey than Severus was comfortable with, but he couldn’t deny it felt nice to hear those words. Especially when they came out of his husband’s mouth. His husband...now that would take some getting used to.

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At a nearby hotel, Severus would have been very pleased to know that Sirius was in an even worse state than his husband. Only he didn’t have the luxury of a loving partner by his side and hangover potion in his belly. No, Remus was far more vindictive. It seemed he hadn’t quite agreed with Sirius’ behaviour the night before, conveniently ignoring that he’d drunk almost as much himself. Fortunately for him, being what he was meant he wasn’t nearly so susceptible to alcohol, something that had won him a lot of bets over the years. Only Sirius didn’t have such a luxury, like all mere mortals he’d done something stupid and now had to pay the price.

“Urgh...kill me” It was the most sense he’d made all morning.

“What was that? Sorry, I was reading this fascinating article”. Remus apologised, barely giving his lover a glance before swiping to the next page so fiercely, you’d think someone had apparated into the room.

Sirius only groaned once more, not the happy kind of groans that Remus loved to hear. No this was a groan of pure misery and agony. Although, Remus had to admit, he quite liked this kind of groan as well. Provided he was the one making him miserable that is. The sod deserved it.

“You know if you think you feel like shit now, just imagine what Severus is planning to do to you. I heard James promised he wouldn’t drink to show his support, since they have the baby to think about and all. I mean I can only imagine what Severus will do to him. But just think, you were the one who gave him that first firewhisky and the second, and oh yes, the third and fourth as well. Not to mention the shots, champagne and heaven knows what else you managed to conjure up in the

state you two were in". While he wasn't usually one to torture the moronic and hungover, there was a reason everyone referred to him as the nice one of the group after all, he had to admit he was quite enjoying this.

"Don't...just please stop talking". Sirius blearily cracked an eye open, wincing at the light in the room. Seemingly aware that his begging would have little effect, he relied on something that had never failed him before. While he was too hungover to transform into Padfoot, he had enough of his wits about him to give Remus the most pathetic, wide-eyed puppy dog look he could summon.

Try as he might, Remus caved. Well he wasn't proud of it, but he'd always had a bit of a weak spot when it came to Sirius. He didn't like it but what could he do. He really was a fool in love; well he was a fool at least. They both were. A match made in heaven you might say.

"Go back to sleep, you'll feel better when you wake up".

"Hrmph" Sirius did just that, burrowing into the covers once more.

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It took a day or two, but everyone did eventually recover from the wedding. Although safe to say, Sirius was most certainly in the dog house. No pun intended. Indeed were it not for the timely intervention of both James and Remus, there was every possible chance he might have found himself stuck as Padfoot for good. When asked, Severus blamed his pregnancy hormones, no one dared to question him.

Just a few months following the wedding, Severus received some very happy news. Happy not only for him, but for everyone who'd had to put up with his rants and raves about impossible deadlines and twits who wouldn't know the difference between powdered urchin and flour. It had taken a lot of work and plenty of sheer stubbornness on Severus' part, but he'd done it. He'd not only passed his mastery, but managed to achieve one of the highest results on record. By the time his thesis would be published, he'd officially be considered the youngest potions master in France. Possibly the youngest in Europe. It was indeed cause for celebration. Albeit the kind of celebration that came with masses of junk food and no booze. It seemed James and Sirius hadn't quite gotten over what had happened at the wedding. Or to be more precise, the absolute bollocking they'd received the morning after. It was an experience neither were prepared to relive.

"Well done mate, we're proud of ya".

Who said you need booze to have fun? Strangely enough, the group of men had still managed to tease, torment and oh yes embarrass the hell out of each other, without the need to poison themselves. In between mountains of crisps, pop and sweets, the subject soon turned to the little bundle of joy everyone was so eagerly waiting for. Or to be more specific, what they'd call it. Never mind that it was no one else's decision but their own, or that they still didn't know the sex of the baby. And some of their suggestions were truly hideous; Gertrude, really? Were they having an eighty-nine year old?

"Say that to me when this is all over".

Only a couple of months in and Severus was already feeling uncomfortable. He wasn't sure what he'd be like closer to his due date, but he just knew he wouldn't be enjoying it. Well he could always make everyone else's lives miserable; that would probably make him feel better.

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“I look like I’ve swallowed a football”.

“Funny, I was going to say pumpkin”. Good old Sirius, always ready to say whatever stupid thing came to mind. You’d think just turning twenty would have knocked some sense into him, clearly not.

“Someone hit him for me will you? I would but it’ll take me too long to get up”.

Severus was quite proud of himself. Having done his own research on pregnancy in general, he’d learned that to survive with most of your dignity intact, particularly in the final term, was quite an impressive feat indeed. Yet here he was with a belly the size of a pumpkin, swollen ankles, a near constant need to urinate, mood swings and a persistent ache in his lower back that just wouldn’t go away. He was bloody miserable and yet, a small part of him was overjoyed. It was only a small part mind you.

Don’t go thinking it had been easy for him, just because he’d been born capable of bearing a child, did not mean it would be a piece of cake. It had been hell, pure and simple. The hormonal changes alone had almost driven both he and James to despair. All those mood swings, cravings for the really expensive dark chocolate (the kid had taste), spots, greasy hair and who knows what else, well they certainly did their best to break up their relationship. Not that they succeeded.

Considering their first date had ended with attempted murder, it was a pretty good indication that it would take a hell of a lot to convince the two they shouldn’t be together. And no amount of hormones could convince James that this wasn’t exactly what he wanted. Well maybe not exactly, more like this was the growing stage to getting exactly what he wanted. But still, in just a few weeks he’d have what he’d wanted all along; a husband that loved him (well he already had that), friends who cared enough to visit him in France almost every weekend (even if Sirius did bitch about the commute) and a family to call his own.

“James? What are you doing?” Severus glance up at him, it seemed he’d resigned himself to spending the rest of his pregnancy on the couch.

“Huh? Oh just thinking?” Almost instantly, alarm bells starting ringing in Severus’ mind.

“About what?”

The words James and thinking didn’t exactly go together. He didn’t mean it in a nasty way or anything, he loved James, really he did. But when James started really thinking about things, usually pranks, that’s when things started going wrong. Like the time he’d ended up stuck on the ceiling for over four hours. Or the time he’d almost burned the house down, fortunately Remus had been there to put it out. Or how about-well let’s just say there were a few times when things didn’t quite turn out the way James intended.

“Just you know life, us, our family. How much it means to me. A lot! I mean it means a lot to me” James hastily added.

Like so many pregnant mothers (or fathers as the case may be) before him, Severus was prone to bouts of insecurity. It was understandable with all the hormones screwing with his system, his very much male system mind you. But just because it was understandable, didn’t make it any easier to live with. Or suffer through. But James had been a remarkably good sport about it all, suffering through the worst of it with only a grimace. Call him a fool in love or just a regular old fool, either way, there was no denying James was infatuated. Of course he took comfort in knowing his infatuation was returned, albeit with a few less hugs and kisses than he might have liked.

“You’re such a sap”. Severus still grinned though, leaning up for a quick kiss.

“That’s why you married me”.

“I married you because you got me up the duff, remember?” At James’ dejected expression, Severus was quick to add “but I stayed because I love you. Even if you do drive me mad”. That earned him another kiss.

“You ever think what would have happened if you’d given into Malfoy? Or that other prat you told me about?” James asked as he pulled away.

“Not really. I didn’t have much need to. Although, I’m pretty sure by now I’d be in jail”. Severus was quite certain of that.

“Jail, why? Even for you that seems a bit drastic”.

“Hmph thanks and I’d be locked up for murder I’ll have you know. Just thinking about that twat’s insufferable face, that smug little-”

“Hey, remember your blood pressure. Don’t get too upset, the baby won’t like it and neither will you”. James was quick to try and calm him down. “Does it really upset you, what might have been?”

“It doesn’t matter. Yes I suppose. You were the first one I’d dated that didn’t just treat me like some fucking trophy, someone who’d pop out a couple of kids and raise them while he went and screwed whatever stupid little tart happened to fall into his bed. I just, this is going to sound pretty stupid but you’re the only person who actually bothered to get to know me first. It was nice, you know? And before you ask, Sirius doesn’t count. He’s just...well he’s Sirius”.

“Yeah, just his name alone can sum up a situation perfectly. Uh don’t tell him I said that. Otherwise he’ll no longer be able to fit through the door. He’s already pig-headed enough”.

“Wait pig-headed or big-headed?”

“I don’t know. Either, both, he’s an idiot let’s just leave it at that”. Severus smiled at that, it made James happy.

“True, but he’s our idiot. And he was the one to get us together”.

“Don’t tell him that either, otherwise he’ll be lucky to fit inside the house, never mind through the door”. Well he may have been exaggerating only slightly, but it was worth it to see Severus laugh again. He’d missed his laugh, he missed it a lot.

## Chapter End Notes

One more chapter to go and then this will officially be finished. All I can say is thank god.

## Chapter 24

### Chapter Notes

It's finally done. When I started this I never thought it would end up 24 chapters long, I didn't even think I'd get to 10. I am however very glad this is finished as I can now focus on my other fics.

I just want to thank everyone for your support.

Enjoy!

Whoever claimed giving birth was a beautiful, natural event that any mother was lucky to go through; well to be quite frank they deserved shooting. Giving birth was in no way beautiful and Severus was quite sure even the term natural was stretching it. At least in his case. What was natural about squeezing out what felt like a watermelon, out of a hole no bigger than the circumference of his finger? Oh sure it was how women were made; their bodies were designed to stretch in ways that didn't bear thinking about. But him? Well not for the first time, he cursed the curse that had left him in such a state.

"It's a boy!"

Then again, perhaps the curse wasn't quite so terrible after all.

"Fuck, oh shit Severus. We have a-oh merlin we actually have a son! We have a son! I-oh merlin I'm finally a dad! Fucking hell...I'm a dad, I have a son. I-whoa-okay I think I need to sit down".

Absolutely ridiculous. Here he was recovering from having pushed out a seven pound baby and only now after everything was done, the afterbirth delivered and both of them cleaned up, did James suddenly decide to faint on him.

"You doing okay?" Well he was still his husband after all.

"Yeah, yeah I just-we have a son now. We're both parents and we have a son and-" James fell quiet.

"James?" Severus called quietly, too exhausted to do much else.

"I'm the luckiest son of a bitch there ever was".

Severus couldn't stop himself; he laughed. Perhaps it was the exhaustion, perhaps the pains of giving birth or maybe it was just that he'd been so sleep deprived it was making him a little loopy. Or maybe that was the potions in his system. Either way, Severus found himself laughing, James soon following his lead.

"Sorry, I should have asked how you are. Are you okay? Are you in pain? Do you need anything? Do you-?" James rambled.

"James? As much as I love you, could you please shut up? Just stay there, okay? Just stay with me". Severus peered at James through bleary eyes. It seemed the day's events were finally



catching up with him. “Actually, would you mind telling everyone the news? I just-” Severus fell silent. On closer inspection, James realised he’d fallen asleep.

Chuckling lightly, James smiled dopily at the exhausted wreck of a man lying in the hospital bed. Despite the sweat on his brow, his flushed skin, greasy hair and pained expression on his face, James still believed he was the most beautiful man he’d ever seen. But then he was somewhat biased, considering the man was not only his husband but the mother (father?) of their child. Their very first child at that, although James privately hoped he wouldn’t be their last.

“I’ll be right back” James whispered, before exiting the room to deliver the news.

“I bloody knew it!” Sirius’ voice carried through the ward, shortly followed by the unmistakeable sound of flesh hitting flesh and a rather loud yelp. Even in sleep, the sound was enough to put a little smile on Severus’ face.

-

“What are we going to name him?”

It was perhaps a question they really should have answered by now. Almost a full day had gone by and yet they still hadn’t found a name for their firstborn. Sirius certainly wasn’t helping matters, choosing the most archaic names imaginable to get a rise out of them both. On the plus side it had served to lift their spirits. The mere suggestion of Rufus and Brutus had them in peals of laughter, both picturing a full grown rottweiler in the baby’s crib, dressed in little cotton booties, a bonnet and sucking on a dummy.

“How about Paul?” James made a face. Not Paul then it seemed.

“Why not something French? How about Phillipe? Or François?” Severus, much like his husband, made a face of his own.

“No, it just sounds so pretentious” Severus sighed, this was harder than he thought.

“Well what about a compromise then? One French and one English name for both of his parents’ heritages?”

“But I’m not actually French. I was born in England, that makes me English. So why can’t we just do two English names that aren’t pretentious?”

“But like what? I mean what are we gonna do, name the kid after the both of us? Say know there’s a thought, James Jr or Severus Jr”. James appeared to lose himself in thought.

“Not Severus Jr, that just sounds wrong. And I thought we said we weren’t going to be pretentious? So no names that sounds like they’re from the fourteenth century, okay?”

“But it’s so hard” James whined. Severus only snorted. “Perv” James grumbled as he came to realise what he said.

“Says you. Now come on, we need a name. You know, I kind of like the idea of James. We could make it his middle name. It could be like you’re handing down the marauders to him. Although I hope he doesn’t get into nearly as much trouble as you did”.

“I did not, okay I did but for at least half of those times it was Padfoot’s fault we got caught. It doesn’t count unless you get caught”.

Severus smiled, memories of his own idiocy flashing through his mind. Apparently he'd had a lot of them. "Then you're okay with naming him James?" Severus asked.

"I am only if you are".

"You're such a sap" Severus snorted, complaining as James very gently cuffed him around the head. "You're supposed to be nice to me; I just squeezed out a watermelon for you".

"But he's tiny! If anything he looks more like a small pumpkin".

Severus gaped at him. "Tiny? You think seven pounds is tiny? I think you should have a long talk with your mother in the near future. I don't know what she's been filling your head with, but I assure you seven pounds is not bloody tiny".

James frowned, clearly that had been the wrong thing to say. But what to say now to get himself out of the mess he'd once again landed himself in. "What about Harry?"

"Harry? What about Harry? Who's Harry?" Severus asked, confused.

"For the baby. What about Harry? It's not pretentious, it's nice and simple. Harry James Potter-Prince, it has a nice ring to it don't you think? Or we could still go Prince-Potter, make him royalty" James grinned.

"We're not naming him Prince-Potter. He'll have his classmates taking the piss out of him for years to come. Hell I'd bet if there'd been someone in your class named Prince-Potter you'd have took the piss".

"I would not" James complained. Severus gave him a look. "What? I wouldn't. I mean yeah if it had been Prince something else I probably would have. But not if they were part Potter. That's family".

"Oh" Severus, for once, had nothing more to add. James allowed himself to revel in his little victory.

"I like Harry" Severus said a few moments later. He cast a glance over to where their son lay sleeping. Neither were keen to wake him, his shrill cries still ringing in their ears.

"So we have a name? Harry James Potter-Prince, I like it" James smiled.

"Yeah" Severus smiled back. "Me too. Will you go let them know? I'm just going to sleep a while longer".

"Of course. I'll be in the chair over there if you need me".

"You're going to hurt your back sleeping in that thing". Severus yawned.

"Oh please. I'm not some ninety year old with a bad hip. One night sleeping in that thing won't kill me".

"Famous last words" Severus muttered. Soon enough he was fast asleep once more. James only snorted as he left the room.

"Famous last words my arse".

Of course a few hours later, as predicted, James found himself moaning and groaning much like his husband had done. "My back!"

“I told you so”. The words every man dreaded to hear.

“Oh shut up” James scowled.

As if sensing his parent’s distress, the newly named Harry took that as his cue to start wailing.

“Fantastic” Severus said dryly.

James only groaned once again.

-

Living with a newborn was bound to be tough on any parent. But with Drippy, Augustus, James’ parents, Sirius, Regulus, Mathieu and whoever else at hand to help them at a moment’s notice, they had it somewhat easier than most. That said, it had been difficult to speak with Remus about the matter. While they both trusted him implicitly, it was the wolf that had them worried for their son’s safety.

It had been a difficult conversation for all, one that thankfully had ended quite happily. It seemed there had been recent interest in studying werewolves and their habits, one article of which had gone into quite a lot of detail about the importance of family bonding and the like. While Severus had questioned how the researcher had come about his information, surely he hadn’t lived among them like he’d claimed; he still saw the sense in it.

Bonding; a behaviour as old as time itself. So simple yet so effective in ensuring health, prosperity and love. Of course with the wolf thrown in, things weren’t quite so simple, at least by human standards. But in a way it was even simpler. The wolf was attuned to its most basic instincts. Harry couldn’t possibly be seen as a threat. James had long been pack, Severus too a few years down the line. That both should have a child, born of their own blood no less, could only be considered a blessing. The wolf saw it for what it was, a way for his pack to grow. Harry served to strengthen their numbers, if anything he was a valuable commodity. No, the wolf saw no reason to hurt the cub.

It was a vast relief to all that knew Remus’ secret. No one wished to alienate him, but things had suddenly changed with Harry’s arrival. No longer did they only have themselves to think of. They now had someone that needed them, someone that demanded their love and attention in a way that only other parents could really understand.

Of course there were still days when all they had were each other, some days not even that. With James working, albeit in a much safer job where there were no killing curses flung at his head every hour or so, there were days Severus was left with Harry alone. Well alone was perhaps a bit of a stretch, Drippy was usually there ready and waiting to take Harry whenever needed. But neither he nor James had felt comfortable leaving Harry to Drippy’s care whenever they wished it. Both he and James had plenty of memories regarding old classmates who’d grown up in such a household. Where for years their nurturing was delivered by a house elf and not their own parents. Growing up such a way only ever seemed to produce spoiled brats with egos the size of Jupiter. Neither had wanted their son to turn out such a way.

The first few weeks of young Harry’s life were certainly chaotic. Even though James had been given leave from work for a few weeks, they both still found themselves so busy they could hardly take a breath. There were many times both wished they could read little Harry’s mind. He cried when he was hungry, he cried when he was tired, he cried when he was unhappy and he cried when he needed changing. For those first few weeks it seemed all he did was cry. It soon became apparent that in order to sleep, they needed Drippy’s help more than they’d originally planned. But

any lingering guilt they felt over leaving their child in the house elf's capable hands, was soon forgotten the minute they awoke from a long and uninterrupted sleep. The first in many weeks in fact. It was quite possibly one of the happiest moments they'd shared together, barring of course the birth of their son. But it was a damn close second.

Both James and Severus remembered the first time Harry smiled, the memory of which was only foreshadowed when Harry first learned to laugh. Having heard only his cries, it was a proud moment for both when Harry seemed to learn how to take pleasure in the world as children so often do. And in all honesty, he was absolutely adorable when he did so, melting the hearts of whoever was there to watch him.

As the weeks passed and Harry grew larger, his parents watched him grow with a mix of fascination and trepidation. Already at three months he no longer felt like glass, no longer was he as fragile as he had been. The rate at which he was growing was simply alarming and neither parent was sure how to handle such rapid change. But they gave it a damn good go. Since no one ended up hurt and no fires were started, it was deemed a success all around.

Soon enough, quicker than anyone would have liked really, Harry first birthday came and went. And with it, some very unpleasant news for the little family. For the last few years, that had been talk of war and rumours about a Dark Lord circulating Europe. For a time Severus had thought them only rumours, however James had been able to confirm to him that the possibility of war was very real indeed. In his work, James had become privy to some sensitive information shared between French and British governments. Information that had unsettled the man enough that he'd pleaded with his parents to leave the country for their own safety. His parents had complied, all too eager to spend more time with their grandchild, something Severus could tell greatly relieved his husband.

The next step was to convince the rest of the marauders to leave their homes. Peter, surprisingly, was the easiest to convince. No one was quite sure what Wormtail had been up to, but the last time he'd met he'd seemed happy, healthy and full of life living in Wales. No sign of a missus, not yet anyway, but he seemed all too eager to leave Wales for France. Padfoot claimed it was the rat in him craving all those lovely cheeses France had to offer. Remus wasn't very happy with him for that. Remus, somewhat kinder than the idiot he'd chosen as a mate, believed the promise of beautiful French women might have swayed Wormtail's mind. Prongs privately thought it was a bit of both, though by now he'd learned to keep such thoughts to himself.

Now Remus and Sirius however had been a different story. Sirius was fast becoming one of the ministry's finest aurors, having helped prevent a number of high profile plots and attacks made by the Dark Lord and his minions. It was therefore understandable that he was reluctant to leave such a life behind. However he'd all but shoved Remus into the floo after James first suggested they move. Remus, unlike Sirius, had ended up just as he feared. Virtually no employers had been willing to hire a werewolf and work was rare for him to come by. Much to his despair he'd become just as he'd feared, a househusband who spent his days gardening and reading as he waited for Sirius to return. As you can imagine, it was a dreadfully boring life.

The good thing about France however, was that Remus had a chance to begin anew. Werewolves, while not celebrated for their existence, certainly weren't ostracised to the point of suicide like they were in England. Employers were willing to take them on, particularly during the oh so many strikes that seemed to occur every few weeks or so. While the wizards didn't share the same complaints as their muggle counterparts, they certainly weren't foolish enough to pass up an extra day in bed. You might even call it their nation's favourite pastime.

Remus had a future in France while Sirius had one in England. Understandably this led to many

arguments between the pair. Eventually they came to a compromise, Remus would go to France and occupy one of the Black family's properties. Sirius meanwhile would remain in England, visiting France every weekend and most of his days off. Remus had hoped doing so would finally convince the man that it was too much a hassle. Sirius, after only a couple of weeks, found himself agreeing. Although what had actually swayed his favour were the extra days off James seemed to get while he was there working his arse off. Not that he didn't love his work, he did, he just happened to love his bed even more. Especially if there was a certain wolf already in it. And so, within another few weeks, Sirius too had re-joined the rest of the marauders. Surprisingly he had few complaints about it. Fewer still when he ended up working as an auror for the French Ministry anyway. It turned out all those French lessons he'd been forced through as a child really weren't for nothing after all. Even if he did from time to time confuse fromage with frottage. Honestly the looks he got because of it, well let's just say there were red faces all around.

As the war progressed and Harry grew, rumours had begun to spread about the Dark Lord's encroaching darkness. Through his family's contacts, Sirius heard tales about a number of Regulus' former classmates joining the mad man. Yet Regulus himself had somehow refrained. No one was quite sure of how or why he did so, yet Sirius found he couldn't be prouder of his brother. When last heard from, the young man was living in Italy. All Sirius cared about was that he was alive and well.

It was a difficult time to grow up that was for sure, yet for the little family little had changed. Both James and Sirius were promoted, Severus and Remus had banded together to create their own little potions company and even Peter managed to find a nice lass to settle down with. But they themselves had remained as good friends as ever.

It wasn't until a while after Harry's first birthday, the babe having just recently learned to speak, that the little family were faced with a rather important change. You see when a man and a woman loved each other very much, or in this case a man and a man got absolutely smashed one evening, well let's just say things happened and they were expecting once more.

No one was prepared for it. Well actually that's a lie, everyone but the happy couple themselves had been expecting it. But no one had said anything because they quite liked having their heads attached to their shoulders. Eventually though Severus came around to the idea. Mainly because Harry had somehow gotten wind of what was going on and although just a baby himself, Severus could swear little Harry knew what was happening. Clearly he got his intelligence from him and not his idiot father who'd forgotten to use protection spells. That he himself had failed to do so as well conveniently went unnoticed.

James of course was ecstatic by the news. Once he'd gotten over the shock that is. He was one step closer to achieving his dream of having enough children to start his own quidditch team. A dream he'd conveniently forgotten to mention to Severus many a time.

No one could deny that what lied ahead would be difficult. With a business to run, baby to care for and another on the way, Severus was in for some stressful months ahead. Not to mention the war, the war that loomed over them all, no matter how hard they tried to deny it. However Severus knew he had little to fear, only fools had nothing to fear. He had friends, a family of his own and a loving husband by his side.

Had Severus looked back, he'd have realised he had indeed ended up just as many had predicted. He'd borne a child and had another on the way. He'd married a rich man and lived in a fancy home. But he'd also started his own very successful business and gained an impressive reputation within the potions academic field. He may have ended up like society expected he would, but he'd also done it on his own terms. And while his pride stung a little at the insinuation that he'd been

wrong, that society had been right, he also took pleasure in rubbing his success in their faces. He was much more than a simple breeding machine and he didn't give a shit what they thought. He had what he wanted and more and that's all that mattered to him. Society could go fuck themselves for all he cared.

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